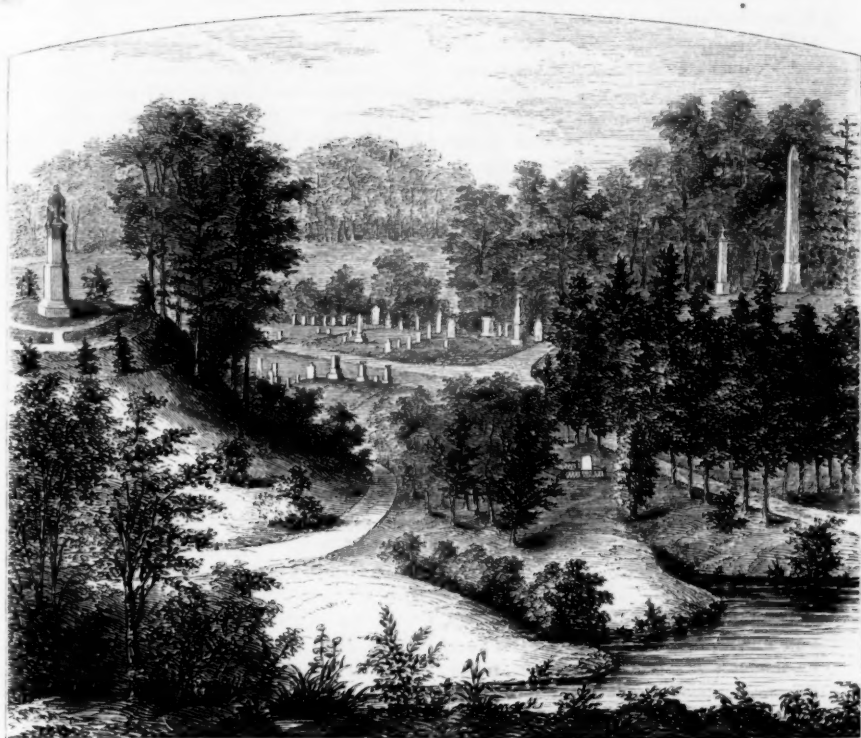


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RIVERSIDE CEMETERY, WATERBURY.

THE VALLEY OF THE NAUGATUCK.

IN the olden time, as we are wont to call any period extending back to the earlier memories of that noted personage, the "oldest inhabitant," there stood upon the northern side of West Main-street, in Waterbury, a short distance from Center Square, a house known as "the old Judd House," which was for a long period of years the only inn of the village. The house was red, and a capacious stoop extended across its front; at one corner was a venerable weeping elm. In immediate

proximity to the house, extending along the line of the street, was an ample horse shed, in accordance with the fashion of those days. Altogether the establishment was a good representation of the New England inn of the olden time.

This particular locality is not without a certain degree of interest in the early history of Waterbury. It was upon this spot that the first English child was born in this place, and, indeed, I may say in this portion of the state. This English

child was Rebecca, daughter of Thomas and Mary Richardson, and was born April 27th, 1679.

Captain Judd, the proprietor of this house for many years, was an officer in the French and Indian war. The captain was a decided character, and many anecdotes of him were in circulation a few years since, for the most part unknown to the present residents of Waterbury who are not "to the manor born." The old Judd House was kept as a tavern from 1773 up to the time of the captain's death in 1825.

Captain Judd was a complacent landlord when "the cap was on the right ear," and his unwavering reply to all suggestions was, "That's well, sir." Late in life, after he had become quite deaf, the son of an old friend at a distance called to pass the night. After the usual compliments the captain inquired for his old friend.

"My father is dead, sir," was the reply.

"That's well, sir," with unmoved composure.

Raising his voice, the man again remarked, "My father is dead, sir."

"That's well," was again the response.

A third and last time the man shouted at his highest pitch, "My father is dead, sir."

With stolid face the old man looked calmly on, and again reiterated, "That's well, sir," to the entire discomfiture of his guest. Whether this may be entirely attributed to deafness, or a large part to the old man's well-known obstinacy, is a question.

During the war of the Revolution Captain Judd's inn was repeatedly occupied by detachments of the American forces. On one occasion the French troops passed through here eight thousand in number, accompanied by Lafayette and other distinguished officers. General Washington was also here, on one or more occasions. In those days there lived in a house but a few rods west of Captain Judd's upon the ground now occupied by the residence of S. M. Buckingham, Esq., a certain Judge Hopkins, who was one of the leading men of the place, a person of considerable dignity of manner, and doubtless not wanting among other qualities in self-esteem.

The judge was very hospitable, and on the occasions of Washington's and Lafayette's visits here he extended the hospitalities of his house to these distinguished guests. He took a great interest in public affairs, had a keen relish for the "cares

of state," and liked, I believe, himself (as who does not?) to be of some importance in the commonwealth. On the occasion of Washington's visit he was free in his communicative suggestions, as well as interrogatories in regard to public matters. The general was not disposed to be talkative, listened well, but said little. The judge was rather annoyed; at last the general, with an air of mysterious import, said, "Judge Hopkins, can you keep a secret?"

The judge was on tip-toe; deliberating for a moment to give weight to his assertion, and to show that he did not solicit confidence, "I think," said he, "I think, general, that I can."

"So can I," said General Washington; and here the conversation ended.

It is a singular fact that all the buildings which belonged to the "Old Judd place" were destroyed by fire. In the first place, the barn and sheds were struck by lightning and burned. On one of the most fearful and boisterous nights of the winter of 1833, the inhabitants of the village were aroused from their slumbers by the startling cry of "fire." The wind howled pitilessly through the streets, driving the falling snow before its blast. So severe was the storm that many neighbors living in the immediate vicinity of the catastrophe were not awakened from their slumbers. The feeble voice of man seemed lost in the raging of the elements.

At the moment of the first alarm the "Old Judd House" was discovered a mass of flame. With great difficulty a portion of the inmates made their escape, but two beautiful children of Mr. Holmes, the occupant at that time and descendant of the original proprietor, perished in the flames. A young man named John N. Tuttle made an effort to rescue the sleeping children, and lost his life in the attempt. The citizens of Waterbury erected a monument upon the spot where the three victims were interred in the old burial ground. The monument is inscribed on one side to John N. Tuttle, with the following lines from the pen of Mrs. Sigourney:

"Thou who yon sleeping babes to save
Didst sink into a fiery grave,
When the last flame with vengeance dread,
Hath on the pomp of heroes fed,
A deed like this, undimm'd and bright,
Shall stand before the Judge's sight."

The opposite side of the monument is inscribed to the lost children, with the following lines from the same gifted writer :

"The midnight fire was fierce and red,
Sweet babes, that wrapp'd your sleeping bed;
But He who oft with favoring ear
Had bow'd your early prayers to hear,
Received, beyond this mortal shore,
The sister souls to part no more."

The "Old Judd House" thus disappeared, and a more modern edifice was erected in its place, still occupied by the descendants of the original proprietor. An old elm which stood nearly in front of the house, and which had extended its shadow over the heroes of the Revolution, struggled manfully for life after the fire, notwithstanding its seared condition. On the one side it presented only a charred trunk, but still it continued to send forth its fresh branches and verdure, but within the last two or three years the old tree has disappeared, and with it the last vestige of "the Old Judd place."

"Samuel Hopkins, D.D., an eminent divine, was born in this town September 17, 1721. He lived with his parents, employed in the labors of agriculture, until he entered his fifteenth year; and such was the purity of manners among the youth of this place that he had never heard from them a profane expression.* He entered Yale College in 1737, and was graduated in 1741."

Doctor Samuel Hopkins, a distinguished physician and poet, was also a native of Waterbury, where he was born June 19, 1750. It is said that Doctor Hopkins was led to the study of medicine from observing symptoms of pulmonary complaint in some of his young companions, being aware, at the same time, that there was a hereditary predisposition to the same disease in his own family. It is singular that he should at last have fallen a victim to the experiment of a new remedy in his own case for the same disease.

"Doctor Hopkins was a physician of great skill and reputation. His memory was so retentive that he could quote every writer he had read, whether medical or literary, with the same readiness that a clergyman quotes the Bible. In his labors for scientific purposes he was indefatigable.

* A friend of the writer, who flourished at a later period, has suggested to him that Mr. Hopkins's acquaintance must have been limited, or that he could rarely have been out evenings.

The medical society of Connecticut is indebted to him as one of its founders."

Doctor Hopkins enjoyed a considerable literary reputation; in fact, was eminent among the writers at that day. Among his associates were Trumbull, Barlow, Humphreys, Dwight, and others. The "Anarchiad" is said to have been written by Hopkins, Trumbull, and Barlow. "He also had a hand in the 'Echo,' the 'Political Green-House,' and many satirical poems of that description, in which he had for his associates Richard Alsop, Theodore Dwight, and a number of others." The following quaint epitaph upon a patient killed by a cancer quack, is from the pen of Doctor Hopkins :

"Here lies a fool flat on his back,
The victim of a cancer quack;
Who lost his money and his life
By plaster, caustic, and by knife.
The case was this: a pimple rose
Southeast a little of his nose,
Which daily redden'd and grew bigger,
As too much drinking gave it vigor.
A score of gossips soon insure
Full three score different modes of cure;
But yet the full-fed pimple still
Defied all petticoated skill;
When fortune led him to peruse
A hand-bill in the weekly news,
Sign'd by six fools of different sorts,
All cured of cancers made of warts;
Who recommend with due submission
This cancer-monger as magician.
Fear wing'd his flight to find the quack,
And prove his cancer-curing knack;
But on his way he found another,
A second advertising brother;
But as much like him as an owl
Is unlike every handsome fowl;
Whose fame had raised him as broad a fog,
And of the two the greater hog;
Who used a still more magic plaster,
That sweat, forsooth, and cured the faster.
The doctor view'd, with mooney eyes,
And scowled up face, the pimple's size;
Then christen'd it in solemn answer,
And cried, "This pimple's name is cancer;
But courage, friend, I see you're pale,
My sweating plasters never fail;
I've sweated hundreds out with ease,
With roots as long as maple trees,
And never fail'd in all my trials—
Behold these samples here in vials,
Preserved, to show my wondrous merits,
Just as my liver is—in spirits.
For twenty joes the cure is done."
The bargain struck, the plaster on,
Which gnaw'd the cancer at its leisure,
And pain'd his face above all measure.
But still the pimple spread the faster,
And swell'd like toad that meets disaster;
Thus foil'd, the doctor gravely swore,
It was a right rose-cancer sore;
Then stuck his probe beneath the beard,
And show'd him where the leaves appear'd;



LOWER FOND, RIVERSIDE.

And raised the patient's drooping spirits
By praising up the plaster's merits.
Quoth he, "The roots now scarcely stick;
I'll fetch her out like crab or tick;
And make it rendezvous, next trial,
With six more plagues in my old vial."
Then purged him pale with jalap drastic,
And next applied the infernal caustic.
And yet this semblance bright of hell
Served but to make the patient yell;
And, gnawing on with fiery pace,
Devour'd one broadside of his face.
"Courage, 'tis done," the doctor cried,
And quick the incision knife applied;
That with three cuts made such a hole,
Out flew the patient's tortured soul!
Go, readers, gentle, eke, and simple,
If you have wart, or corn, or pimple,
To quack infallible apply;
Here's room for you to lie.
His skill triumphant still prevails,
For death's a cure that never fails."

John Trumbull, the celebrated author of *McFingal*, was a native of Westbury, a parish of Waterbury, which has since been seen set off under the name of Watertown. This is at the present day a beautiful town. In the general cultivation of the soil and its many superior farms, it presents a striking contrast with the parent town. In the beautifully undulating character of the land, as well as in its fine forest trees happily grouped over rich meadows, the environs of Watertown, viewed from the

elevation where its churches are situated, present most of the characteristic features of the finest English rural scenery. The very superior quality of the cattle found here strengthens the resemblance to English pastoral scenes; the farmers having introduced the finest imported stock upon their estates.

"John Trumbull, the author, was the son of a clergyman of the same name, and was born April 24th, 1750." He was of exceedingly delicate constitution, and early in life showed manifestations of his poetical ability. He was educated at Yale College. "In 1775 he wrote the first part of *McFingal*, which was immediately published at Philadelphia, where Congress was then sitting." This work was completed and published in Hartford in 1782.

"*McFingal* is a burlesque poem directed against the enemies of American liberty, and holding up to scorn and contempt the Tories and the British officers, naval, military, and civil, in America. It is a merciless satire throughout: whatever it touches it transforms; kings, ministers, lords, bishops, generals, judges, admirals, all take their turn, and become, in the light or associations in which they are exhibited, alternately the objects of our merriment, hatred, or scorn. So wedded is the author to his vein of satire that even *McFingal*, the friend of England, and the champion of the Tories, is

made the undisguised scoffer of both them and their cause. The story of McFingal is this: the hero, a Scotchman, and justice of the peace in a town near Boston, who had two gifts by right of his birth, 'rebellion and the second sight,' goes to a town meeting, where he and one Honorius make speeches at each other through two whole cantos. At the end of the second canto the town meeting breaks up tumultuously, and the people gather about a liberty pole erected by the mob. Here McFingal makes a virulent speech of near two hundred lines, at the end of which he is pursued and brought back to the liberty pole, when the constable is swung aloft, and McFingal tarred and feathered. McFingal is set at liberty; he goes home, and at night makes a speech to some of his Tory friends in his cellar, extending through the rest of the poem, leaving only room to tell that the mob broke off his address in the middle, by as-



PORTER'S LODGE, RIVERSIDE CEMETERY.

sailing the house, and McFingal escaped to Boston. These are all the incidents and this the whole story of a poem of four cantos, and consisting of some thousand lines."^o

The Cemetery of Riverside is situated at the distance of about three fourths of a mile southeasterly from the central portion of Waterbury, upon the right bank of the Naugatuck River. The name which has been adopted for this beautiful spot is most happily suggestive of its situation. From various elevations within the inclosure, the river forms a beautiful feature in the landscape, winding gracefully as it does

through alluvial flats; beyond which on either side wooded hillsides arise, forming the line of the horizon.

From that elevation in the cemetery grounds known as Forest Hill, the view, looking in a northwesterly direction, is one of great beauty. The river is here visible for the distance of some two miles. Nothing can be more pleasing in landscape than the effect produced by the numerous curves of the stream as seen from this point, sweeping gracefully along, its right bank precipitous and thickly wooded; upon its left bank rich alluvial flats, just sufficiently dotted with single trees to afford a proper disposition of light and shade to the landscape; beyond these arise wooded hillsides, while in the distance the view is bounded by hills relieved by cultivation and scattering farm houses. Near sunset the light is finest for this landscape. In the eastern portion of the cemetery the various glimpses obtained of the river, looking through the trees upon its placid waters, add greatly to the charm of the scene. Here the stream, restless and joyous as is the general character of its course, seems to pause for a moment, as man occasionally does in the midst of the turmoil of life, to contemplate his own mortality; silently and slowly the naturally turbulent river wends its way past the city of the dead.

Far back in Egypt's history, before the Hellenic ages, the places of sepulture selected at Thebes and other cities upon the Nile, were always upon the opposite side of the stream from the abodes of the living, the river itself furnishing the dividing line between the cities of the living and the dead. Hence we learn that the Greeks, who received the germ of civilization from the Egyptians, established in that mythology which their exquisite poetry and art have adorned and transmitted to future ages, the theory of the dead crossing the River Styx, and the poetical fancy of the grim visaged ferryman, Charon. Here, certainly, we have the most ancient authority for selecting the borders of a river for the resting-place of the dead. Nothing can form a more perpetual barrier to the encroachments of the future in our still undeveloped country. And the associations of classic antiquity, too little valued in our progressive age, are thus cherished and preserved.

"The site of Riverside Cemetery was

* Kettell's Specimens of American Poetry, vol. I.



MITCHELL'S FAMILY LOT.

selected, and the refusal of a portion of the grounds obtained in 1849. In the following year a corporate association was formed under the statute law of this state, relating to burial grounds and places of sepulture; and a sufficient sum in money subscribed to purchase the first plot of ground."

At a subsequent period additional ground was purchased, making the present extent of the cemetery thirty-one acres.

On the 24th September, 1853, the dedication of the grounds took place. The ceremonies were altogether of the most interesting and impressive character. A platform was erected in a beautiful pine grove near the entrance of the cemetery, for the use of those who took part in the exercises. The Mendelssohn Society of this city, an association devoted to the cultivation of classical music, took part in the exercises, adding greatly to the solemnity and interest of the occasion. The following preliminary ode was sung, awakening, perhaps for the first time, the echoes of sacred music in this spot, so long one of nature's solitudes:

"Time is bearing us away
To our eternal home;
Life is but a winter's day,
A journey to the tomb.
Youth and vigor soon will flee,
Blooming beauty lose its charms;
All that's mortal soon will be
Inclosed in death's cold arms.
But the Christian shall enjoy
Health and vigor soon, above,
Far beyond the world's alloy,
Secure in Jesus' love!"

Appropriate prayers and other services succeeded this, after which a beautiful and impressive address was pronounced by the Hon. Green Kendrick. In the closing portion of the address the speaker happily alluded to the advantageous situation of the cemetery as follows:

"It lies beautifully undulating along the bank of the Naugatuck River, which serves not only as a picturesque margin on the north, but as a perpetual barrier against the encroachments of the city, from which it is at such a distance as to be convenient of access, and yet sufficiently secluded, while the many beautiful prospects it furnishes of the city and the enchanting scenery around it, with the gentle hum of business heard indistinctly in the distance, serves to divest it of that aspect of loneliness and awful stillness, which engenders only feelings of despair, and which is uncongenial with the cheering emblems of hope which a rural cemetery should ever present to the disconsolate heart. There is a diversity of hill and valley, some parts being so elevated and furnishing prospects sufficiently beautiful to suit the tastes of the most aspiring; others, so low and secluded as to harmonize with the feelings of the most humble and unpretending. The quiet little stream that runs through the center serves to enliven and diversify the scenery, and divide the grounds into two equal divisions. The soil is well adapted, being mostly free from stone, deep, and susceptible of a high state of improvement. Thus situated by nature, it will, when the improvements which are so tastefully commenced shall be completed, become a most appropriate place for the repose of the dead, and to them we now dedicate it, until time shall cease, and the grave shall lose its power and dominion."

The attention bestowed in our day and country upon the selection of quiet rural



SKETCH ON FOREST HILL.

retreats for the repositories of the dead, as well as the care exhibited in the cultivation and adornment of the grounds, are among the most striking proofs of advancing refinement and civilization. It is to France that we are indebted for the first example of this kind in the well-known and, in some respects, beautiful cemetery of *Père la Chaise*. Rural cemeteries were next introduced in the United States. England has at last adopted them, although for many ages the crypts and chapels of her cathedrals have received for the most part the ashes of her distinguished dead. In Germany, Italy, and other continental countries, these improvements have not yet been introduced. In the number, extent, and beauty of the rural cemeteries of the United States, we may be assured that our beloved country excels the world.

A rural cemetery in the environs of any city or town, if tastefully laid out, and improved in accordance with the present established style of landscape gardening, cannot fail of exciting a good influence upon the tastes of a people.

Wherever we see these cemeteries introduced we find that gradually the stiff and formal lines of trees and walks, once so universal upon our grounds, are rapidly giving way to the better taste exhibited in a simple copying of nature. Now we see thick clumps of trees with varied foliage, contrasting, in their dark outline and heavy masses of shadow, with irregular sunny openings of closely shaven lawn. It is no longer deemed a requisite of taste that trees should stand as prim as the lines of soldiers in a well-drilled regiment, or that walks should only be laid out with square angles and in the most precise form.

When we contrast the modern rural cemeteries of New England with the

neglected and gloomy burial grounds of former years, sometimes used as sheep pastures, or perhaps with broken inclosures which admitted freely all the animals that fed upon the common; or, again, choked with brambles, the mullen being the only flower which lifted its head above the graves, surely we must acknowledge that our improvements in this respect evince increasing refinement and civilization.

It was in mediæval times that superstition seemed most to delight in those emblems of death which are revolting

The skull and the cross bones, and those hideous and distorted groups, both in sculpture and in painting, known as the dance of death, sprung into existence then.

The refinement of the Greeks led them, even in the pagan age, to associate with the idea of death different forms of beauty; hence we have the genius of death, a beautiful figure of a youth leaning upon an inverted torch with legs crossed, holding in his hand a cluster of poppy buds, emblematic of rest, of the sleep of the grave. In the temple of Juno, at Elis, death and sleep were personified by two beautiful infants, twin brothers, reposing in the arms of



ST. JOHN'S CHURCH.

Night. Strange that, with revealed religion and the hope held out to us beyond the vale, these beautiful images of death should have given place to others distorted and repulsive.

The natural adaptation of the grounds of Riverside to the purposes of a cemetery is very remarkable. Here every variety of surface is found; bold eminences, picturesque and shaded dells, quiet valleys. The wildest portions are left for the most part in their natural state, others have been highly improved; hence the grounds present that contrast, so desirable in land-



SECOND CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

scape, of native wildness with extreme cultivation. Here is a dell filled with bold and picturesque rocks and native trees; bordering upon it a piece of closely shaven lawn, upon which is a splendid monument in Italian marble of classic design; the trees in its immediate neighborhood are exotics, but the native rocks have been preserved. The grounds are for the most part wooded, and afford every variety of native tree to be found in this vicinity.

rived at man's estate, being rather dissatisfied with the slow method of casting buckles, which was one at a time, invented a mold to cast six. This astounded his father, who rebuked him in the strongest terms, telling him that it was a device of the Evil One, and boded no good. Fashion, however, soon afterward changed, and there was no longer a demand for buckles.

Ezra Bronson, Esq., a man of educa-

Great credit is due to Howard Daniels, Esq., of New York, the civil engineer, as well as to the superintendent, Mr. John North. It is unusual to find such perfect harmony in landscape gardening; all the available natural beauties of the spot seem to have struck the quick eye of Mr. Daniels, and he has developed them to the best possible advantage.

The prominent position which is now assigned to Waterbury among the manufacturing places of New England, gives a degree of interest to the early development of manufactures here.

Waterbury, from near the period of its first settlement, contained the elements of manufacturing spirit. During the war of the Revolution guns were made here by Lieutenant Ard Welton, who died in the present century, on his farm at Buck's Hill, (so called,) and where some of his descendants still reside. Joseph Hopkins, Esq., a man of some distinction, afterward a judge of the county court, was the inspector of the arms, under authority of the State. This Mr. Hopkins was originally a silversmith, and manufactured shoe and knee buckles, indispensable articles in the costume of the time. After his son Jesse had ar-

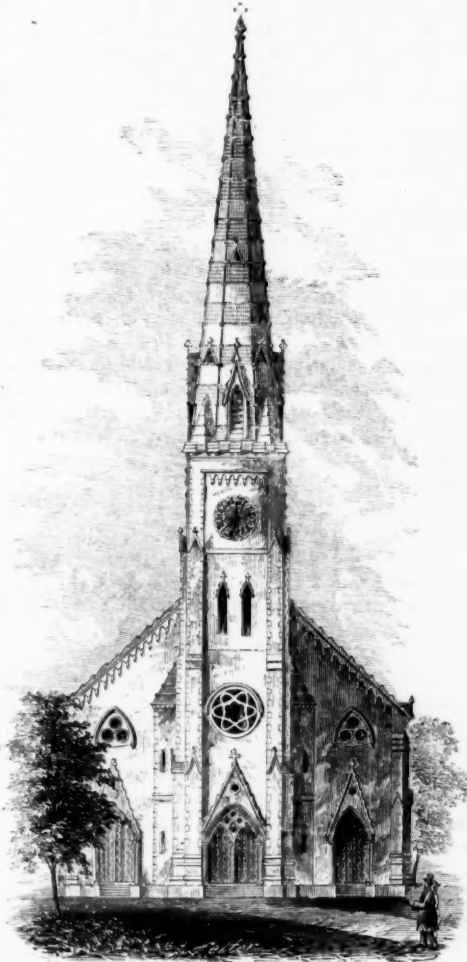
tion, who held a high place in the estimation of his townsmen, was an assistant commissary during the Revolutionary War, and kept a tavern near St. John's Church, which was also used for a magazine, as well as other purposes called for by the public service. To supply troops with soap he established a "potashery," as it was then called, which was continued many years after the peace. Specimens of the soap were preserved as late as twenty years ago, and were more highly appreciated than the best Windsor.

To the late Mark Leavenworth, Esq., must be awarded the credit of an early pioneer. He was an apprentice to Mr. Hopkins, the silversmith, and being thrown out of employ by dame fashion, he commenced the manufacture of gun-locks; this was followed by axes and steel-yards, which were about the first articles fabricated here for an outside market; these were taken South, and exchanged for cotton and tobacco. This was about the beginning of the present century.

About this time Silas Griley and others commenced the manufacture of composition buttons, made of pewter and zinc, which was carried on for several years with success, until superseded by the gilt buttons, which laid the foundation of the metal business. This has since overshadowed every other pursuit, and made the place what it now is.

Toward the close of the last century James Harrison commenced the manufacture of wooden clocks. He is said not only to have erected the first water-wheel known in this vicinity, but to have made the first wooden clock known in Connecticut. His commencement was in a rude way, using a saw, file, and pen-knife for machinery, turning the pinions by foot power. Subsequently, after erecting a water-wheel on Little Brook, he invented some very ingenious machinery for cutting the wheel-teeth and

pinions; but having little means and moderate ambition, he was content with a very small business. Others, more eagle-eyed and enterprising, foresaw that, with proper energy, the business might be multiplied and rendered profitable. Among them was Colonel William Leavenworth, formerly a large merchant, but having met with reverses and given up trade, he therefore converted his store into a clock shop, and finding his business increasing, changed a flour mill which he owned into a larger establishment, where he erected improved machinery, and prosecuted a large business for several years. In the meantime



NEW ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH.

ness for several years. In the meantime several rival establishments sprung up, the most successful of which was that of Mark Leavenworth, before alluded to, who continued a prosperous business up to 1835, when he commenced the manufacture of gilt buttons. This he ultimately abandoned, but continued to manufacture lasting or Florentine buttons until his death. He was the last of the wooden clock makers in this town, having amassed a handsome fortune by the business, which was much lessened by subsequent schemes in connection with others.

This brings us to the establishment of the gilt button experiment, about 1804, by Abel, Porter, & Co., but which first rose into importance under Leavenworth, Hayden, & Scovill, but was not fully developed until the accession of the brothers, J. M. L. & W. H. Scovill, whose names for the last twenty-five years have been so conspicuous in the history of the town.

In 1810 James Scovill and Austin Steele commenced the manufacture of woolen goods here.

From these small beginnings a colossal business has grown up in Waterbury. In 1830 the amount of capital employed in manufacturing here was less than one hundred thousand dollars. There is at the present day an actual capital, invested here in different branches of manufacturing, of three million dollars. The banking and mercantile capital employed here amounts to about one million in addition. There are some fifty stores, and a present population of about eight thousand five hundred.

Thus we see what enterprise has accomplished within the last few years in an interior Connecticut town, possessing no advantages from situation save in its water power. Until the completion of the Naugatuck Railroad in 1849, all the transportation to and from market was by way of New Haven, requiring a land carriage of twenty-two miles. This, it will at once be seen, was a serious obstacle to the success of a business requiring so large an amount of tonnage as the manufacture of metal, which has become the principal business of the place. The variety of articles manufactured here, collected in a list, would be quite a curiosity.

Among the illustrations which I present in the present number are views of St. John's, the Second Congregational, and

the new Roman Catholic Churches of this city. St. John's Church (Episcopal) is a massive structure of native granite. The corner stone was laid June 6th, 1845. Consecrated January 12, 1848. This church has for the last twenty years been under the pastoral care of the Rev. J. L. Clark, D.D., and is in a very flourishing condition.

The Second Congregational Church was organized April 4th, 1852. On the 19th of May Rev. S. W. Magill was installed in the pastoral office. It is a handsome edifice of brick and stucco. The lofty and graceful spire which adorned this structure was two hundred and nine feet in height.

Both St. John's and the Second Congregational Churches have suffered severely from a gale, the violence of which was unparalleled in this vicinity, which occurred on the 18th January last. The spires of both these edifices were destroyed at that time. The cuts represent the structures as they appeared previous to the gale.

The new Roman Catholic church, of which I present a view, drawn from the architect's elevation, is now in process of building, under the direction of Mr. B. P. Chatfield. The material is brick, with freestone copings. The whole extent of the structure is sixty-six feet by one hundred and sixty. The corner stone was laid 5th of July last.

STRIVE, WAIT, AND PRAY.

STRIVE; yet I do not promise
The prize you dream of to-day,
Will not fade when you think to grasp it,
And melt in your hand away;
But another and holier Treasure,
You would now perchance disdain,
Will come when your toil is over,
And pay you for all your pain.

Wait; yet I do not tell you
The hour you long for now,
Will not come with its radiance vanish'd,
And a shadow upon its brow;
Yet far through the misty future,
With a crown of starry light,
An hour of joy you know not
Is winging her silent flight.

Pray; though the gift you ask for
May never comfort your fears,
May never repay your pleading,
Yet pray, and with hopeful tears;
An answer, not that you long for,
But diviner, will come one day;
Your eyes are too dim to see it,
Yet strive, and wait, and pray.



DEATH OPENING TO IMMORTALITY.

Who has not felt, in some dear churchyard spot,
When evening's pencil shades the pale gold sky,

"Here at the closing of my life's calm lot,
Here would I love to lie?"

"Here, where the poet thrush so often pours
His requiem hidden in green aisles of lime,
And bloody-red along the sycamores
Creepeth the summer time.

"Where through the ruin'd church's broken walls

Glimmers all night the vast and solemn sea,
As through our broken hopes the brightness falls
Of our eternity."

But, when we die, we rest, far, far away;
Not over us the lime-trees lift their bowers,
And the young sycamores their shadows sway
O'er graves that are not ours.

Yet he is happy, wheresoe'er he lie,
Round whom the purple calms of Eden spread;

Who sees his Saviour with the heart's pure eye,
He is the happy dead!

By the rough brook of life no more he wrestles,
Huddling its hoarse waves until night de-
part;

No more the pale face of a Rachel nestles
Upon his broken heart.

He is encircled by the quiet home,
From whose safe fold no little lamb is lost;
The Jegar-sahadutha² of the tomb
No Laban ever cross'd!

I saw again. Behold! Heaven's open door,
Behold! a throne; the seraphim stood o'er it;
The white-robed elders fell upon the floor,
And flung their crowns before it.

I saw a wondrous book; an angel strong
To heaven and earth proclaim'd his loud ap-
peals;
But a hush pass'd across the seraph's song,
For none might loose the seals.

Then, fast as rain to death cry of the year,
Tears of St. John to that sad cry were given;
It was a wondrous thing to see a tear
Fall on the floor of Heaven!

And a sweet voice said, "Weep not; wherefore
fails,

Eagle of God, thy heart, the high and leal?
The lion out of Judah's tribe prevails
To loose the seven-fold seal."

'Twas Israel's voice; and straightway, up above,
Stood in the midst a wondrous Lamb, snow-
white,

Heart-wounded with the deep, sweet wounds of
love,

Eternal, infinite.

Then rose the song no ear had heard before;
Then from the white-robed throng high an-
them woke;

And fast as spring-tide on the sealess shore
The halleluiahs broke.

Who dreams of God when passionate youth is
high,

When first life's weary waste his feet have
trod;

Who seeth angels' footfalls in the sky,
Working the works of God:

* Genesis xxxi, 47, 52.

* And I wept much. Rev. v, 4.

His sun shall fade as gently as it rose;
 Through the dark woof of death's approach-
 ing night
 His faith shall shoot, at night's prophetic close,
 Some threads of golden light.
 For him the silver ladder shall be set;
 His Saviour shall receive his latest breath;
 He walketh to a fadeless coronet
 Up through the gate of death!

THE MONKEY TRIBE.

SECOND PAPER.

WE now come to those smaller species of the *Quadrumana* which are more generally kept as household pets. That there is much about the whole class that is repulsive we cannot deny; and yet so grotesque is their appearance, and so great their power of mimicry, that the most melancholy person can scarcely look upon their gambols without relaxing at least to a smile. Since these tricks are such universal provocations of mirth, it is not surprising that they have been supposed to originate in the same feeling. But this is not necessarily the case. Mrs. Lee, whom we beg leave to quote, is very clear and sensible on this point. She says "that monkeys enjoy movement; that they delight in pilfering, in outwitting each other, and especially in outwitting men; that they glory in tearing and destroying the works of art by which they are surrounded, in a domestic state; that they lay the most artful plans to effect their purposes, is all perfectly true; but the terms *mirthful* and *merry* seem to me to be totally misapplied in reference to their feelings and actions, for they do all in solemnity and seriousness. Do you stand under a tree whose thick foliage completely screens you from the sun, and you hope to enjoy perfect shade and repose? A slight rustling proves that companions are near; presently a broken twig falls upon you, then another; you raise your eyes, and find that hundreds of other eyes are staring at you. In a moment more you see the faces to which those eyes belong making grimaces, as you suppose; but it is no such thing; they are solemnly contemplating the intruder; they are not pelting him in play, it is their business to drive him from their domain. Raise your arm, the boughs shake, the chattering begins, and the sooner you decamp the more you will show your discretion. Watch the ape or monkey

with whom you come into closer contact. Does he pick up a blade of grass? he will examine it with as much care as if he were determining the value of a precious stone? Do you put food before him? he tucks it into his mouth as fast as possible; and when his cheek-pouches are so full that they cannot hold any more, he looks up at you, as if he seriously asked your approval of his laying up stores for the future. If he destroy the most valuable piece of glass or china in your possession, he does not look as if he enjoyed the mischief, but either puts on an impudent air, as much as to say, 'I don't care,' or calmly tries to let you know that he thought it his duty to destroy your property."

But to proceed with our description: we notice, first, the *Cercopithecus Mona*, or *Varied Monkey*. This pretty little animal has flesh-colored lips and nose, a brown face, with a black band upon the forehead, the back and thighs of a lively brown spotted with black, and black limbs. His height is nearly seventeen inches, and his length, from the tip of the nose to the root of the tail, is two feet.

The varied monkey is one of the species most commonly imported, and that most readily endures the change of climate. Elegance of form, grace of movement, gentleness of disposition, keenness of observation, quickness of intelligence, and, in short, everything that can make a creature of this kind attractive, is possessed by this monkey to an unusual degree.

Although lively even to petulance, it is not vicious, and readily becomes attached to its master. It is even susceptible of a degree of education, if the master can make himself sufficiently feared to enforce obedience.

In one habit it differs from all other monkeys; it never makes grimaces; and it wears on its features a certain gravity and sweetness of expression. It partakes readily of any cooked dish, bread, fruits, and certain insects; and is particularly fond of ants and spiders. It has great agility, though all its movements are gentle. It is very persevering in its endeavors to carry out its wishes, but never resorts to violence; and after having teased for a long time for some pleasing object which is still persistently refused, it will suddenly cease its endeavors, make a gambol, and appear to think no more about it.

Its morality is rather questionable with regard to the rights of property. It has such a tendency to pilfering as no punishment can correct. It slips the hand quietly into the pocket of those who may be caressing it, and that, too, with the address of a skillful conjuror. In order to secure without disturbance the objects of its desire, to steal a few fruits or knick-knacks, it will readily turn the key of a closet, untie a package, and open the ring of a chain. Heedless and capricious, it is not always disposed to caress its master; but, when tranquil, and not preoccupied, it will gracefully respond to any advances. It will play, take the most amiable attitudes, bite gently, press against the person whom it loves, and utter a little musical cry, which is its ordinary expression of joy. In general, it is less amiable to strangers, and rarely fails to bite those who are hardy enough to touch it. It is also subject to capricious and unaccountable antipathies.

Its native country is Northern Africa, and Barbary in particular. It appears, also, to have been found in Abyssinia, in Arabia, Persia, and some other parts of Asia. As it is very timid, it rarely approaches the habitations of men, and never enters his plantations. In time of famine, when the fruits become rare in the forests, it descends in troops to the plains, and there turns the stones over and over as assiduously as the most enthusiastic entomologist, in order to find the insects that may be hidden beneath them. In order to preserve its specimens, it has no pin-box, such as serves the learned men who catch flies, but two very commodious sacks, cut after the pattern furnished by dame nature, namely, its pouches. These are two membranous pockets, such as most monkeys are furnished with, one under each cheek. In the varied monkey these are large enough to contain provisions for two days; but its gluttony is still more capacious, for it will devour in a few hours, or as soon as its stomach will permit, that which it would have economized with a little forethought. Few sights are more comical than the figure of this monkey, with its cheeks so distended with provisions, as to make its head appear to be of twice its usual size. In this state it is a living representation of the bloated, puff-cheeked figures by which the ancient painters represented the winds.

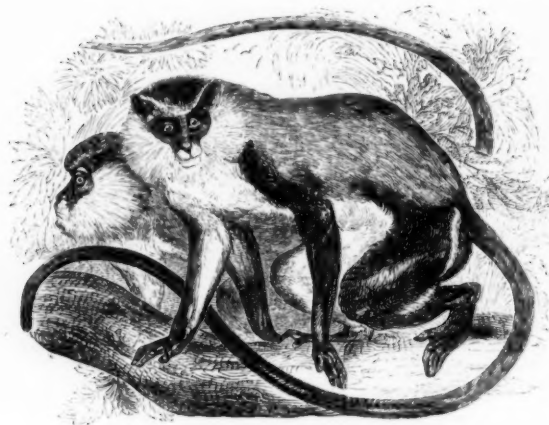
At such times the Mona avoids the troop,

and seeks an isolated tree, in the foliage of which it can be concealed; for it is fearful lest its comrades pillage its storehouse, by beating and forcing it to open its mouth, which sometimes happens. At the bottom of its hiding-place, seated in a bifurcation of the branches, it draws from its sack, one by one, the insects which it has taken, smooths them with its little fingers, plucks off the wings and the feet, which it throws away, carries it to the teeth, and finally eats it at several mouthfuls with a well-principled gastronomy; and then recommences the same operation with another, until its provisions are exhausted. Then only does it think of rejoining its comrades.

The *Diana*, or *Spotted Monkey*, bears a striking resemblance to the Mona in habits, character, and general appearance. This lively creature is found in Congo and Guinea, where, in large troops, it inhabits the silent forests. Its natural food is fruit, birds' eggs, and insects. As it is readily tamed, the negroes often capture and sell it to the Europeans, who come to trade upon the African coast.

The character of this little monkey is very amiable. It is much attached to its master, and answers his call upon all occasions. One of my friends possesses an individual of this species, which used to accompany the family from the city to the country-seat about three miles distant. The road was bordered with trees, and the curious animal climbed them all without exception. When the trees were sufficiently near, it jumped from one to the other with unexampled lightness and rapidity. But it soon wearied with this experiment, and jumped upon the back of a spaniel, which was forced to carry him. The first time this was done, the poor dog was very much frightened, and tried to relieve himself of the unwonted burden. But the monkey seized the long tufts of hair with its four hands so firmly, that in spite of running, leaping, and turning, its position was maintained. When the dog rolled over it jumped off with a light bound, watched the performance, and when the animal rose, another bound placed the monkey on his back again. At length, finding opposition useless, the dog took it all in good part, and became the involuntary saddle-horse of the *Diana*.

Like the Mona, it is a little thievish, and it has the trick of concealing in beds



VARIED MONKEY, OR MONA.

and under clothes the fruits of its larceny. It frequently enters the court-yard, slips into the poultry-house, and taking an egg, runs away on its hind feet. In this position its appearance is singularly grotesque. It has a well-defined taste for raw eggs; it strikes the end lightly on the pavement to break the shell, enlarges the hole with its finger, and then sucks out all the substance contained in the shell, without breaking it any more. It was very fond of coffee; and upon every occasion when it could steal into the kitchen, it would rummage all the coffee-pots to get the dregs which might remain in them.

However, there was one fact that proved conclusively its lack of memory, and also that the greater part of its actions were irreflective. When a light was placed upon the table, the monkey immediately approached, and taking the flame for something eatable, would stretch out its nose and carry the light to its tongue. When burned, it would utter frightful cries, and run away; but this unhappy experiment was lost upon it, and would be tried over again the next evening, and perhaps not more than an hour afterward.

When its master purchased it, the little creature was very gentle; but during the three years that it remained in his possession, I thought I could perceive that, as it grew older, it became more mischievous. A poor cat became its victim. It was carried and dragged about everywhere by the monkey. It was caressed

and beaten ten times an hour; sometimes it was stuffed with grapes or apples, and by dint of blows obliged to swallow unsuitable food, so that in the end it died most miserably. After this, no other cat was permitted to come within reach of the monkey.

The *White-nosed Monkey*, (*Cercopithecus petaurista*), another of the same genus, found in Barbary, is remarkable for the modesty of its behavior, if such a virtue

can be ascribed to animals. Its movements are full of grace and docility, and its vivacity and agility are so great, that when it springs from tree to tree, it seems to fly rather than leap. Its favorite attitude in repose is very singular: seated with its head resting upon one of its hands, and its pensive eye seeming to gaze into vacuity, it remains so for a long time, as if wrapped in the most profound meditation. And who knows? Perhaps it is dreaming of its native valley; and its imagination carries it back to the shade of the gigantic baobab, where it loved so much to play, and where in its infancy its mother directed its first leaps; or, perhaps, in its melancholy, it is mourning over the chain which holds it in a foreign land! Whatever it may be, it is difficult for one who has seen this beautiful creature in the attitude here described, to believe that animals never think.

The first species in the genus *Semnopithecus* is the *Entellus Monkey*. This species varies much in color with its age. Its chin is graced with a little yellowish beard, and its throat is bare. Its pelt is of a grayish white, mingled with black hairs upon the back and limbs, and orange-colored upon its sides and breast. The face and hands are black, and the tail nearly black, terminated by a tuft. In its youth its pelt is all nearly white and its tail a reddish gray. It is seventeen inches in length exclusive of the tail.

The *Hoonuman*, as it is called by the natives, inhabits Bengal. It offers a sin-



ENTELLUS MONKEY, OR HOONUMAN.

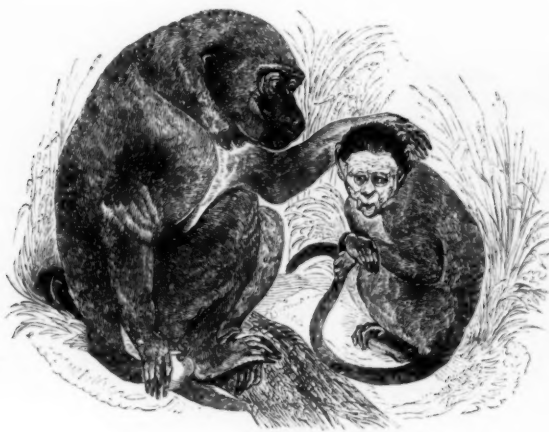
gular example of the metamorphosis which we had occasion to notice with reference to the Pongo. In early youth it has a not very prominent muzzle, a large forehead, and an elevated, rounded cranium. Then this animal brings in play quite extensive intellectual faculties; it has a wonderful penetration to judge of what will prove agreeable or hurtful to itself; it is readily tamed, is quite gentle, and becomes attached to its master to a certain degree; and uses only stratagem and address to procure the satisfaction of its wishes. By degrees as it grows old its forehead becomes obliterated, its muzzle acquires a considerable prominence, and its cranium diminishes much in capacity. Its moral qualities are degraded in the same proportion. Apathy takes the place of penetration; it seeks solitude, it employs force in the place of stratagem, and the least opposition excites a ferocious malice and an anger bordering upon fury. Still later in life it must be loaded with chains, or shut up in an iron cage, where its principal occupation is to spend its rage upon the bars.

This true portrait is not very engaging, yet the Hindoos have deified this animal, to which they assign a high place among their thirty millions of deities. We will cite what M. Devauzel has written on this subject:

"Whatever zeal I might have shown in my researches and pursuits in regard to this animal, they had all thus far proved ineffectual, on account of the anxious care which the Bengalese had taken to prevent my killing a sufficiently respectable specimen. These Hindoos always frightened away the monkey as soon as they saw my gun, and during more than a month that I sojourned at Chandernagor, although seven or eight Hoonumans came even to the houses, to seize the offerings of the sons of Brahma, my garden was found surrounded by several Brahmins, who played the tam-tam to divert the attention of the god when he should come to eat my fruit. His mythologic history is the best thing I know of the kind, but it would be too long to detail here. I will merely say that the Hoonuman is a hero celebrated for his strength, wit, and agility, in the voluminous collection of Hindoo mysteries.

"They offer him the mango, one of the most esteemed fruits, which they say he stole from the gardens of a famous giant in Ceylon. It was in punishment of this theft that he was condemned to the flames, and in extinguishing those flames he burned his face and hands, which remain black to the present time.

"I entered Goutipara, a sacred town of the Brahmins, and saw the trees covered with long tailed hoonumans, who took to flight with dreadful cries. The Hindoos, seeing my gun, had guessed, as well as the monkeys, the cause of my visit, and a dozen of the former came to me to warn me of my danger in shooting the animals, for they were nothing less, they most positively assured me, than metamorphosed princes. As I was leaving the place I met one of these metamorphosed princesses, and she appeared so charming that I could not resist the desire to have a nearer view. I dispatched a ball, and was soon witness to a touching scene. The



CHACMA AND MARMOZET.

poor beast carried a young one upon her back, and feeling herself mortally wounded, she summoned all her energies, seized the little one in her arms, threw it into the branches, and fell dead at my feet. So touching an act of maternal love made more impression on me than all the discourses of the Brahmins; and the pleasure of having secured a beautiful specimen did not in this case compensate for my regret at having killed an animal that clung to life with such maternal solicitude."

Passing to the genus bearing the significant name of *Cynocephales*, we find the Chacma or the Ape-baboon of Swainson, the Chac-kamma of the Hottentots. On all fours it is not less than two feet in height, or about the size of a large mastiff. His pelt is of a greenish or yellowish black, the neck of the male wearing a long mane. The face is of a violet black, paler around the eyes, and the upper eyelid is white. The tail, eighteen inches in length, is terminated by a stout tuft of hair.

All the *Cynocephales* are of a brutal and wicked disposition, but the Chacma has an unequalled ferocity, and a strength against which no man could successfully contend. An example of this happened at the menagerie at Paris a few years since.

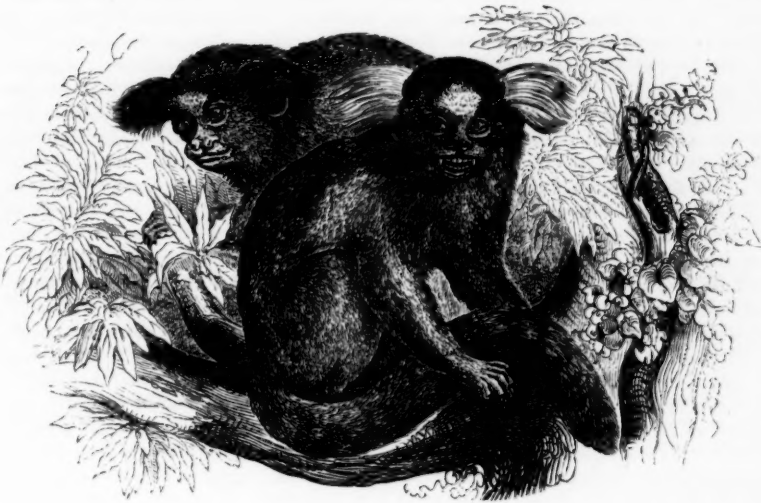
One Richard, a powerful man, some five feet six inches in height, was then keeper of the monkeys, and his kitchen was apposite an apartment containing the cage of a Chacma. During his absence one day the monkey succeeded in opening the door of his cage, entered the kitchen, leaped upon a shelf containing some carrots for the other monkeys, and set about wasting in good earnest the dinner of his

companions in captivity. Richard arrived at this moment, and commenced trying to flatter the animal and coax him back into his cage, but the animal contented himself by making a few grimaces at him, and continued his work of devastation. The keeper raised his voice and made use of some threats, which brought new grimaces and grindings of the teeth. He then, for the first time, conceived the unfortunate idea of resorting to a stick,

and this movement became the signal for a dreadful struggle. The monkey fell upon him with two such heavy blows in the stomach that the strong man staggered. The furious animal disarmed him, threw him down, and made three deep wounds in his thigh with his strong teeth. These penetrated quite to the bone, and were so severe that serious doubts were for some time entertained as to the recovery of the unfortunate man.

The animal would not reënter the cage until induced by jealousy. Richard had a daughter who sometimes fed the monkey, and had thus gained an influence over him. She was placed behind the cage opposite the open door, and one of the garden boys pretended to caress her. On seeing this the creature fiercely bounded into the cage, thinking to reach them through the bars, when the door was closed upon him and securely fastened.

Kolbe pretends that these animals are so inexpressibly indecent that those persons who hold them in captivity are guilty of shameless effrontery. The same traveler also gives an account of the habits of these animals in the savage state. The Chacmas are passionately fond of grapes and of garden fruits in general. Their strong teeth and claws render them very formidable to the dogs, by whom they are conquered with great difficulty, unless they are previously gorged with fruit. The following is their plan for robbing an orchard, a garden, or a vineyard. They ordinarily make these expeditions in troops,



ACCHUS FUSCILLATUS AND AURITUS.

a part entering the inclosure, a part being stationed on the wall as sentry, and the rest placed outside at a convenient distance from each other, forming a line that extends from their place of pillage to their rendezvous. All being thus arranged, the animals commence the pillage by tossing the melons, apples, pears, etc., to those upon the wall, and they, in turn, throw them to those outside, and so they are passed along the line, which ordinarily reaches some mountain. They are so expert, and have so keen an eye, that they rarely let the fruits fall in tossing them from one to the other, and the whole is done in profound silence and with much promptness. When the sentinels perceive any one they utter a cry, and at this signal the whole troop flee with astonishing celerity.

The Chacmas are sociable and live in troops, but when they are fixed in a rocky mountain that suits them, they will not tolerate the establishment of any other troop in their neighborhood. They defend their own territory against the approach of all other mammals, and man in particular. If they perceive one of the latter the alarm is immediately sounded, they call their comrades together with great cries, and mutually encouraging each other, they commence the attack. They first throw at the enemy stones, sticks, and anything upon which they can lay their hands,

all the while approaching and trying to surround them and cut off their retreat. A few discharges of fire-arms frighten them, but their intrepid courage prevents their fleeing until they have seen several of their number stretched upon the ground. If their unfortunate antagonist is without a gun, or his powder fails him, he is lost; the Chacmas press upon him, they seize him, kill him, and tear him to pieces.

An imprudent Englishman, drawn into the pursuit of these ferocious animals, on Table Mountain, near the Cape, suddenly saw himself surrounded by them, and at last was pushed to the very point of a rock overhanging a precipice. In vain he fired a few shots at these animals; they rushed upon him with fearful cries, and the unhappy hunter chose to cast himself down the abyss, rather than be torn in pieces by them. He was killed by the fall.

The Chacmas themselves prefer this fate to captivity. I have received from the lips of M. Delalande a fact which proves it. Well armed, and assisted by Hottentot hunters attached to his service, he one day undertook to surround a little troop of these animals upon the verge of a precipice where their retreat was impossible. They did not hesitate to throw themselves down three hundred feet, rather than be taken.

The scared little monkey who appears in our cut to be receiving condign punish-

ment at the hands of the Chacma is the *Cercocebus radiatus*, sometimes called the *Macacus*, known also as the Chinese Bonnet Monkey, probably so called on account of the rays of hair which diverge in all directions from the face. The muzzle is smaller and straighter than that of most of the other macaci, the face and ears are of a livid flesh color, and the hands violet.

The Bonnet Monkey inhabits India, and is found principally on the coast of Malabar, where it enjoys the same privileges as the Hoonuman in Bengal. The natives are forbidden to kill it, under some pretext or other, and under severe penalties. If a European happens to commit the dreadful crime, he is not subjected to the same penalties as the natives, because it would be difficult to inflict them, but the Brahmins are perfectly convinced that some of the ten or a dozen monkey gods will kill off the offender during the year, to be avenged for their earthly representative. The result is, that the Bonnet Monkey has plenty of elbow room in this part of India, and as the traveler Pyrard says, "These monkeys are so inquisitive, mischievous, and numerous, that they cause much damage, and the inhabitants of both town and country are obliged to put trellises upon the windows to keep them out of their houses."

We have not, to my knowledge, any recent reports on this species, and the accounts of ancient travelers are very confused. Still it appears that the Bonnet Monkey has a capricious character, and wicked disposition, at least when it attains a certain age, and that it lives habitually on the pillage of orchards and sugar-cane plantations. It is also fond of the sap of the palm, which in India is used for the preparation of a fermented liquor called *Zari*. The monkey lies in ambush and watches the Hindoo when he taps the tree, and puts in a bamboo spout to conduct the sap to a vessel below. As soon as the Hindoo has gone, this mischievous creature darts from its hiding place, climbs the tree, and drinks the sap as fast as it flows out. It sometimes happens that the liquor intoxicates the animals, and then they are easily taken. But these observations are all of ancient date, and need to be confirmed anew.

The Striated Monkey (*Jacchus vulgaris*) is probably so called from the color of its hairy coat, and belongs to the order *Ou-*

stili of the French naturalists. The Marmozet, one of the most noted of these, is a much smaller creature than any of the monkeys previously mentioned, being not more than six inches in length, or about as large as a squirrel. Its tail is ring-streaked black and gray, and its body is watered or waved with a rich yellowish gray. The face and palms of the hands are flesh-colored; it has quite a prominence between the eyes, and a white spot on the forehead; the ear is surrounded with stiff long hairs. The Marmozet is a native of Guiana and Brazil, and is much sought everywhere, not on account of its gentleness, but because it is pretty and makes but little trouble. Its character is not amiable, and is very far from warranting the friendship which the creature inspires. It appears good because it is feeble, intelligent because mistrustful, and gentle because fearful. In its native woods it has a certain vivacity which is lost during captivity. It preys upon large insects, and little birds, which it loves to catch while leaping from branch to branch. When its hunting proves inadequate to the supply of its wants, it adds fruits and grains to its diet, but its habits are carnivorous. It sometimes descends from the trees, and hunts snails and small lizards. It even ventures to the water to seize unawares the little fish.

When the male has been separated from the female in seeking her prey, he utters a sharp, prolonged whistle to call her, and by this means he betrays himself to the hunter. For if he perceives any disturbance he crouches in some fork of the large branches, and remains so perfectly quiet that it is impossible to get a glimpse of him.

The male and female are never separated, though they appear to have very little affection for each other. The female shows much ferocity, and that, too, in circumstances which in other animals develop increased tenderness. She gives birth to three or four little ones at once, and usually makes her debut into maternal duties by biting off the heads of one or two of them. The education of the rest of her family is pursued with a similar degree of tenderness. The little ones climb upon her back, and when she consents to carry them it is but for a short time, and the moment that they embarrass or fatigue her, she rubs herself against the trunk or a branch of a tree, at the risk of crushing

them; obliges them to release their hold, and then pursues her way, careless as to what may become of them. Happily for them, if they have a bad mother, their father shows himself much more affectionate. He hears their cries of distress and comes to their succor, takes them upon his back and carries them. In the course of time he overtakes the mother, and presents them to her for nourishment, which she offers with very bad grace.

In captivity the Marmozet, though everywhere much admired by the ladies, does not show itself any more amiable. If we should judge by the motion of the large rolling eyes, and the sprightliness of its motion, we should suppose it to be possessed of much penetration, but it is not so; these are the result of distrust and fear. They never caress others, nor suffer themselves to be caressed. They distrust all the world, the hand that feeds them as well as others; they bite all indifferently. They are hardly susceptible of affection, but are very soon angry; the least opposition irritates them, and when frightened they utter a short, piercing cry, while running away to hide themselves.

The two individuals in our engraving (the *Jacchus penicillatus* and *Jacchus auritus*) are other species of the same genus, both from Brazil. They are very little known, but their leading characteristics are the same as those of the preceding species.

CÆSAR DUCORNET.

ON the 6th of January, 1806, there was born, in the humble dwelling of a poor shoemaker in the Rue St. Jacques, at Lille, an infant so strangely helpless and deformed, that the attendants at its birth hesitated to show it to its parents. They regarded it with a species of horror; its utter feebleness foreboded its speedy death, and that they were ready to hail as a merciful dispensation, both for mother and babe. But the mother took it to her bosom with all a mother's love, and the hapless little stranger did not die. Some days after, when the poor shoemaker and his wife were left alone with their new-born son, they might have been seen stooping, with a mingled expression of terror, of pity, and parental compassion, over a cradle, in which there rolled and twisted about a little *lusus naturæ*, sent into the

world without arms, and whose lower extremities could be described as nothing better than a kind of bony stalks, with the barest indications of thighs, and what might pass for the rudiments of legs. On either little foot there were but four toes. It was happy for both these humble parents that the spectacle of their child's wretched condition, so far from exciting discontent and loathing, stirred up the deepest springs of affection in their bosoms, and they loved him all the more.

Such was the entry upon the world of Cæsar Ducornet, historical painter, victor in the academic schools, winner of the gold medal in the exhibitions of the Louvre, and corresponding member of the Imperial Society of Science, of Agriculture, and the Arts, at Lille.

The early infancy of Ducornet is not, perhaps, to be regarded as unhappy; innocence is unconscious of its defects. Moreover, people found a charm in the vigorous and determined expression of his face; so much sprightly and precocious intelligence in his look; so much characteristic and curious dexterity in all his movements, that every one noticed him with sympathy, and treated him with tenderness. Meanwhile the infant grew in years and stature, and the poor parents had to ponder the difficult problem of a profession for their boy. The shoemaker gained a humble subsistence by the labor of his hands; but Providence had given the young Cæsar no hands to labor with, and they puzzled themselves in vain, since it was plain he could work at no known trade, as to what was to be done with him. Many poor parents in such a predicament would have made a beggar of the boy, and have found their account in it; or they would have hired him out for exhibition by some traveling showman; but the father of Ducornet was an honest and independent artisan, who knew the true dignity of a workman, and was incapable of harboring any thought of this kind. Still the question arose, What was to be done? They had remarked that in his childish games the infant made use of his feet with most marvelous ability; he threw the ball to his comrades; cut things he wanted to cut with a knife; drew lines with chalk on the floor of the room; clipped out in paper figures and images with his mother's scissors; in a word, everything which other children did with their hands, he did with



CESAR DUCORNET.

equal, if not excelling adroitness, with his four-toed feet. One day they surprised him in the act of drawing upon paper some masterly capital letters. An old writing-master, named Dumoncel, saw them with astonishment, and immediately proposed to the shoemaker to take the boy under his gratuitous instruction. In less than a year, the little Ducornet—we cannot say wrote the finest hand, but—had become the first penman in the worthy Dumoncel's class.

But the writing-master had soon fresh food for admiration. In addition to the fine character of the boy's writing, his copy-books began all at once to be illustrated by a crowd of designs, remarkable for their originality and correctness of outline. These were so abundant and striking, that Dumoncel, astonished, carried the productions of his pupil to M. Watteau, professor of design in the Academy at Lille. This second discovery had the same success as the first. M. Watteau, in his turn, fell in

love with the prodigious aptitude of the young Ducornet, and did not rest until he had gained his admittance as a student of design at the Lille Academy; only, by a delicate attention, the professor installed him in the class of the adults, to save him from the rude curiosity of the boys of his own age, who constituted the elementary classes.

At the Academy of Lille, Cæsar Ducornet carried off successively the highest prizes in each of the courses, and finished by having decreed to him the great medal in the living-model class. This last victory was regarded as an event in the good town of Lille.

From this period must be dated a friendship, which proved the greatest happiness of Ducornet's life. It was now that he became intimate with a man, who was destined to act as a guardian angel through the remainder of his career; a man of true nobility of mind, whose life had been one long devotion to the arts and artists of his native town, and who lavished upon Ducornet, from his childhood to his death, all the tenderness of a parent. M. Demailly, of Lille, (the name ought not to be forgotten,) adopted the poor Ducornet, and undertook the charge of his future life. He took him into his house, fed him, clothed him, encouraged him in his efforts, in his trials, and at the same time, being himself an excellent judge and a distinguished amateur, aided him by his counsels. He went further: he racked his ingenuity in the contrivance of seats, of easels, and of implements for painting, adapted to the abnormal structure of his *protégé*. When we reflect that the benevolent hand which guided the first steps of the Lille artist was reserved to close the eyes that death had glazed forty years afterward, are we not justified in believing that Providence prepares such loving hearts for the express solace of misfortune?

But another earnest of success was now at hand. About this time the Duke d'Angoulême, going to visit the Museum at Lille, found our young artist there in the act of finishing a beautiful copy from a picture by Vandyke. Astounded at the sight of so strange a being executing a most difficult work of art, the prince took a lively interest in his fate; he conferred upon him a pension of twelve hundred francs, and prevailed upon him to go to Paris, there to continue his studies at

greater advantage. The town of Lille, less princely in its generosity, increased the artist's pension by three hundred francs more.

Upon this our artist sets out for Paris, whither, to complete his satisfaction, his friend, M. Demailly, is not slow to follow him. Now begins the grand struggle for reputation. He enters the Royal Academy of Painting, and at the same time his benefactor procures him admission into the studio of M. Lethière. Six months after his entrance at the Royal Academy, in 1826, he there obtains the third medal, and on the following year the second. In 1828 he presents himself as one of the candidates for the great prize to be awarded at Rome.

Here occurs a circumstance rather curious to record. The examination has commenced; the artist has fully succeeded in all his preliminary trials, but the moment comes for competition, and now the professors, considering the diminutive figure and strange conformation of Ducornet, declare him *physically* incapable of managing a canvas prescribed by the regulation, (about five feet by four,) and close the arena against him. Thereupon Ducornet retires, and, to vindicate himself in the face of their unqualifying decision, he executes, upon these same regulation dimensions, his first picture, "The Parting of Hector and Andromache," which may be seen at this moment on the walls of the Museum at Lille.

In 1829 the professors of the Royal Academy revoke their exclusion; Ducornet executes the proposed subject, "Jacob refusing to release the young Benjamin to his Brethren." His picture, according to the opinion of the best judges, deserves at least a second prize; but the Academy cannot condescend to grace with victory a man without arms. Therefore, M. Lethière, protesting against their injustice, has the picture exhibited along with the assembled prizes, during a visit of the Duchess de Berry. The princess praises the work of the maimed painter, and the Minister of the Interior commands him to paint "St. Louis administering Justice under an Oak," for the Museum of his native town.

At this period Ducornet quits the studio of M. Lethière to follow his own independent course. The first fruit of his emancipated labor is a picture, represent-

ing the "Slave Market," now in the keeping of the Museum at Arras. During the years which followed upon the Revolution of 1830, Ducornet obtained from the government a commission for painting several of those portraits of Louis Philippe, which, all precisely alike, were distributed by hundreds to the mayories of the departments; an occupation this sufficiently wearisome to the mind of a true artist, but to which poverty must resign itself. While Ducornet is thus laboring to gain a subsistence for himself and father, the state deprives him of his pension of twelve hundred francs; and the town of Lille, following the example of the state, withdraws its three hundred, thus admonishing him that misfortunes rarely come single.

Nevertheless, poor Ducornet does not suffer himself to be cast down by this reverse of fortune; on the contrary, he redoubles the activity of his labors. In 1834 two of his works, "An Episode in the Siege of Antwerp," and "Magdalen at the Feet of the Saviour," are admitted to the Exhibition at the Louvre. The latter-mentioned of these two pictures is eleven feet high and eight feet wide. We cite these dimensions, because they are very significant, when we recollect the deformity of the painter and the exclusion of 1828.

We pass over a number of Ducornet's productions of less importance, which would occupy too much space were they mentioned in detail. Let us record, however, his successes at the several exhibitions at the Louvre. In 1840, he gained a medal of the third class; in 1841, a medal of the second class; in 1843, a medal of the first class; and at length, in 1846, the great gold medal was awarded him for his picture of "Christ at the Sepulcher," a work of incontestable excellence. We must refer also, among the later works of the Lille painter, to "Saint Philomena," painted in 1847 for the Church of St. Rignier, (Somme;) to a "Gloria in Excelsis," painted in 1849 for the Church of Aux-le-Château, (Pas de Calais;) and to "An Event in the Life of St. Martin," painted in 1853 for the Church of Zulkkerque, (Pas de Calais.) Add to these a multitude of portraits of all kinds, many of them elaborately finished, and executed at full length, and you will be convinced that if Ducornet lived and died poor, it was not for want of industry. Neither did his

poverty spring from dissipation, to which he was a total stranger, his wants being few, and his capabilities of physical enjoyment still fewer. As to luxuries, his palace was a loft over his painting-room, and his coach and pair was his father's back. For exactly half a century did the father serve as beast of burden to the son.

When we became acquainted with Cæsar Ducornet, General Negrier had been killed at the barricades of June, 1848. He had left his sword to the corps of cannoniers, stationed at Lille. Ducornet wished on this occasion to offer the portrait of the general to the artillery corps, his fellow-citizens. Now the painter had never seen the deceased general. The portrait was to be a full length, and for sole guide the artist had a bust, tolerably well executed by the sculptor Bra, and a few lithographs, not much to be relied on. Ducornet felt the want of information as to the personal demeanor and general facial expression of his absent model. He applied first to the commandant Lebrun, formerly aide-de-camp of Negrier, whose recollections of the deceased officer were of material use. Afterward he sent to me with a request that I would favor him with my personal recollections. It was on this invitation that I went for the first time to visit the artist phenomenon.

No matter how long I may live, I shall never forget the wonderful impression I received upon entering his painting-room. There, extended upon an easel, stood a huge canvas, on which the image of the General Negrier was beginning to assume the semblance of life; and across the whole extent of the canvas ran, with incredible agility, like a fly upon a wall, the stunted trunk of a man, surmounted by a noble head, with expansive brow and eye of fire; and wherever this apparition passed along the canvas, he left the traces of color behind him. On approaching a few paces nearer, we were aware of a lofty but slender scaffolding in front of the canvas, up and down and across the steps and stages of which climbed, and crouched, and twisted—it is impossible to describe how—the shapeless being we had come to see. We saw then that he was deprived of arms; that he had no thighs; that his short legs were closely united to the trunk; and that his feet were wanting of a toe each. By one of his feet he held a pal-

ette ; by the other a pencil ; in his mouth also he carried a large brush and a second pencil ; and in all this harness he moved, and rolled, and writhed, and painted in a manner more than marvelous ! For some minutes we had remained standing in the middle of the room, forgetful of ceremony, and stupified and mute, when there proceeded from this shapeless being a voice, musical, grave, and sonorous, saluting us by name, and inviting us to be seated. Then the apparition, gliding down the whole length of the scaffolding to the ground, advanced or rather rolled toward us, and, with a bound, established itself on the sofa at our side. It was thus that we found ourselves for the first time in the company of Cæsar Ducornet, historical painter.

In the course of the conversation that followed, this singular phenomenon exhibited so much joyous humor, so much frank cordiality, as won our affection completely. Forgetting everything else, we saw in him only a distinguished man, whose friendship we coveted, and, with unreflecting instinct, we held out our hand. Ducornet smiled sadly, with a look toward his armless shoulders.

The portrait of General Negrier, painted without a model, by Ducornet, adorns at the present moment the hotel of the artillery corps at Lille, and, what is really astonishing, it is distinguished by its wonderful resemblance. We may add, that the cannoniers of Lille, to testify their gratitude to the artist, employed him to execute for their body a full-length portrait of their commander, M. Saint Leger, a work which was also perfectly successful.

It now only remains for us to relate the circumstances of the death of this interesting artist.

Thirty years of incessant labor had not provided for Ducornet even the humblest competence. He lived in want and privation ; it was all he could do to live. One day last year his physical powers suddenly deserted him, his palette and pencils falling from his hold. His feet were struck with paralysis. . . . The sense of his helpless condition, and the prospect of approaching misery, came to finish the work of sickness. On the 27th of April, 1856, the historical painter of Lille died in the arms of M. Demailly and his father. These two old men had long been the whole world to poor Ducornet. In fact,

he looked upon them as *the* world ; for little beyond their society did he, in his later days, know anything of. Well did they tend him, and, in return for their extreme care of him, well did he love them.

If the career of such a man is apt to suggest painful reflections, it is yet pregnant with the consoling thought that Providence is sometimes pleased to compensate bodily defects by endowing the subject of them with illustrious talents and nobility of mind. For our part, every one of the works of the Lille painter seems to assert with authoritative voice one truth—that, whatever be his personal deformities and defects, a man is a man who rightly uses his head and his heart.

A NIGHT AT SEA.

THE boy, a lad of some fifteen years, I had been missing for several hours. No one knew when he left or whither he had gone.

"We must look after the lad," cried Harcourt, springing from his bed, and dressing with all haste. "He is a rash, hot-headed fellow ; but even if it were nothing else, he might get his death in such a night as this."

The wind dashed wildly against the window-panes as he spoke, and the old timbers of the frame rattled fearfully. And with a promptitude that bespoke the man of action, Harcourt descended the stairs and set out.

The night was pitch dark ; sweeping gusts of wind bore the rain along in torrents, and the thunder rolled incessantly, its clamor increased by the loud beating of the waves as they broke upon the rocks. Upton had repeated to Harcourt that Bill saw the boy going toward the sea-shore, and in this direction he now followed. His frequent excursions had familiarized him with the place, so that even at night Harcourt found no difficulty in detecting the path and keeping it. About half an hour's brisk walking brought him to the side of the Lough, and the narrow flight of steps cut in the rock, which descended to the little boat-quay. Here he halted, and called out the boy's name several times. The sea, however, was running mountains high, and an immense drift, sweeping over the rocks, fell in sheets of scattered foam beyond them ; so that Har-

court's voice was drowned by the uproar. A small shealing under the shelter of the rock formed the home of a boatman; and at the crazy door of this humble cot Harcourt now knocked violently.

The man answered the summons at once, assuring him that he had not heard or seen any one since the night closed in; adding, at the same time, that in such a tempest a boat's crew might have landed without his knowing it.

"To be sure," continued he, after a pause, "I heard a chain rattlin' on the rock soon after I went to bed, and I'll just step down and see if the yawl is all right."

Scarcely had he left the spot, when his voice was heard calling out from below:

"She's gone! the yawl is gone! the lock is broke with a stone, and she's away!"

"How could this be? no boat could leave in such a sea," cried Harcourt, eagerly.

"She could go out fast enough, sir. The wind is northeast due; but how long she'll keep the sea is another matter."

"Then he'll be lost!" cried Harcourt, wildly.

"Who, sir—who is it?" asked the man.

"Your master's son!" cried he, wringing his hands in anguish.

"O, murder! murder!" screamed the boatman, "we'll never see him again. 'Tis out to say—into the wild ocean he'll be blown!"

"Is there no shelter—no spot he could make for?"

"Barrin' the islands, there's not a spot between this and America."

"But he could make the islands—you are sure of that?"

"If the boat was able to live through the say. But sure I know him well; he'll never take in a reef or sail; but sit there, with the helm hard up, just never carin' what 'came of him! O, musha! musha! what druv him out such a night as this?"

"Come, it's no time for lamenting, my man; get the launch ready and let us follow him. Are you afraid?"

"Afraid!" replied the man, with a touch of scorn in his voice; "faix, it's little fear troubles me; but may be you won't like to be in her yourself when she's once out. I've none belongin' to me—father, mother, chick or child; but you may have many a one that's near to you."

"My ties are, perhaps, as light as your own," said Harcourt. "Come, now, be

alive. I'll put ten gold guineas in your hand if you can overtake him."

"I'd rather see his face than have two hundred," said the man, as, springing into the boat, he began to haul out the tackle from under the low half-deck, and prepare for sea.

"Is your honor used to a boat, or ought I to get another man with me?" asked the sailor.

"Trust me, my good fellow; I have had more sailing than yourself, and in more treacherous seas, too," said Harcourt, who, throwing off his cloak, proceeded to help the other, with an address that bespoke a practiced hand.

The wind blew strongly off the shore, so that scarcely was the foresail spread, than the boat began to move rapidly through the water, dashing the sea over her bows, and plunging wildly through the waves.

"Give me a hand now with the hal-yard," said the boatman; "and when the main-sail is set, you'll see how she'll dance over the top of the waves, and never wet us."

"She's too light in the water, if anything," said Harcourt, as the boat bounded buoyantly, under the increased press of canvas.

"Your honor's right; she'll do better with half a ton of iron in her. Stand by, sir, always, with the peak hal'yards; get the sail aloft in when I give you the word."

"Leave the latter to me, my man," said Harcourt, taking it as he spoke. "You'll soon see that I'm no new hand at the work."

"She's doing it well," said the man. "Keep her up! keep her up! there's a spit of land runs out here; in a few minutes more we'll have say-room enough."

The heavier roll of the waves, and the increased force of the wind, soon showed that they had gained the open sea; while the atmosphere, relieved of the dark shadows of the mountain, seemed lighter and thinner than inshore.

"We're to make for the islands, you say, sir?"

"Yes. What distance are they off?"

"About eighteen miles. Two hours, if the wind lasts, and we can bear it."

"And could the yawl stand this?" said Harcourt, as a heavy sea struck the bow, and came in a cataract over them.

"Better than ourselves, if she was manned. Luff! luff! that's it!" And

as the boat turned up to wind, sheets of spray and foam flew over her. "Master Charles hasn't his equal for steerin', if he wasn't alone. Keep her there!—now! steady, sir!"

"Here's a squall coming," cried Harcourt; "I hear it hissing."

Down went the peak, but scarcely in time, for the wind, catching the sail, laid the boat gunwale under. After a struggle, she righted, but with nearly one third of her filled with water.

"I'd take in a reef, or two reefs," said the man; "but if she couldn't rise to the say, she'll fill and go down. We must carry on, at all events."

"So say I. It's no time to shorten sail, with such a sea running."

The boat now flew through the water, the sea itself impelling her, as with every sudden gust the waves struck the stern.

"She's a brave craft," said Harcourt, as she rose lightly over the great waves, and plunged down again into the trough of the sea; "but if we ever get to land again I'll have combings round her to keep her dryer."

"Here it comes! here it comes, sir!"

Nor were the words well out, when, like a thunder-clap, the wind struck the sail, and bent the mast over like a whip. For an instant it seemed as if she were going down by the prow; but she righted again, and, shivering in every plank, held on her way.

"That's as much as she could do," said the sailor; "and I would not like to ax her to do more."

"I agree with you," said Harcourt, secretly stealing his feet back again into his shoes, which he had just kicked off.

"It's fresh'n'ing it is every minute," said the man; "and I'm not sure that we could make the islands if it lasts."

"Well—what then?"

"There's nothing for it but to be blown out to say," said he, tragically, as, having filled his tobacco-pipe, he struck a light, and began to smoke.

"The very thing I was wishing for," said Harcourt, touching his cigar to the bright ashes. "How she labors! do you think she can stand this?"

"She can, if it's no worse, sir."

"But it looks heavier weather outside."

"As well as I can see, it's only beginnin'."

Harcourt listened with a species of ad-

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miration to the calm and measured sentiment of the sailor, who, fully conscious of all the danger, yet never, by a word or gesture, showed that he was flurried or excited.

"You have been out on nights as bad as this, I suppose?" said Harcourt.

"May be not quite, sir, for it's a great say is runnin'; and, with the wind off shore, we couldn't have this, if there wasn't a storm blowing further out."

"From the westward, you mean?"

"Yes, sir; a wind coming over the whole ocean, that will soon meet the land wind."

"And does that often happen?"

The words were but out, when, with a loud report like a cannon-shot, the wind reversed the sail, snapping the strong sprit in two, and bringing down the whole canvas clattering into the boat. With the aid of a hatchet, the sailor struck off the broken portion of the spar, and soon cleared the wreck; while the boat, now reduced to a mere foresail, labored heavily, sinking her prow in the sea at every bound. Her course, too, was now altered, and she flew along parallel to the shore, the great cliffs looming through the darkness, and seeming as if close to them.

"The boy! the boy!" cried Harcourt; "what has become of him? He never could have lived through that squall."

"If the spar stood, there was an end of us too," said the sailor; "she'd have gone down by the stern, as sure as my name is Peter."

"It is all over by this time," muttered Harcourt, sorrowfully.

"Pace to him now!" said the sailor, as he crossed himself, and went over a prayer.

The wind now raged fearfully; claps, like the report of cannon, struck the frail boat at intervals, and laid her nearly heel uppermost; while the mast bent like a whip, and every rope creaked and strained to its last endurance. The deafening noise close at hand, told where the waves were beating on the rock-bound coast, or surging with the deep growl of thunder through many a cavern. They rarely spoke, save when some emergency called for a word. Each sat wrapped up in his own dark reveries, and unwilling to break them. Hours passed thus—long, dreary hours of darkness, that seemed like years of suffering, so often in this interval did life hang in the balance.

As morning began to break with a grayish blue light to the westward, the wind slightly abated, blowing more steadily, too, and less in sudden gusts; while the sea rolled in large round waves, unbroken above, and showing no crest of foam.

"Do you know where we are?" asked Harcourt.

"Yes, sir; we're off the Rooks' Point, and if we hold on well, we'll be soon in slacker water."

"Could the boy have reached this, think you?"

The man shook his head mournfully, without speaking.

"How far are we from Glencore?"

"About eighteen miles, sir; but more by land."

"You can put me ashore, then, somewhere hereabouts?"

"Yes, sir, in the next bay; there's a creek we can easily run into."

"You are quite sure he couldn't have been blown out to sea?"

"How could he, sir? There's only one way the wind could drive him. If he isn't in the Clough Bay, he's in glory."

All the anxiety of that dreary night was nothing to what Harcourt now suffered, in his eagerness to round the Rooks' Point, and look into the bay beyond it. Controlling it as he would, still would it break out in words of impatience, and even anger.

"Don't curse the boat, ye'r honor," said Peter, respectfully, but calmly; "she's behaved well to us this night, or we'd not be here now."

"But are we to beat about here forever?" asked the other, angrily.

"She's done well, and we ought to be thankful," said the man; and his tone, even more than his words, served to reprove the other's impatience. "I'll try and set the mainsail on her with the remains of the sprit."

Harcourt watched him, as he labored away to repair the damaged rigging; but though he looked at him, his thoughts were far away with poor Glencore upon his sick-bed, in sorrow and in suffering, and perhaps soon to hear that he was childless. From those he went on to other thoughts. What could have occurred to have driven the boy to such an act of desperation? Harcourt invented a hundred imaginary causes, to reject them as rapidly again. The affection the boy bore to his father seemed the strongest principle of

his nature. There appeared to be no event possible in which that feeling would not sway and control him. As he thus ruminated, he was aroused by the sudden cry of the boatman.

"There's a boat, sir, dismasted, ahead of us, and drifting out to say."

"I see her! I see her!" cried Harcourt; "out with the oars, and let's pull for her."

Heavily as the sea was rolling, they now began to pull through the immense waves, Harcourt turning his head at every instant to watch the boat, which now was scarcely half a mile ahead of them.

"She's empty! there's no one in her!" said Peter, mournfully, as, steadying himself by the mast, he cast a look seaward.

"Row on; let us get beside her," said Harcourt.

"She's the yawl! I know her now," cried the man.

"And empty?"

"Washed out of her with a say, belike," said Peter, resuming his oar, and tugging with all his strength.

A quarter of an hour's hard rowing brought them close to the dismasted boat, which, drifting broadside on the sea, seemed at every instant ready to capsize.

"There's something in the bottom, in the stern-sheets!" screamed Peter. "It's himself! O blessed Virgin, it's himself!" And, with a bound, he sprang from his own boat into the other.

The next instant he had lifted the helpless body of the boy from the bottom of the boat, and, with a shout of joy, screamed out,

"He's alive! he's well! it's only fatigue!"

Harcourt pressed his hands to his face, and sank upon his knees in prayer.

In former times a popular work meant one that adapted the results of studious meditation, or scientific research, to the capacity of the people; presenting in the concrete, by instances and examples, what had been ascertained in the abstract and by the discovery of the law. Now, on the other hand, that is a popular work which gives back to the people their own errors and prejudices, and flatters the many by creating them, under the title of *the public*, into a supreme and unappealable tribunal of intellectual excellence.—

Dr. Kitto.

SKETCHES OF HUMANE INSTITUTIONS.

ASYLUMS FOR THE INSANE.

AMONG the evils which, to a greater or less degree, mingle with the blessings in the lot of every son and daughter of Adam, there is none, perhaps, more terrible than insanity. We shrink from the suffering of severe surgical operations, from the feverish thirst, the racking pain, the utter prostration of serious illness; we shudder at the thought of death, whether sudden or lingering in its approaches; but how much more distressing than the surgeon's knife, than the pain, the fever, or the prostration of disease; how much worse even than death itself, is the appalling conviction that the intellect of those we love is dethroned, that the reason, the consciousness, the intelligence, which lighted up the eye, which uttered itself in each tone of the voice, which thrilled our hearts with the glad notes of song, or melted us to tears with the recital of another's woe, all are gone, and in their place there only remains the vacant countenance or the fierce look of mania, the sullen gaze or the downcast eye of melancholy, the coarse and violent language, and the degrading filthiness and utter intolerance of restraint, of the furious lunatic. It once happened to the writer, while visiting one of our pleasant New England villages, to meet in society a young lady of remarkable beauty and intelligence, whose interesting manners and fascinating conversational powers, not less than her extraordinary personal attractions, made her a universal favorite. In the society of an acquaintance so charming, time passed rapidly, and it was with not a little impatience that he looked forward to a return to the village, some six weeks later, as affording the opportunity of renewing an acquaintance so pleasant. The weeks rolled round, and on his return he sought the residence of the fair lady; an attendant ushered him in, and he beheld—a wreck. Insanity, unhappily hereditary in the family, had, from some slight excitement, attacked her; and although even the violence of mania could not entirely efface her beauty, yet the wild, haggard look, the gross and violent language proceeding from lips so gentle, the utter abandonment of all care of her person, (in health she was a pattern of neatness and taste,) all showed far more conclusively than words could have ex-

plained, how completely the terrible foe of our race had gained the ascendancy.

Insanity has existed in all ages, and among all nations. It has attacked the mightiest of human intellects and the most churlish and brutalized savages. It has assailed the king on his throne and the beggar on the dunghill. The stalwart man has crouched under its influence, and the delicate and refined woman has cowered beneath its shadow. No age, no sex, no rank, no station, no degree of intellectual power, has been able effectually to ward off its attacks.

The earliest references to insanity are found in Holy Writ, and in many instances are connected with the then popular idea of demoniacal possession; thus we are told that "an evil spirit from the Lord troubled Saul." 1 Sam. xvi. 14. The sequel of the narrative shows that this evil spirit was melancholia or hypochondriasis, and accompanied, it would seem, with a homicidal tendency. Again, in the twenty-first chapter of the same book, we find David feigning madness among the Philistines. The references to insanity in the Psalms, Proverbs, and Prophets are quite numerous; but, with the exception of the case of Nebuchadnezzar, which seems to have been a species of lunacy designated by physiologists Lycanthropy, in which the patients imagined themselves cows, wolves, dogs, etc., there are no passages which describe peculiar forms of insanity, till we come to New Testament times. There seems to have been at that time a species of lunacy, more prevalent than either before or since, which was popularly regarded as caused by the possession of demons. The sacred writers, in their descriptions of these cases, great numbers of which were healed by our Saviour, use the popular phraseology, inasmuch as their object was not to give a scientific description of the disease, but to recount the miracles of Jesus in language intelligible to the people of that age. That some of these cases pertained to one form of insanity, and some to another, seems evident from the narrative; thus the man who lived among the tombs and tore off his clothing; and suffered none to approach him, was evidently a case of violent and destructive mania; while the child whom the spirit was said to have torn and left as one dead, would seem to have been a case of epilepsy. Others were afflicted

with complications of deafness, dumbness, or blindness, in connection with insanity. Let us not be accused, in taking this position with reference to these cases, of desiring to explain away the miracles of Christ. Nothing is further from our thoughts; but the attentive reader of the sacred narrative will see that the exercise of the miraculous power consisted, not in any particular cause of the mental disturbance, but in the fact that, by means utterly inadequate, without Divine interposition, the healing was accomplished. The cure of these cases of mania, epilepsy, and dementia, was not produced by any mode of medical or physical treatment, but by a word of command, a rebuke of the disease; and this word and rebuke were so potent as to prevent its return. Divine power alone could accomplish this.

Among profane writers, too, the allusions to insanity are numerous, and some of them indicate a considerable knowledge of the disease. The earliest, perhaps, of these is the well-known narrative of Ulysses' feigned insanity, when he wished to avoid leaving his young bride for the Trojan war. He yokes to his plow a horse and an ox, and sows his field with salt instead of corn. Palamedes, however, is too crafty to be thus deceived. He places Ulysses' infant son, Telemachus, before the plow, and the father, forgetful, in the impulse of affection, of his pretended insanity, turns aside his team, and rescues the child.

The daughters of Prætus were cured of insanity of the most violent character, by Melampus, by means of violent exercise in dancing and running in the open air. Hercules, the impersonation of physical vigor of the mythologic period, had repeated attacks of mania, according to Apollodorus, but was restored to sanity by the use of the white hellebore. The priest physicians of Thebes and Memphis collected large numbers of the insane at their temples; and by religious ceremonies, by games, and by athletic exercises, were often successful in restoring them to health. Similar processes were adopted by the Asclepiades in Greece, and with a like success. Hippocrates, the father of medicine, and Galen, the most distinguished of his fellows, both treat largely of mental disease. Celsus, too, gives very judicious instructions in regard to the treatment of insanity. The Emperor Augustus Cæsar

was himself cured of the melancholic form of the disease by Antoninus Musa, a celebrated Roman physician of that day.

We could hardly expect, however, among either Greeks or Romans, with the decided optimism which marked the character of both nations, any recognition of the duty of society to the infirm and suffering. The individual was only valuable, so long as he could be of use to the state; and hence insanity was never treated, except when the high rank or wealth of the patient, or his family, induced effort for his recovery. The *poor* maniac or hypochondriac had no chance of cure, except by the *vis medicatrix natura*. The existence of a law at Rome, commanding the destruction of infants who were deformed or idiotic, prepares us to believe, without surprise, though not without indignation, in the statement of some of the early Christian writers, that on the accession of insanity among the poorer classes, the unhappy creatures were very generally put to death. The advent of Christianity, or rather of its sway over the masses, put an end to such cruelties; and in the establishment of hospitals for the sick, the sufferers from mental disease were not forgotten. It is worthy of notice, that Cælius Aurelianus, an eminent Roman physician, who flourished A. D. 180-240, remonstrates, in strong terms, against the unnecessary restraints and cruelties inflicted on the insane. His pleas were, however, ineffectual. It was something that these "souls, stricken of God," as they are called in the writings of the early Christian fathers, were saved from premature death; it would have been too much, if that age, entertaining the idea of their possession by demons, had refrained from confining them by chains and stocks, and had withheld the occasional use of the whip and scourge when a demon exhibited unusually active or mischievous propensities. The law of kindness has been taught to man for almost six thousand years, yet how few, either of nations or individuals, yet practice its sublime precepts.

The date of the erection of the first hospital for the insane is unknown; but it must have occurred as early as the beginning of the fourth century. In 491 one existed at Jerusalem. The hospital, founded about the end of the fourth century by Fabiola, a pious Roman lady, though primarily intended for the sick and the poor,

did also, it would seem, receive lunatics. A careful research among the writings of the fathers shows that the hospitals erected by Constantine and his successors, also received some of this class of patients. The Empress Helena also established hospitals, to which the victims of mental as well as bodily disease were borne.

The Moors and Saracens, whose medical skill surpassed that of the other nations of the world at that era, devoted especial attention to the treatment of the insane, and, by milder measures than their Christian neighbors made use of, were successful in restoring reason to many of them. In the twelfth century Benjamin of Tudela visited an insane hospital at Bagdad, called *Dal Almeraphtan*, or the House of Grace, intended for those who lost their reason during the summer, the most common season of insanity in that hot and sickly region, and where they were kept in chains until they recovered their reason. This house was visited every month by the magistrates, who examined the patients, and released those who were well. In the same century, the Emperor Alexius Comnenus, according to the testimony of his daughter, Anna Comnena, founded hospitals for the sick and the insane in Constantinople.

It was not till nearly four hundred years later, in 1547, that the first lunatic hospital was erected in Western Europe. This was the famous Bethlem Hospital, or Bedlam as it was usually called. Originally founded as a monastery by Simon Fitzman, a sheriff of London, in 1247, it was, on the decay of the monastic orders in Great Britain under Henry VIII., given by that monarch to the city of London, for a hospital for the insane of the city. Its subsequent history we shall trace elsewhere.

There is, indeed, a trace, though a somewhat doubtful one, of the attempt to establish such an institution at a considerably earlier period in England. Stow, the old English historian, says: "I reade in 44 of Edward the Third, that an hospitall, in the parish of Barking Church, (now called All Hallows Barking, in Town-street Ward,) was founded by Robert Denton, Chaplen, for the sustentation of poor priests and other, both men and women, that were sick of the Phrenzie, there to remain till they were perfectly whole and restored to good memorie." There is

some doubt whether this benevolent purpose of the testator was ever carried into effect, as some historians state that the funds were added to those of St. Catherine's Hospital for the sick; and others, that it was devoted to the support of a Chantry priest at St. Catherine's, to say masses for the soul of the founder. Ferdinand and Isabella founded at Granada, in Spain, a hospital *de los locos*, an Hispano-Arabic word, signifying mad, or insane; but it was not finished till the reign of Charles the Fifth. France founded her first lunatic hospital at Marseilles, in 1600. A very rare little book, printed at Florence in 1551, entitled, "*I Costumi, et la Vita de Turchi di Gio. Antonio Menavino Genovese da Vultri*," gives the following account of the manner of treating insanity in Constantinople about the middle of the sixteenth century:

"The Sultan Bajazet caused a building to be erected for the reception of insane persons, in order that they might not wander about the city, and there exhibit their mad pranks. This building is constructed in the manner of a hospital; there are about a hundred and fifty keepers appointed to look after them; they are likewise furnished with medicines and other necessary articles. These keepers, armed with cudgels, patrole the city in search of the insane, and when they discover such, they secure them by the neck and hands with an iron chain, and by dint of the cudgel convey them to Timarahane, (the name of the hospital.) On entering this place, they are confined by the neck by a much larger chain, which is fixed into the wall, and comes over their bed-place, so that they are kept chained in their beds. In general, about forty are confined there at some distance from each other. They are frequently visited by the people of the city, as a species of amusement. The keepers constantly stand over them with cudgels; for, if left to themselves, they would spoil and destroy their beds, and hurl the tables at each other. At the time of giving them food, the keepers examine them, and if they notice any who are disorderly, they beat them severely; but if they should, by accident, find any who no longer exhibit symptoms of insanity, they treat them with greater regard."

This seems very hard usage, yet there is abundant evidence that in England the treatment of the lunatic at that time was no better. The prescribed treatment for "gathering the remembrance" of the unfortunate madman, was to beat and cudgel him till he recovered his reason: "I caused him," says Sir Thomas More, speaking of a maniac who, after apparent recovery, had again relapsed into insanity, "to be taken by the constables, and bound

to a tree in the street before the whole town, and *there striped him till he waxed weary*. Verily, God be thanked, I hear no harm of him now."

Leniency to lunatics was as little in repute in those days as the same grace toward heretics. Both must be cudgeled, beat, or burned into a sounder mind. Even Martin Luther was so fully persuaded of the opinion, that the devil was active in the production of insanity and idiocy, that he actually advised the Landgrave of Treves, in the presence of the Elector of Saxony, to throw an idiot boy into the Moldau, alleging that he was the devil's own child. To their honor be it recorded, the landgrave and the elector, highly as they regarded the great Reformer, refused to comply with his advice, at which Luther was quite angry. The Salpetriere and the Bicetre, two of the largest insane hospitals in Paris, are not now, and never have been, exclusively devoted to the insane. In the former, of about ten thousand inmates constantly residing there, only fifteen hundred are lunatics, the remainder being infirm poor persons, those affected with incurable diseases, etc. In the Bicetre there are about nine hundred insane, out of some six thousand inmates. Both these institutions were founded in the seventeenth century. Charenton, which was established in 1644, at a little distance from Paris, has been always a lunatic hospital exclusively. In Germany, the latter part of the seventeenth century witnessed the establishment of several insane asylums. As yet, however, the idea of their treatment was much the same everywhere. Chains, stocks, whips, and cudgels, were the medicaments of a "mind diseased." That the number of cures was not very great, may easily be imagined. There is one other asylum for lunatics, whose origin and history is so peculiar as to deserve a place here. There is a legend connected with it, which invests it with a somewhat romantic interest. It is that of Gheel, in Belgium.

Some time in the seventh century, so runs the legend, there lived in Ireland a young lady of high rank, named Dimpna, who was renowned alike for beauty, and for piety and charity. Her remarkable beauty excited, according to one writer, the unholy passions of her father, and according to another, those of a man of rank, who, under the instigation of the

devil, resolved upon their gratification at all hazards. Resolute in her purity, she resisted the base attempts at her ruin, and obtaining the companionship of a priest, named Geburnus, escaped from her country, and concealed herself in a secluded village of the Netherlands. Yet, even here, her unnatural father, or, according to others, the licentious noble whom she had repulsed, followed her, and finding her inflexible, caused her to be beheaded, or, as others say, drove her into madness. The faithful Geburnus, at her request, reared a church with her property, and here her bones were deposited, and she was canonized. Soon it became rumored that her bones possessed the power of restoring reason to the insane; and from distant lands the insane were brought with their friends, to test the miraculous power of healing of the relics of the virgin saint.

As the fame of the saint increased, the people of Gheel erected a new and immense church, some two hundred and fifty feet in length, and of suitable proportions, for the crowd of worshipers. For some reason it was erected at a distance of half a mile from the graves of Dimpna and Geburnus. An attempt was made by German adventurers to rob them of these sacred relics; but they were repulsed, though successful in obtaining the bones of the priest. After much trouble and some very miraculous circumstances, the bones of St. Dimpna were deposited, in a rich sarcophagus, in the chancel of the new church, and a ceremonial adopted for the cure of the insane. They were required, either in person or by proxy, to make, during nine days, the circuit of the church three times without and three times within; and during the latter, to kneel and pass under the coffin of the saint three times; masses were said, and prayer offered to the saint daily, and the ceremony was closed by an exercise by the priest. If the first *neuvaine*, or nine days' offering, was not successful, it was necessary to repeat it.

Such is the legend. As a matter of history, Gheel has been for centuries the resort of the insane, in the hope of the restoration of their reason. In 1821 Esquirol visited it, and found four hundred patients in the Commune, though the number had been in 1803 six hundred or more. In 1849 Dr. Pliny Earle found about one thousand in the Commune, of whom about three hundred were in the city of Gheel.

There was no asylum for them, and not more than five were permitted to be inmates of one house. They were boarded by the people for a small stipend, it being a part of the treatment that they should work in the fields and assist the citizens. The more furious were secured with chains, particularly at night; but on the whole they were treated kindly. Medication was seldom resorted to, but the reliance, aside from the intercession of the saint, seemed to be mainly in pure air, mental diversion, and labor in the open air. Many of the Communes of Belgium send their lunatics here for treatment. Occasionally, though rarely, injury has been done by the more excited maniacs. Two murders had been committed by them during this century, prior to 1849. That which the mightiest minds of the medical profession had for ages failed to discover, that kindness, not cruelty, freedom, not coercion, soothing, not violence, love, not fear, were the best remedies for mental maladies, was, for several centuries, known to obscure and simple-minded monks in the Pyrenees, and other portions of Southern Europe. Among the religious associations which, in the middle ages, sought to perform the works to which the more intense individualism of the nineteenth century deems the individual man adequate, were a class usually denominated *Fraternities*, whose object was the care and cure of the sick and the burial of the dead. Some of these fraternities devoted themselves to the care of the lunatic. They brought him from the bustle and excitement of towns, to their quiet mountain retreats; they knew little of drugs, so they did not purge him with hellebore, or dose him with the Thebaic tincture; though tolerably skillful leeches, they did not deem it wise to follow the advice of the renowned Dr. Sangrado, and bleed him to faintness; but with kind and gentle hands, they bathed his heated brow, they calmed his perturbed spirit, they taught him to commune with God and nature amid those grand and quiet mountains; and when the hot breath of fever no more set his cheek aglow, they took him to the fields, and beguiled his imaginary sorrows by the solace of toil, till his sleep was quiet and peaceful, and reason again resumed her dominion. "We cure," said the good fathers, "almost all our lunatics, except the nobles, who would think themselves

dishonored by working with their hands." If they held, with the more learned men of the time, that insanity was but demoniacal possession, they had, at least, discovered, which the learned men had not, that the devils were more easily vanquished by mild and gentle, than by violent means.

But this was not to last forever. The principles of kindness and humanity, though buried deep beneath superstition, false learning, and the pompous theories of the schools, will after a time emerge to light and life. In all great reforms God has prepared the man for the work; it may be by quiet and profound thought, amid the grandeur and sublimity of nature; it may be by the baptism of personal suffering and sorrow; but, in whatever way he has fitted him to accomplish his designs, he is certain to be the right man for the work, and to come forward at the right time. It was so in this case. For ages had these hapless children of our common Father, in the lucid intervals of their fearful malady, sent up their piteous wail to God for deliverance from the cruelty under which they suffered. In dungeons, though free from crime; in chains and stocks, though guiltless of felony; beaten, scourged, gagged, subjected to the most inhuman tortures, though differing only from their fellows in the wandering of their intellect, they had long sought and prayed for succor and relief, and the hour of its arriving was at hand.

In the little village of St. Paul, in the department of Tarn, France, in the year 1745, Philip Pinel was born. His early youth was passed in that quiet agricultural region upon which the Pyrenees look down, and it is by no means impossible that in his boyhood he may have climbed their slopes, and visited some of those secluded monasteries, where, by the influence of gentleness and love, the gibbering maniac was transformed into a quiet and peaceful being. Be this as it may, he grew up with a heart full of love and compassion for his fellow-man. He acquired his education at Toulouse and Montpellier, sustaining himself the while by teaching mathematics, and at the age of thirty-two we find him at Paris, devoting all the energies of a brilliant intellect to the study of medical science in all its relations and bearings. He is already forty-six years old when he is placed at the head of the great hospital of the Bi-

cetres. He has thought much on the cruel treatment of the insane; he has protested against it in public and private, and it is only a revolutionary government that dares to put so bold an innovator at the head of one of the largest hospitals of Paris. He is, however, appointed, and at once avows his intention of removing the chains from these violent and intractable lunatics. The announcement excites the greatest alarm; he is told by the physicians of the establishment, and of Paris, that the thing is impossible; that his life will be the forfeit, if he makes the attempt; that, freed from their chains, those furious maniacs will at once overpower and kill their keepers, and then, escaping into the streets of the city, will satiate their thirst for blood on the innocent and unoffending. He listens to all this reasoning with deference and respect; but they little know the power of will that exists in that slight figure. Long years of close and thoughtful investigation have convinced him that the step must be taken, and he is ready to take it; the government interposes: a wild and blood-thirsty insanity pervades the whole community, and will soon culminate in the horrors of the reign of terror; but they wish none of the maniacs of the Bicetre to mingle in their orgies. In vain Pinel pleads for permission, till at length he goes in person to the authorities, and availing himself of the eloquence with which nature had so abundantly endowed him, he finally secures the privilege of removing the chains from a part on condition that no one but himself shall be exposed to the peril of life incurred. It was in the autumn of 1792 when he obtained the government sanction for his deed of mercy.

Armed with this authority, and accompanied by M. Couthon, one of the members of the communal government, he returned to the hospital. M. Couthon passed around to the damp, filthy cells where the maniacs, howling and rattling their chains, seemed more like demons than men. Terrified at their apparent ferocity, he, too, endeavored to dissuade Pinel from attempting their liberation; failing in this, he bade him adieu, saying, "You may do what you will with them; but I fear you will become their victim." The first patient on whom the philanthropic physician commenced his humane

experiment was an English captain, who was regarded as the most furious maniac in the hospital, and who had killed one of his keepers by a blow from his manacles. He had been in chains for forty years, and was treated with more rigor than any other of the insane patients. Pinel entered his cell unattended, and calmly said to him, "Captain, I will order your chains to be taken off, and give you liberty to walk in the court, if you will promise me to behave well, and injure no one." "Yes, I promise you," said the maniac; "but you are laughing at me; you are all too much afraid of me." "Believe me," replied Pinel; "I will take off your chains, and give you your liberty, if you will put on this waistcoat." He submitted to this willingly; his chains were removed, and the door of his cell left open; he raised himself from his seat many times, but fell again upon it, for he had by his long confinement lost the use of his limbs; at length he acquired sufficient strength to totter forth to the door of his cell, and to look upon the sky, which he had not seen for forty years. "How beautiful!" he exclaimed with emotion. Delighted with his recovered freedom, he walked about all day, constantly uttering exclamations of pleasure. At night he slept well, and during the two subsequent years of his residence at the Bicetre, he not only had no returns of his insane paroxysms, but was of essential service in assisting in the care of others.

Another of the maniacs who was considered dangerous, was a gigantic soldier of the French guards, possessed of extraordinary bodily strength, and whose insanity had been induced by intemperance. Pinel had become satisfied that the cruelties to which he was subjected had greatly aggravated his disease, and that by gentle treatment he would speedily recover from it. He accordingly announced to him that he should be chained no longer, and by way of showing his confidence in him, requested his assistance in taking care of those who, unlike himself, were not in possession of their reason, promising him, if he did well, that he would take him into his own employ.

This token of confidence effected a complete change in the man. No sooner was he liberated than he became gentle, kind, and attentive, obeying every word and motion of Pinel, and manifesting the

greatest kindness toward the patients, showed himself worthy of the trust reposed in him. He remained through life warmly attached to his deliverer.

We will not go on with the enumeration of the poor lunatics thus liberated by Pinel, though many of them were cases of much interest. Suffice it to say, that in the course of a week fifty-three had been relieved from their chains. Tranquillity, order, and cleanliness had taken the place of tumult, disorder, and filth; and these fierce, howling demons had become gentle, quiet, and harmless men.

By one of those singular coincidences which in philanthropy, as in science, has so often caused great reforms to be initiated simultaneously by persons at a distance from each other, and with no knowledge of each other's views, it occurred that this very year, 1792, witnessed the commencement of a movement for the abolition of restraint and cruelty toward the insane in England. It originated in the Society of Friends, whose mild and gentle demeanor well qualified them for such a work. Mr. William Tuke, a member of the Society of Friends at York, brought forward, at one of their meetings in 1792, proposals for the establishment of an insane asylum, intended at first for the members of their own community. In the prospectus of this institution, issued the following year, the following was the reason principally urged for the organization of such an asylum: "That peculiar advantages would be derived to the Society of Friends by an institution of this kind, under their own care, in which a *milder and more appropriate system of treatment than that usually practiced might be adopted.*"

The institution was opened in 1796, under the name of "The Retreat," with thirty patients. From the first chains and whips found no place within its walls. Everything like coercion was, as far as possible, discarded; the patients were encouraged to practice self-command, and light, cheerful recreation and labors, such as the care of the flower-gardens, the tending of rabbits, and poultry, games of skill, exercise in the surrounding grounds, etc., were substituted for the severe restraints of the other asylums. The success which followed this mode of treatment was so extraordinary that Mr. Tuke, the founder of "The Retreat," thought it his

duty to publish the plans which had proved so serviceable to the unfortunate, and to recommend their more general adoption. This called down upon him the fierce denunciation of the advocates of the old system; but, true to his principles, Mr. Tuke declined a warfare, and confined himself to stating results. The struggle was long, and, on the part of the advocates of coercion, violent; but the system of non-restraint gained new advocates daily: "The Retreat" was repeatedly enlarged to admit the numerous applicants for treatment; and the brutal system of coercive treatment was banished from the British asylums. In this good work others lent efficient aid, to whom due honor should be given. Eminent among them were Dr. Charlesworth and Mr. Hill of the Lincoln asylum, Sir William Ellis, the able director of the great asylum at Hanwell, Dr. John Conolly, his successor in that institution, Dr. Forbes Winslow, and others.

In France the reform accomplished at the Bicetre was so successful that in 1794 Pinel was transferred to the Salpetriere, and there, too, he substituted gentleness for terror, and banished the instruments of torture which had been used for the restraint of the maniac.

The life of Pinel was spared to see the reform which he had initiated spread over Europe, and the treatment of the insane reduced to a science. In no department of medical science has France, distinguished as her physicians have been, acquired greater renown than from the ability with which all the phenomena of insanity have been investigated. The names of Pinel, Esquirol, Lelut, Foville, Leuret, Georget, Calmeil, and Briere de Boismont, would shed luster on the science of any country. In Germany, too, the law of kindness made progress, and the reign of cruelty drew to a close.

Having thus brought up the general history of lunatic hospitals to the era of this great reform, let us pause and inquire into the nature of mental aberrations.

It is hardly possible to frame such a definition of insanity as shall cover every case, and not also include a large part of those usually considered of sound mind. The great variety of words in our language used to express this mental condition is an evidence of the difficulty which has been felt in defining it. Thus, we have

the word *insane*, i. e., not sane, not of sound mind; *lunatic*, an expression of the old notion of the influence of the moon in inducing mental disease; *crazy*, from the French *ecrasé*, crushed, shattered; *mad*, from the Gothic *mod*, signifying "anger," "rage;" *melancholic*, from the Greek, signifying *black bile*; *phrenetic* and *phrensy*, or *frenzy*, and *frantic*, all from the same root, implying mental excitement; *deranged*, that is, disarranged; *demented*, wanting in mind; *fatuous*, and *daft*, the Scotch term for insane, are among the terms which will readily occur to the reader.

It was remarked some years ago, by an eccentric but learned physician, when on examination in a law court, that, for his part, he believed no one to be of perfectly sound mind except the Creator; and when we look abroad upon society, and witness its numberless delusions, fanaticisms, and excitements, the mad rush for wealth, office, power, or fame, empty bawbles all, on the part of the one sex, and the equally insane passion for dress, equipage, and show, on the part of the other; the wild phrensy which admits but a single thought, a solitary idea to sway the mind and influence all its action, or the still more painful stupor, which acts with less reason than the brute, and possessing no ideas of its own is led at will by the vicious and unprincipled, we, too, can hardly consider the world as other than one vast madhouse. "I was not mad," said one of the inmates of the New York State Lunatic Asylum, some years since, "but my friends all were, and as they were in the majority, they overpowered me and brought me here."

Dr. Brigham, the late eminent superintendent of the New York State Asylum, defined insanity as a *chronic disease of the brain, producing either derangement of the intellectual faculties, or prolonged change of the feelings, affections, and habits of an individual*. In the present condition of pathological science this definition is hardly admissible, since in many autopsies of the insane, the most eminent and careful observers have failed to find any appreciable lesion of the brain, and because, also, if the inappreciable lesions, affecting the nervous centers, are to be taken into the account, it will be difficult, if not impossible, amid the transmitted diseases and disorders which have visited

our world in its six thousand years of sin, to find a perfectly healthy brain to serve as a standard.

Still, this definition, in default of a better, may answer our purpose; and taking it as a basis, we may divide the insane manifestations, as Dr. Prichard has done, into three classes: First. *Incoherent insanity*, where the ideas, language, and actions of the individual indicate an absence of the power of consecutive thought. It is impossible to fix his attention long enough to obtain an answer to the most simple question. The rush of ideas, of the most incongruous character, through his mind, is so rapid that he cannot utter them except partially, and his whole manner exhibits frequently the most violent excitement. This character of incoherence may also coexist with a quiet manner, and may indicate a gradual lapsing into fatuity. The violent maniac and the helpless imbecile both range under this class.

Second. *Intellectual insanity*, in which there is a diseased condition of the mind, accompanied by some form of hallucination. The patient assumes false and often absurd premises, but reasons correctly from them; thus he may be fully persuaded that he is Jesus Christ, or that he is some renowned character of ancient or modern times; and although the belief is absurd, his action, so far as possible, is in accordance with it. Pinel relates an instance of a priest in the Bicetre, who believed himself to be the Almighty; and when asked why, if he was God, he suffered himself to remain in chains, his reply, uttered with the utmost dignity and composure, was, "Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God." To this class belong those monomaniacs who, apparently sane in other respects, have yet some one delusion which may influence, to some extent, their conduct. The Wakemanites, who committed a murder at New Haven some two years since, under the belief of the prophetic and angelic powers of their leader, belonged to this class. They are often dangerous, from the fact that their insanity is not known, and in the disordered condition of their mental faculties they may, and often do, suddenly lapse into general insanity.

A third class are the *Morally Insane*. This form of insanity, though undoubtedly existing in all ages, has been but recently recognized; and even now men of high

legal attainments will often sneer at the plea of insanity in a case of murder or other crime, and if there is no mania or incoherence, will speak of it as a mere whim of the doctors.

There is no question, that insanity is sometimes simulated by adroit rogues, as a means of escape from the penalties of the law, but he must be a profound observer, as well as a most accomplished mimic, who can imitate its phenomena so successfully as to escape detection by a skillful and experienced physician, who has had the charge of a large insane asylum. Most of these imitators greatly overdo the matter; unaware that there is any other form of insanity except mania, they will neglect their persons, talk incoherently, and assume the manners of the maniac, forgetting that their conduct at the commission of the crime is conclusive evidence that they were not afflicted with this form of insanity at least.

Moral Insanity, according to Dr. Prichard, consists in a morbid perversion of the natural feelings, affections, inclinations, temper, habit, and moral dispositions, without any notable lesion of the intellect, or knowing or reasoning faculties, and particularly without any maniacal hallucination. Under these three general classes we find a great variety of forms of insanity, some of which are of frequent and others of very rare occurrence. *Melancholia* or melancholy, in which the patient is morbidly depressed and often imagines some fearful calamity awaits him, is one of the most frequent. *Suicides* and *homicides* originating in the desire to rescue children or friends from some terrible suffering are of frequent occurrence in this variety. Usually *melancholia* or *Lypomania*, as some writers call it, belongs to the second class, being only an hallucination of the intellect; sometimes, however, it is accompanied with incoherence, and is properly placed under the first class.

Hypochondriasis, in its more aggravated forms, is an intellectual insanity. It would require a large volume to give a catalogue of the numberless hallucinations of the unfortunate victims of this malady. It has been truly said by an eminent physiologist, that there is no object, either of nature or art, and no being, from the lowest monad to the Ruler of the Universe, into which the morbid imagination of the hypochondriac has not led him to believe himself

transformed; and the adroitness with which he will attempt to reconcile the gross absurdities which constantly occur, in the attempt to demonstrate the truths of his delusion, exhibits very often an exceedingly active intellect.

In central Europe, from the tenth to the eighteenth centuries, a form of insanity known as *Lycanthropy* (literally, "wolf men") was very prevalent; the unfortunate victims of it believed themselves to be wolves, bears, or other ravenous beasts, and in their assumed character, leaped wolf-like upon the living, and with their own hands unburied the dead and feasted upon their corpses. The bodies of the dead seem very frequently to have a peculiar fascination for the insane; the gloom of the graveyard, the close, stifling air of the crypts and vaults of churches, in which the dead were buried, have often been their chosen resorts, and they have been removed from them with difficulty.

Kleptomania, or the insane propensity to theft, is unfortunately of too common occurrence in our large cities not to be well known. *Pyromania*, or the insane disposition to set fire to buildings, and *Homicidal Mania*, are less frequent, and yet instances of both occur every year.

The fearful details of *Erotomania*, or the insane predominance of the lustful appetites, are inappropriate to our pages. Within a few years past, the excitement in regard to what is called *Spiritualism*, has produced a form of insanity in which intercourse with departed spirits has been the predominant idea.

We might enumerate many other varieties of mental disease, but these will be sufficient to show the vast field of research which it opens to the scientific observer.

Among the causes of mental maladies enumerated by old writers are two, which in more recent times have been banished from the catalogue, viz., the influence of the moon, and the possession of the maniac by evil spirits. In reference to the first, the belief in it was general throughout Christendom till the commencement of the present century. Shakspeare often alludes to it. Paracelsus described very learnedly the particular influence of each phase of the moon upon the insane; and Haslam, writing in 1808, tells us that the keepers of many lunatic asylums were so fully persuaded of the adverse influence of our satellite upon those under their

charge, that at the changes of the moon, even before any symptoms of excitement in the patients, they would bind, chain, flog, and deprive them of food, on the principle, we suppose, that "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure." There is doubtless this much in the moon's influence upon the insane, that an excess of light often excites them, and if the rays of the moon at the full have free access to their apartments, they may prevent sleep, and thus increase the mental excitement.

We have already alluded to demoniacal possession. The older physicians, firm in their belief that evil as well as good angels walked on earth, and at will assumed human forms, were inclined to bestow upon the luckless head of his Satanic majesty the honor of causing much of the insanity in our world. So firm were the pontiffs of the Romish Church in their belief in this doctrine, that they prescribed forms of exorcism to be used in expelling these unlawful denizens of the human body, and sending them back to the pit of darkness.

The symptoms of insanity are sometimes very strongly marked, at others so uncertain and indistinct as to be detected with great difficulty. The existence of long-continued sleeplessness, accompanied with an excitable condition of the nervous system, fitful appetite, moody and sullen, or extravagantly hilarious and boisterous conduct, are indications of its approach, which rarely prove fallacious. If, in addition to these symptoms, there should be any hallucination, the subject will be safer, and also more likely to recover, if speedily placed in a lunatic asylum. The sudden occurrence of a violent mania is sometimes the first announcement of the disease.

In other cases the individual may hover so long on the confines of insanity, without actually overstepping the bounds, that it is a matter of extreme difficulty to determine his mental status. In commissions *de lunatico inquirendo* this is very annoyingly demonstrated at times. We recollect some eighteen or twenty years since, a case which occurred in New York, of a gentleman of large wealth, who imagined himself to be the Saviour of the world. This delusion, and probably also some general insanity, which accompanied it, led him to squander his property very lavishly. His family applied for the appointment of a conservator. The parties making this application were his second

wife, and a son by a former marriage. At the first trial, the counsel of the applicants was not informed on the particular character of his hallucination, and the gentleman pleaded his own cause with great shrewdness and ability, appealing, with decided effect, to the commissioners, not to take his property from his hands and place it in the hands of his young wife and grown-up son, both of whom desired it only to squander it for their own personal gratification. He alluded to instances similar to his own within the knowledge of members of the commission, and throughout a long and trying examination exhibited no traces of insanity, and the commissioners, without hesitation, refused to grant the petition. Within twenty-four hours he was a raving maniac. A rehearing was sought and granted, and in the meantime he had recovered from his attack of mania, and was prepared to argue his case as plausibly as before. The counsel, however, was this time better posted than before; and when he had concluded a logical and powerful argument in defense of his sanity, he very quietly asked him, "When and where does your second advent take place?" "I shall come in the clouds of heaven to judge the world, and every eye shall see me," was the reply of the maniac. This, of course, settled the question.

Perhaps the best description of the precursory symptoms of insanity extant is that of Haslam, to whom we have already referred. He says:

"On the approach of mania they first become uneasy, are incapable of confining their attention, and neglect any employment to which they have been accustomed; they get but little sleep; they are loquacious and disposed to harangue, and decide promptly and positively on every subject that may be started; soon after, they are divested of all restraint in the declaration of their opinions of those with whom they are acquainted; their friendships are expressed with fervency and extravagance, their enmities with intolerance and disgust; they now become impatient of contradiction, and scorn reproof; for supposed injuries they are inclined to quarrel and fight with those about them; they have all the appearance of persons inebriated, and those who are unacquainted with the symptoms of approaching mania generally suppose them to be in a state of intoxication; at length suspicion creeps in upon the mind; they are aware of plots which had never been contrived, and detect motives which had never been entertained; at last the succession of ideas is too rapid to be examined; the mind becomes crowded with thoughts and confusion ensues."

DR. KANE'S ARCTIC EXPEDITION.

"Nil mortalibus arduum est."

THE present is an era of discovery. No period since the days of Columbus and De Gama, has been so distinguished as the last seven years, by enlargements to our store of geographic knowledge. Within this short time the great Lake Ngami has been discovered by Oswell and Livingston, in Southern Africa; the north-western passage to China, through Barrow's Strait, has been ascertained by Captain McClure, by personal examination; while Dr. Kane has made discoveries in the Arctic regions, which do him credit and reflect new honor on the American name.

In authorizing the expedition of Dr. Kane our government had two objects in view: to rescue Sir John Franklin and his companions, and to extend the domain of science. The first of these objects was come short of. Sir John and his party have no doubt perished. Those who read of the "hair-breadth 'scapes" which Dr. Kane and his men experienced, in each of which they came so near being lost, and of the superhuman labors they endured in overcoming distance, darkness, cold, hunger, sickness, and the dangers of Arctic navigation, will see a score of occasions, any one of which would be sufficient to account for the loss of the noble British adventurer and his brave associates.

Leaving the port of New York on the 30th of May, 1853, the party of Dr. Kane reached the southern coast of Greenland on the 1st of July. Here, having taken on board an Esquimaux hunter, and provided themselves with deer-skins for the winter, they pushed onward up the coast, crossed Melville Bay, urged their laborious passage through Smith's Strait, and by dint of the greatest effort and perseverance, now taking advantage of the wind, and now making fast to some huge iceberg, which was borne north by under currents, despite the winds and floating icefields, they entered Rensselaer Bay August 29th, in latitude $78^{\circ} 37'$. Here, after many ineffectual efforts to advance further, they were compelled, by the increase of ice, to take up winter quarters. The brig, frozen in with ice from ten to fourteen feet thick, constituted their shelter for two winters and the intervening summer. The first winter the sun was below the horizon for one hundred and twenty days. The

lowest temperature was in the month of February, when the mean was minus 70° Fahrenheit, which is 30° below the freezing point of mercury. The mean temperature for the two winters was about minus 50° . Having made divers excursions of search in the fall and spring, one of which cost them the lives of two men, such was the intensity of the cold; and after an ineffectual effort in the summer, with a whale boat, the brig being still frozen in, to open a communication with English ships in Baffin's Bay, the expedition were obliged to prepare for another four months of wintery night in the same position, and with scanty stores. By a few exchanges with some wandering Esquimaux, by the meager fruits of the chase practiced in the dark, and by consuming, for fuel, a considerable portion of the ship, they were enabled to get through the second winter, though not without much suffering from frost, want of wholesome food, and protracted sickness.

Immediately on the opening of the spring of 1855 they commenced operations, as the feeble health of the party would permit, preparatory to an escape southward. On the 17th of May they bade adieu to the vessel, and with one dog sledge, on which their four sick comrades were transported, and with three sledge boats, drawn by the men, and laden with whatever of utensils and provisions seemed most necessary, they commenced their eventful homeward passage over alternate ice and water, having a journey before them of thirteen hundred miles before they should reach the habitations of civilized man! After eighty-three days of incredible hardships, and being twice on the point of actual starvation, they reached Upernavik, the northernmost Danish settlement, August 6th, with the loss of one man. They were then, as they expressed it, "once more in the world again." Taking passage in a Danish vessel to Disco, they were fallen in with by the rescue party sent out by Congress to search for them, and landed in New York, October 11, 1855, the grateful subjects of God's most marvelous providence.

The results of the expedition are thus summed up by Dr. Kane, in his report to the Secretary of the Navy:

"1. Survey and delineation of the north coast of Greenland, to its termination by a great glacier.

"2. The survey of this great glacial mass, and its extension northward into the new land named Washington.

"3. The discovery of a large channel to the northwest, free from ice, and leading into an open and expanding area equally free. The whole embraces an iceless area of four thousand and two hundred miles.

"4. The discovery and delineation of a large tract of land, forming the extension northward of the American continent.

"5. The completed survey of the American coast to the south and west as far as Cape Sabine; thus connecting our survey with the last determined position of Captain Inglefield, and completing the circuit of the straits and bay heretofore known at their southernmost opening as Smith's Sound."

These are important geographic discoveries. For although terra firma in these hyperborean regions can never be of importance to mankind for any practical purposes, yet it is highly interesting to ascertain, as far as possible, the form and extent of the entire globe on which we dwell, and particularly that portion of it immediately surrounding the pole; a portion which has been much theorized upon, but never reached. Washington land is the highest northern territory discovered by the party on the east side of the channel above referred to, called Kennedy's Channel. This land extends beyond the 81st degree of north latitude, and is separated from Greenland southward by the Great Glacier of Humboldt. Greenland, hitherto supposed to be a peninsula, is determined by Dr. Kane to be a continent, or vast island like Australia, being twelve hundred miles in length. On the west side of the channel they extended their discoveries and surveys some four degrees beyond those of any previous navigators, to wit: from Cape Sabine to Mount Edward Parry, in latitude 82° 30', which is the most northern land known on our globe, being within about five hundred miles, or one day's ride by railroad from the pole! This newly discovered coast is an extension of the land masses of the American continent, and is denominated Grinnell Land, from Henry Grinnell, a chief patron of the expedition.

The Great Glacier of Von Humboldt is one of the most wonderful features of all this northern world. It is a mighty abutment or precipice of ice, stretching along the eastern coast of Kane's Sea, from Cape Agassiz northward to the distance of sixty miles, and rising, palisade-like, from the surface of the sea to the average height

of three hundred feet, and descending beneath that surface to depths unknown. This is supposed to be the largest glacier in the world. It is still further an object of interest to scientific minds as presenting, on a large scale, some of the peculiar features of the iceology of this climate; for Dr. Kane had ocular demonstration of the noticeable fact, that this immense body of ice is not stationary, but steadily on the move. It is pushing itself slowly into the sea. Large blocks are frequently falling down, with heavy intonations, from the higher sections of its face; and huge chains of icebergs, which seem to have been broken off, or in some way disintegrated from the general mass, are seen raising their lofty heads, far and near, over the sea. All the indications go to show that there is in the interior a vast *mer de glace*, sea of ice, of which this glacier is the outlet. These countries are literally regions of eternal frost. There is not a day of the year, beyond the parallel of seventy-eight and a half degrees, but that it freezes in some portion of the twenty-four hours. And for nine months out of twelve the mercury is constantly below the freezing point. The consequence is, that by reason of the summer thawings on the highlands, and the continuous precipitations from the atmosphere, immense formations of ice are accumulating from year to year. Nature must have some means of ridding herself of these augmenting masses. The Glacier of Humboldt is an illustration of the manner in which this riddance is effected. These accumulations of ice are carried off by means analogous to our river system. Impelled partly by the power of frost, partly by the overflows of the evanescent summer, but mainly by the force of gravitation, the ice-currents take the direction of the slopes, and fill the valleys with *mers de glace*. Still moving onward, ever seeking the lowest levels, like our Hudson or Missouri, though with a very different velocity, the rate of progress being only from a half inch to an inch per hour, these enormous glaciers continue their resistless course, until they reach water capable of supporting them, when, in the fragmentary form of icebergs, they are floated off, to be lost in the temperatures of other regions.

The discovery of an open Polar Sea has produced a greater sensation in scientific circles than any other achievement of the

expedition. William Morton and the Esquimaux hunter were sent northward in the month of June, 1854, on a journey of search along the west coast-line of Kennedy Channel. On the 21st of the month, when just north of the great glacier, they found that the ice on which they traveled was becoming weak and unsafe; the dogs which drew their sledge refusing to go forward, as they always do on bad ice. Betaking themselves to the shore, and then pressing northward again, the two explorers soon sighted open water, and on the 24th they came where, in latitude 82° , this open portion of the channel expanded into a sea. The extent of open water before them they judged to exceed four thousand square miles. Such is the statement of the party. Dr. Kane did not personally visit this sea. He made two strenuous efforts to do so, but hindrances beyond his control prevented him from advancing beyond Humboldt's Glacier. This circumstance, taken in connection with the uniform law that cold increases directly as we recede from the equator, and the fact that at the time of this discovery by Dr. Kane's men the sea for six degrees south of them was bridged with ice, and continued very much in that state for two months afterward, has led some to doubt the reality of the discovery. But why should we discredit a statement, when it is from reliable witnesses, and those, too, who were in circumstances to understand perfectly the things to which they testify? For one, the writer has no doubt that William Morton and his companion did actually discover an open polar sea, at the time and in the place specified above. Dr. Kane, speaking of Mr. Morton without reference to this discovery, but only in regard to tried and excellent character, pronounces him as "gallant and trustworthy a man as ever shared the fortunes, or claimed the gratitude of a commander." These men were not expecting to witness such a phenomenon, and therefore "the wish was not the father of the thought." The absence of all such expectation, as we have seen, had well-nigh cost them their lives. The treachery of the rotten ice was the first intimation they had of the vicinity of open water; but other, and most satisfactory evidences rushed upon their attention in quick succession. The ice-belt along the shore soon failed them, so that they were at last obliged to leave

their team behind them. Dark *nimbus* clouds and a "water sky" invested the northeastern horizon. They saw many flocks of sea-birds: they not only saw the open water constantly, but heard its waves dash against the rocks along the shore. The channel was free from ice, and the waves were rolling with white caps, and a gale of fifty-four days' duration from the northeast brought no drift ice, which would certainly have been the case had they seen a mere "lead," or opening made by some temporary cause. They traversed an open channel of this kind to the distance of fifty-two miles, and with an average width of thirty-six miles. And on ascending a height of five hundred feet above the level of the shore Morton saw, on the 24th of June, an iceless sea, surrounded by an iceless shore, and an iceless horizon!

With these facts before us, however we may account for them, whether from the effect of the Gulf Stream, increased depth of water, unknown connection with the earth's central heart, or marked depression of the sphere, effected by the greatly diminished velocity of the earth's rotary motion so near the axis, we believe, without doubt, that the next adventurer who doubles Cape Constitution, will be permitted to gaze upon an open Arctic sea which probably circumvests the pole itself.

Dr. Kane was truly a remarkable man. If, like Pollock, he became known to the world all at once, and died young, like Pollock he achieved a renown in a brief space, beyond what most men have achieved in a lifetime. He seemed strong at all points. He had all the qualifications of a discoverer: such boldness of mind to conceive great undertakings; such practical wisdom in arranging the details of a plan; and such decision and energy in the execution. As a physician he must have ranked high. From privation, exposure, and protracted darkness, some of his men were sick nearly all the time; sometimes all were down but one or two, and for long months the ship was a regular hospital; yet he never lost but two men by disease. And he proved himself to be as competent to command the well as to cure the sick. Never were self-control, firmness, generosity, honor, sympathy, and religion more finely blended in any man; characteristics which would necessarily give him great influence over the party, and secure discipline. It was his discipline which, under God, preserved the

expedition in their perilous sojourn and in their more perilous retreat; for no "retreat of the ten thousand" under Xenophon, no passage of the Alps by Hannibal or Napoleon, was so hazardous, so daring as the retreat of this forlorn party of fifteen men, half of them invalids and four upon sick couches, unprovisioned, in open boats, now carrying them, and now carried by them, over ice hammocks and over waves, amid storms and amid crushing icebergs, for the distance of one thousand and three hundred miles!

Dr. Kane was a scholar. His reports to the government and his valuable tables of scientific observation show him to be familiarly acquainted with astronomy, geology, and every branch of natural history. And that he was a writer, is most satisfactorily evinced in the recorded history of the expedition. His descriptions of arctic life are animated and graphic; seizing upon the principal features of a subject or a scene, he says just enough to enable you to grasp it, and passes on. His style is classic, but original. The fact that the book is thus written, is full of incident, and full of information concerning scenery, climate, men, animals, and phenomena that are new, and countries now for the first time discovered, make it one of the most interesting publications of the day.

THE GREAT WANT OF THE TIMES.

THERE is at present, and has been for some years, an apparent stagnation in the religious world. Church buildings, indeed, are multiplying, and Christians are becoming wealthy; but conversions and accessions from the ranks of the ungodly do not keep pace with the increase of population even in the most highly favored portions of Christendom. That this is true in our own country and in Great Britain is painfully manifest. The remedy is set forth in an address delivered by the moderator at the General Assembly of the Free Church of Scotland, of which we print a portion that will commend itself to the Christian reader, cleric or layman.

When we look back, says the moderator, to the first years of the Christian dispensation, we see men and women in successive multitudes receiving the truth; believing in Jesus Christ as their Saviour, evidently changed in their nature and dispo-

sitions, and living holy, joyful lives, in the midst of many temptations and sufferings. The preaching of Christ and salvation by him then produced fruit that could neither escape notice nor be mistaken, so abundant in quantity it was, and so distinct in its character. Now, does Scripture teach us that such fruit of preaching, such success in turning sinners to salvation, was intended by God to be confined to the primitive times of Christianity? I cannot find it so. The pentecostal period, when apostles and evangelists traveled from province to province, and from city to city, unweariedly and faithfully preaching salvation by Christ, and him crucified, and, despite the ignorance and prejudices which they had to encounter, and the persecutions and oppositions by which they were assailed, counted their converts by hundreds and by thousands, that period is not to be regarded merely as a glorious morning of a Gospel day, the light of which was to wax feebler as the day advanced. It cannot be the true nature of Christianity, that, producing great effects at first, it should wax feebler as centuries roll over our world. Men opposed to it say that it is becoming *effete*—that the nations need something new, something fresher, with new life and power in it. And do not many of the friends of Christianity, many true Christians even, practically, to some extent, indorse this sentiment, when, either avowedly or by implication, they hold that we are not to expect such fruit from preaching as the preachers of primitive times expected, and so abundantly received?

True, we have not the gift of tongues, and the power of working miracles. But it was not by these that men were converted in the times of primitive Christianity. For very many heard the tongues and witnessed the miracles, and opposed and blasphemed the more, instead of being converted. Everything through which the triumphs of the Gospel were achieved in pentecostal times remains to the church, and belongs to her in all ages. The doctrine of the cross then preached is the very same that we now have in the Scriptures; and there is not one word of the Holy Spirit being to be withdrawn, or of his power being to be restrained, as Christianity spread over the world. On the contrary, our Lord, when he promised the Holy Spirit to his disciples and church, said that he should abide with them for-

ever. The gift of the Spirit, to convince the world of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment—to quicken and give spiritual life to sinners, and to sanctify believers—is a permanent gift to the church. It is a gift on which the very existence of a living, spiritual church depends. It is a gift also by which the plainly and repeatedly promised triumphs of Christianity, in which we all believe, are to be accomplished. And then will not the converting and sanctifying power of the Holy Spirit need to be manifested many times more abundantly than it is seen working now among ourselves? And if the Holy Spirit wrought so evidently, and brought so many plainly into spiritual life in the early times of Christianity, and must and will do so again before the promised triumphs of Gospel truth, where do we find warrant for believing that meanwhile it is vain to expect his mighty working, that we are warranted to look only for drops, not for showers?

With such a warrant to expect a large and glorious work of the Holy Spirit in every age and period for the conversion of sinners, corresponds many a bright page of the church's history. There are dark leaves upon leaves in the volume of that history, but there are bright pages intermingled. I go not very far away for them. Follow George Whitefield, John Wesley, Howell Harris, Charles of Bala, Rowland Hill, (I might mention a host of others,) in their preaching salvation by Christ crucified to perishing sinners. Did they expect no more fruit from their preaching than we expect from ours? Would they have thought that it was all right if they had as few conversions following their preaching as we have? Or, go back to the earlier times of our own Church—for I speak not, though I might, of our own Church in later years. How was it with her under the preaching of Livingston at the Kirk of Shotts, or under the ministry of McCulloch and Cambuslang, of William Guthrie, at Fenwick, of David Dickson at Irvine, and of John Welsh at Ayr? Of Dixon it is recorded that under his ministry multitudes were convinced and converted; that people under exercise and soul-concern came from every place about Irvine; that he had a sermon every market-day for the country people resorting to the market, who crowded to hear him, and filled his church as on a Sabbath-day; that

in a large hall in his house in Irvine there were often numbers of serious Christians waiting to converse with him. And yet, with all his life among his people, and fruit from his ministry, Dickson was wont to say that the vintage at Irvine was not equal to the gleanings at Ayr in John Welsh's time. If these things be so, then why so little of all this among us now? Ah! we may well ask why. What was the power that converted men in Pentecostal times, or when Welsh, or Dickson, or Livingston, or Whitefield preached? Was it the eloquence or reasoning of the men who spoke? It was neither the one nor the other. Eloquence never made a dead soul become a living soul. Truth, even God's own truth, never wrought that great change; for though that truth be good seed, it must needs be quickened. The Holy Spirit was that power; all God's children are born of the Spirit.

That ministers among us now have the Holy Spirit, will not for a moment be questioned. For, verily, he is no true minister of Christ at all who has not the Holy Spirit. He may be endowed with natural talents, and have an intellect of a high order; he may have enjoyed the benefit of a thorough education, both elementary and professional; his mind may be stored with classic and philosophical lore; he may have made himself acquainted with the facts of Scripture, and be well read in systems of theology; he may mount the pulpit stamped with the *imprimatur* of the Church, and discourse eloquently to crowded and admiring audiences; but if he is not a new creature, and has not the Holy Spirit, he is no true minister of Christ. How solemn the thought in an assembly like this! Professing, appearing to be a minister of Christ, thou and I have the Holy Spirit, my brother, else we are a walking, every-day lie. . . . It is only through men full of the Holy Ghost that crowds of souls are brought to Christ and salvation. Multitudes of immortal souls are perishing around us, and even in our own congregations. The power of the Holy Ghost, and no power else in all the universe, is able to quicken them—to give them spiritual life. That power usually acts through the instrumentality of the living preacher's voice. All the great gatherings of souls to Christ have been through the instrumentality of the living voice of men full of the Holy Ghost. It

hath pleased God by the foolishness of preaching to save them that believe.

There are a variety of gifts and endowments, some of them valuable, some of them necessary, to the ministerial office. Intellectual culture is most valuable: an intelligent acquaintance with the word of God, some ability to teach others, and a new heart, are necessary. But over and above all these, it is *the being filled with the Holy Ghost* that constitutes the full and rich endowment for the glorious work of the ministry—for making men fellow-workers with God. On that the heart of the church, of her ministers and members, should be intensely and in the first instance set.

BENEFITS OF FLAGELLATION.

THE BIRCH is classical, and has a reputation of its own among the trees of the forest. All of us, that is, all who are or ever were boys, have some faint recollection of a wise saying of Solomon's relative to spoiling the child by sparing the rod. But as it was with Paul, there came a time to most of us when we put away childish things. However much good we may have received from the birch, the ruler, or the ratan, when others ceased to apply it, the thought never occurred to us that we might make ourselves better men by using such instrument of torture upon our bodies. We speak now only of that portion of Christendom known as Protestant. Those who are brought up in the elder branch of the Church, the Roman Catholic, think differently, and pursue, that is, some of them, a different course. Even the fair sex, as you shall hear, have been benefited by self-inflicted flagellation, benefited, that is, to a certain extent; and is it not as fitting a subject for thankfulness as many other Romish dogmas, that what flagellation itself fails to accomplish a dispensation from the Pope can remedy? But we are wasting time in these preliminaries. As Gradgrind says, Let us have the facts.

Mademoiselle Gautier was an actress, admired for her beauty, and applauded for her histrionic talent. She was crossed in love, and became disgusted with the world. She sought refuge in a convent, occupied by the nuns of the order of Saint Mary, in the city of Lyons. She has left on record an account of her initiation into the mysteries of the order, which bears

every mark of truthfulness, but which is too long to quote entire. We give the introductory process merely. At Lyons, she says, I enjoyed the advantage of having for director of my conscience that holy man, Father Deveaux. He belonged to the Order of the Jesuits; and he was good enough, when I first asked him for advice, to suggest that I should get up at eleven o'clock at night to say my prayers, and should remain absorbed in devotion until midnight. In obedience to the directions of this saintly person I kept myself awake as well as I could till eleven o'clock. I then got on my knees with great fervor, and I blush to confess it, immediately fell as fast asleep as a dormouse. This went on for several nights, when Father Deveaux, finding that my midnight devotions were rather too much for me, was so obliging as to prescribe another species of pious exercise, in a letter which he wrote to me with his own hand. The holy father, after deeply regretting my inability to keep awake, informed me that he had a new act of penitence to suggest to me, by the performance of which I might still hope to expiate my sins. He then, in the plainest terms, advised me to have recourse to the discipline of flagellation, every Friday, using the cat-o'-nine tails on my bare shoulders for the length of time that it would take to repeat a Miserere. In conclusion, he informed me that the nuns of Anticaille would probably lend me the necessary instrument of flagellation; but, if they made any difficulty about it, he was benevolently ready to furnish me with a new and special cat-o'-nine-tails of his own making.

Never was woman more amazed or more angry than I, when I first read this letter. "What!" cried I to myself, "does this man seriously recommend me to lash my own shoulders? Just Heaven, what impertinence! And yet, is it not my duty to put up with it? Does not this apparent insolence proceed from the pen of a holy man? If he tells me to flog my wickedness out of me, is it not my bounden duty to lay on the scourge with all my might immediately? Sinner that I am! I am thinking remorsefully of my plump shoulders and the dimples on my back, when I ought to be thinking of nothing but the cat-o'-nine-tails and obedience to Father Deveaux!"

These reflections soon gave me the

resolution which I had wanted at first. I was ashamed to ask the nuns for an instrument of flagellation; so I made one for myself of stout cord, pitilessly knotted at very short intervals. This done, I shut myself up while the nuns were at prayer, uncovered my shoulders, and rained such a shower of lashes on them, in the first fervor of my newly-awakened zeal, that I fairly flogged myself down on the ground, flat on my nose, before I had repeated more of the *Miserere* than the first two or three lines.

I burst out crying, shedding tears of spite against myself when I ought to have been shedding tears of devotional gratitude for the kindness of Father Deveaux. All through the night I never closed my eyes, and in the morning I found my poor shoulders (once so generally admired for their whiteness) striped with all the colors of the rainbow. The sight threw me into a passion, and I profanely said to myself, while I was dressing, "The next time I see Father Deveaux I will give my tongue full swing, and make the hair of that holy man stand on end with terror!" A few hours afterward he came to the convent, and all my resolutions melted away at the sight of him. His imposing exterior had such an effect on me that I could only humbly entreat him to excuse me from inflicting a second flagellation on myself. He smiled benignantly, and granted my request with a saintly amiability. "Give me the cat-o'-nine-tails," he said, in conclusion, "and I will keep it for you till you ask me for it again. You are sure to ask for it again, dear child—to ask for it on your bended knees!"

Pious and prophetic man! Before many days had passed his words came true. If he had persisted severely in ordering me to flog myself, I might have opposed him for months together; but, as it was, who could resist the amiable indulgence he showed toward my weakness? The very next day after my interview, I began to feel ashamed of my own cowardice; and the day after that I went down on my knees, exactly as he had predicted, and said, "Father Deveaux, give me back my cat-o'-nine-tails." From that time I cheerfully underwent the discipline of flagellation, learning the regular method of practicing it from the sisterhood, and feeling, in a spiritual point of view, immensely the better for it.

Thus much for the lady's own statement. It will not be wondered at that she afterward became one of the most devoted votaries of the grossest papal superstitions, a model to whom her sisters in the convent looked up with something like reverential awe. But one little characteristic vanity, we are told, could not be drawn out of her by penance, by fastings, or even by flagellation. She never forgot her own handsome face, which all Paris had admired in the by-gone time; and she contrived to get a dispensation from the Pope which allowed her to receive visitors in the convent parlor without a veil. A kind old Pope, wasn't he?

A GERMAN PROVERB.

"When most thou fearest,
God is nearest"

TAKE comfort, faint not on thy way,
Sad mourner, desolate and weary;
Look up! behold a cheering ray,
When all around seems dark and dreary,
Though thou hast suffer'd many an ill,
And though approaching pain thou fearest,
Endure thy lot with firmness still—
In time of trouble God is nearest.

When in the sunny spring of youth,
The world look'd gay and bright before thee,
And when thy road was fair and smooth,
And earth's best gifts were scatter'd o'er thee;

When sweetly sang the siren hope,
And friends seem'd fondest and sincerest,
Then was the time to doubt and droop;
It was not then that God was nearest.

'Tis in the time of grief and gloom,
Of meek and patient self-denial,
'Tis in the still and shaded room,
'Tis in the thorny path of trial;
'Tis then thy true and earnest prayers
Rise to the Power whom thou reverest;
And he, in pity, marks thy cares,
And bids thee feel that God is nearest.

Take comfort, though the hour be nigh,
Long view'd by thee with timid shrinking,
The Lord assistance shall supply,
To keep thy feeble steps from sinking;
And in the shadowy vale of death,
When most thou tremblest, most thou fearest,
List! and the voice of trusting faith
Shall tell to thee that God is nearest!

FRIENDSHIP hath the skill and observation of the best physician, the diligence and vigilance of the best nurse, and the tenderness and patience of the best mother.—
Lord Clarendon.

PAPERS FROM THE DIARY OF A CITY CLERGYMAN.

PAPER III.—INCIDENTS—OFFENSES—HOPE.

IT was to be expected, considering the different classes of persons composing my congregation, and their various interests, that very different opinions would be entertained respecting my sermon, and that some excitement would be produced by its delivery. A large portion of my congregation was pleased with it; some were offended. The poor, those in middling circumstances, the upright, and the more devoted, were warm in its praise. Some of my wealthy, fastidious hearers complained of my strictures, and more than hinted what might be the result, if I were disposed to urge so warmly what I called the rights of man. Those who were engrossed in party politics censured my remarks respecting corrupt officers, who connive at wrongs and take bribes of the guilty. My remarks on slavery were not gratifying to this class of persons. These were political questions, they said; just as though no moral questions were involved in them, and as though the pulpit is not to discuss those subjects which bear upon the weal and woe of the country. Such persons seem strangely to overlook the teaching of Christ and the example of the apostles and reformers.

On Tuesday evening I received a visit from one of the latter class. Mr. Davenport was a man of respectable connections. He aspired to office, and was willing, sometimes, to sacrifice a little honor to carry his party purposes. His wife was an interesting woman, a pious member of my Church, and did what she could to relieve the necessities of the poor, to meet the wants of the needy, and to minister to the sick. She felt much concern for her husband, lest his associations and his engrossment in politics should prove disastrous to him. My intercourse with the family was pleasant, and we often met in the social circle. I perceived at once that Mr. Davenport's feelings were greatly changed. He was anxious to give me a lecture on the duties of ministers; what kind of preaching was generally most acceptable; and to assure me that a minister, of all men, should promote *peace*. He wished to assure me, furthermore, that I had greatly missed the mark in referring

to our officers, as I had done, for they were honorable men, and had sworn to execute the laws faithfully; and so far as I know to the contrary, he said, they did so.

I replied to all this that I had done only what, in my commission, I was directed and required to do; that probably I knew far more about the manners and habits of certain officers than he supposed; that my object was to promote the good of the city and faithfully discharge the duties that devolved upon me, as the pastor of a large and influential congregation; that I would not daub with untempered mortar; and that I could not, like a false prophet, cry "Peace, peace," when there is no peace. The Scripture order is, first *pure*, then *peaceable*.

Mr. Davenport had just gone when a modest couple, a man and his wife, about forty years of age, consistent Christians, and in very moderate circumstances in life, came to the parsonage. I had often visited them in their snug little home. I observed on the Sabbath that they were listening to me with more than ordinary interest, though they were always attentive hearers.

"We have come," said Mr. Brown, "to thank you for your sermon on Sunday morning. We have also brought a small amount of money, which we wish you to give to the most poor and destitute you may find in your pastoral visits among the people."

He put into my hands five dollars.

The words of Christ immediately came into my mind: "To the poor the Gospel is preached, and blessed is he whosoever is not offended in me."

While some reject the word of God, and endeavor to throw off its claims, these humble individuals receive it into good and honest hearts, and it springs up and bears fruit. Those live unto themselves, and, in their pride and arrogance, condemn God; these, in humility, seek to know and do his will, and thereby honor him. "Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit; so shall ye be my disciples."

On Sunday morning I observed that Mr. Craft appeared, at times, during the sermon, exceedingly uneasy. His seat was about half way down, on the left hand of the middle aisle. He commenced the world poor, as I had learned. He was

now wealthy; supposed to be very wealthy. There was a kind of *hauteur* in his manner. He was sometimes agreeable, but generally there was something about him reserved, cold, and forbidding. To inferiors he seemed lordly. His family was cheerful; apparently happy. He and his wife were not communicants in my church. Both, however, had long been attendants, and were generally in their seats once on the Sabbath.

I have said his family were apparently happy. Long conversant with various persons, and the different classes of society, I thought I discovered, beneath their rich decorations, and in the midst of their splendid array of furniture and equipage, a kind of unrest, betokening the absence of those domestic virtues, confidence, kindness, devotedness, and love, which make domestic life bright and cheerful. I had my suspicions, but they never escaped my lips.

During that part of my discourse, in which I referred to the agonies of *Longworth*, and the persons who refused him help, and the probable fate of Ellen, my eye accidentally caught his. His face turned pale and red in rapid succession. I saw his mind was in a perturbed state, from what particular cause I did not know. On Wednesday morning I received the following note:

"DEAR SIR: I have, for a number of years, held a pew in the church of which you are now pastor. With your excellent predecessor my family and myself were much pleased. He preached the *Gospel*, and did not trouble himself about the business of other people. He was not constantly harping on the necessities of the poor, and the duties of the rich. I think I know my own business as well as any one else. You have, on a number of occasions, in the pulpit, insulted my feelings. Last Sunday your *harangue* was so personal, and so grossly outrageous, that I can endure it no longer. We shall, henceforth, absent ourselves from your services, and we request you not to call upon us.
CHAS. H. CRAFT."

Knowing that the allegations in this communication, so far as they had reference to myself, were untrue, and being debarred the privilege even of a call, I concluded to let the matter remain. Time would bring Mr. Craft, I was sure, to a better state of feeling, or make some developments that would surprise, perhaps greatly astound, those who were now his friends and apologists. I knew it was not the personalities of the preacher that

caused this turmoil, but the truth disturbing the guilty conscience of the hearer. *His heart condemned him.*

There were two more pewholders in my church I had not heard from. I wondered I had not. I was not, however, longer to wonder.

Mr. Penney owned a large building in Church-street, which he rented, at a high per cent., for various purposes. The first floor was occupied as a liquor store. Seven days in the week it was open. Seven days in the week it made drunkards. On the Sabbath it made more than on any other day. A row of large casks extended from the front to the rear wall of the store. The staves and heads of the casks were painted a sky-blue; the hoops, which were iron, were painted black. The front heads bore every imaginable inscription. Rum, brandy, gin, and wine, of all kinds, made of the same material, drugged and spiced by the skillful proprietor, were constantly "on draught." Men bought wine at the counter, drank it, and smacked their lips, little dreaming that, instead of the juice of the grape, they had been pouring down their throats an extract of logwood and cockroaches. In the basement was a ten-pin alley. Here strange wagers were lost and won. The upper part of the house was kept by Mrs. Bell, and was the resort of the vicious, not the more degraded and outcast, but those who were in the way to become such. Many went there who, as yet, maintained a respectable business and social character, but their tendency downward was constant and rapid. *For her house inclineth unto death, her paths unto the dead, and her steps take hold on hell.*

Mr. Penney's family lived in affluence. His coach was known on the avenues, and his wife and daughters were waited upon obsequiously by clerks and principals in the first jewelry and dry-goods establishments in the city. The bread they ate, however, and the gay clothing they wore, were purchased with the proceeds of a trade which makes men sots and debauchees and women a shame. Of course Mr. Penney could hear "such preaching no more."

The other pewholder, Mr. Schoolman, was a gentleman of fortune. He married, in early life, a lady of fine taste and lively sensibilities. She was the daughter of a wealthy planter. On the death of her

father she inherited a large number of slaves. Mr. Schoolman, in his feelings, was averse to slavery. His education was such as to strongly prejudice him against it. But, mingling with it, and marrying into it, he came to look upon the slaves as occupying the place designed for them by God. However, he had no need of them. His fortune was ample. And when his wife came into possession of her slaves his first promptings, the promptings of mercy, benevolence, justice, were to free them. But different courses, in the end, prevailed. The slaves were sold, and their price invested in stocks. The trustees of Mr. Hannah's church borrowed ten thousand dollars of this money, at seven per cent., to secure the payment of which, "principal and interest," so the bond ran, they mortgaged the house of God.

This act, the disposition made of the slaves, the breaking up of their domestic relations, (and some of these separations were of the most painful character,) constantly troubled Mr. Schoolman. The ordinary arguments, which quiet the consciences of so many in similar circumstances, did not quiet his. The considerations which seem to meet the scruples of some slave-holding ministers of the Lord Jesus, (how strange and contradictory this mingling of terms and ideas!) did not meet his. Still, instead of yielding to conviction, and seeking to undo the wrong, and, as far as he could, make amends for it, he held fast his ill-gotten gains, and chafed his very soul in resisting the truth. He became sensitive and irritable on the subject of slavery. The discussion of the subject in the papers was an offense to him. When the minister prayed for those in bonds it annoyed him. Well he might be annoyed. That mortgage, which covered the price of blood, and in the house of God, too, must have haunted him. The cries of the children, sold away from their parents, sounded in his ears. The heart-rending scene, the tearing away of the young wife and mother from husband and child, on that memorable and terrible day, the day of sale, which was fully described to him by the slave auctioneer, he could never forget. In this state of mind my sermon was a dagger in his soul. It was unbearable. He saw the right, and yet the wrong pursued. Henceforth myself and ministry were to be proscribed.

Not to be affected somewhat by these things, would be evidence of a weakness or obtuseness which I think does not characterize me. What was to be the result was as yet hidden from me. Numerous paragraphs on the subject appeared in the papers. Some of them commended my boldness and fidelity; others, perhaps paid, or politically interested, severely censured me for the exposé I had made, and intimated pretty plainly, as had been done before, what I might expect, if I continued to "assail" respectable men from the pulpit.

There was one prominent member of my church I had not seen, nor directly heard from, in some days. This was strange, as he was a regular and frequent visitor at the parsonage; and, besides, a friend and counselor. Where he stood I could not doubt. But why had he not made his accustomed calls? Were my friends going to forsake me? Had this one sermon cost me so much! No; I felt sure this could not be. The effervescence would subside. The sound-minded, sober, discreet, God-fearing portion of the Church would rally to the support of the truth.

While in these cogitations in came the friend and brother whose absence, in part at least, had given rise to them.

Mr. Coburn was a man of few words and of great firmness and prudence. He had in his business as a merchant made a good deal of money, but he never allowed himself at any one time to be worth more than a given amount. All beyond he used for the benefit of others. He was a man of heart; he felt for others' woe. No member of my church exerted a better influence than he; none was more esteemed. The poor loved him; the needy he never turned empty away; and the blessings of them that were ready to perish came upon him.

Mr. Coburn gave me a history of things as they appeared out of doors. Many had taken offense at the discourse. But they were mostly one class of persons, those whose monetary interests or pleasure were dearer to them than truth and the practice of virtue. Their consciences had become stirred by the exhibition and enforcement of the truth contained in the sermon. He was glad, he said, that I had preached it. He was sure it was called for, and that good would result from it. He thanked

me for it. Multitudes would thank me for it. "Let it work," he said; and his soul beamed forth in his countenance as he added, "*God send us more!*"

"Ointment and perfume," saith the proverb, "rejoice the heart; so doth the sweetness of a man's friend by hearty counsel." Mr. Coburn's visit and words of kindness were of much service to me. Though not in special need of an exhortation to perseverance in what I considered to be right and proper, not vacillating in the least in my purpose, still his counsel cheered me in circumstances which were well calculated to depress the mind. The praise of virtue is as important, at times, as the censure of vice. It is gratifying to know that our views, plans, and efforts in the promotion of any enterprise have the approbation of the wise and good. Besides, the account given me of the effect of the sermon, in connection with what had already reached me directly from the above persons, was an omen of good. When men have conscience enough to feel the force of truth, to resist it, to fight against it, there is hope in their case. There is nothing that gives less hope to the moralist and religionist than a cold, smooth, impenetrable surface of mind and heart. "Where yet there is *shame*," says Johnson, "there may in time be *virtue*."

THE GAME OF THE TWENTY QUESTIONS.

THERE is a great difference between what people like, when they try it, and what people like to try. This is eminently the case with amusements. Several exist which give more pleasure than those which are more cultivated. A person is bored by nine tenths of the means to which he persists, nevertheless, in resorting for his amusement. The complaint is common; but the fact itself is more common than even the complaint of it. Sometimes a person is betrayed by circumstances into an unpremeditated occupation, which interests him, not only beyond all his expectations, but beyond nearly all his experience of any thing else. If he have a will, the accident becomes a lesson to him, and a life is changed. He was a burden to himself; he relieves the burdens of others. But most people have only a fitful, temporary will. However,

this is a very deep subject, on the extreme confines of psychology, from which, as from the cliffs of the shore, we recognize the limits of a present condition, and look out over the sea upon which we must all of us yet set forth, and which rolls off infinite and dark.

The intelligent reader will understand us. What causes the pleasure of the mind; what rescues it from the gnawings within; what takes it out of the bewitched abysses of sadness, (no matter how arising,) would be indeed curious to inquire and profitable to say; but it is a theme far too vast for the present purpose. The *Anatomy of Cheerfulness* would reward its writer and its readers better than that work, after executing which Burton destroyed himself; but there is a much smaller matter now before us, "The Game of the Twenty Questions."

Fox, Pitt, and Burke, and many of the foremost men of Charles Butler's time, were, he tells us, passionately fond of this curious amusement; and he relates one instance in which Canning astonished a large dinner party by obligingly furnishing them with a practical illustration of the skill which had been attributed to him in the pastime so called. Till then such skill had seemed to the company to be of necessity an exaggeration, a mistake, in short, incredible. Fox, who had some experience in games, and who was a veteran buccaneer in the coarsest forms of gambling excitement, was not insensible to the strange charm of the most elegant, the most tranquil, and the most decidedly intellectual "sport" that ever was devised to beguile the leisure, while exercising the power, of acute and cultivated minds. He threw himself into this mental wrestle with thorough abandonment, and, till at the sixteenth question he had netted the secret, forgot cabinets, and wars, and budgets.

In truth, no game ever invented can more absorb the player *on one side*; and few games ever invented are less calculated to be generally popular. The reason is twofold: first, to play it even decently well some of the very highest faculties of the human intelligence are called into action; and most of us, I suppose, may modestly ask most of us, "Will they *come* when you do call?"

Secondly, the senses are not addressed at all in the process; and since we have

a body as well as a mind, this is an unfavorable condition for any amusement.

On the other hand the advantages are, that no instruments of an artificial kind are required for the game, and that it may be played either indoors or out of doors, either on land or on sea, at all times, in all places, under nearly all circumstances. You need no chessmen, no board, no cards, no theater, no instrument nor implement, save those which nature has provided; and these, in the bodily order at least) need have no degree of excellence. You must have an ear, but not necessarily an ear for music; you must have a voice, but not necessarily for singing; and writing would put the pastime within reach of the deaf and dumb themselves.

What intellectual qualities are demanded in revenge for this exterior and mechanical cheapness or accessibility will be best shown by example.

Here is the whole game. One person thinks of something, in heaven or on earth; it may be anything whatever, abstract or concrete; having or not having matter or body; past, present, or to come; living, dead, or inanimate; whatever, in short, he or she pleases. This done, the individual who has thought of the thing which has to be discovered either confides it secretly to the knowledge of some third person, or writes it down with equal secrecy on a slip of paper which is placed aside in safety.

This precaution of either mentioning or putting on paper the thing thought of is to prevent the possibility or the suspicion of having changed the object, as well as to enable any umpire present to judge whether the questions to be asked shall have been fairly and exactly answered.

When the preliminaries here mentioned have been accomplished, the opponent in the game begins his part. But here it need scarcely be said that it is not necessary to the true conduct of the game itself that there be a wager on the issue. All that can be said is, that, as in the little mechanical German game of "Besiegers and Besieged," the besiegers ought to win, so in this intellectual conflict the guesser ought in most cases to defeat the challenger. In most cases he does not. And, indeed, the very contrary appears to be likely, since twenty guesses seem to be very unfairly matched against the countless millions of things in crea-

tion, any one of which the person inviting conjecture may have selected as his "thought."

But here must be stated a condition which has generally been adopted to render the chances more equitable; it is, that you must think of your object *within* the sphere of your adversary's fairly presumable knowledge. Thus, if you know Greek, and your opponent is totally ignorant of that language, it would be mere cheating in this game to select as your *thought* the name of one of Æschylus's plays, or the phrase used by Themistocles when threatened by the Athenian rabble, or even, for example, one of the letters of the Greek alphabet. So with technical pursuits; the farmer must not select some bucolic process or term when playing the game with a physician, nor the physician a medical process when playing it with a layman. The matter must be fairly, as has been said, on common or neutral ground, and within the reasonably presumable knowledge of both parties.

Then the second player should carry off the victory; his twenty permitted questions ought to sweep and exhaust, like a drag-net, the uncounted millions of possible thoughts, until he has landed the very thing selected by his opponent.

But the whole procedure will be best shown by an instance or two.

Suppose, for example, a person has selected as the object to be divined the nose on the guesser's own face. That nose is duly written down, "Mr. A's nose." The paper having been intrusted (unread, if this be liked, and, indeed, unread is more interesting,) Mr. A. begins his askings. One primary and capital principle in these is, that they should be so framed as that the answer, whether negative or affirmative, should give a class of things distinctly rejecting all other classes, and manifestly that the first classes thus rejected should be as large as possible; otherwise a hundred questions, or many hundreds, might not be enough. It follows that you must open with the most general forms of being, and so come down to particulars. The reader will see that there is great art, and that this art implies a high philosophic mind in never wasting a question. Nothing is easier. If you ask whether it be any individual specimen of a species before you have asked whether it belongs to that species

at all, you waste the question; for it may not be that individual specimen, and yet you have made no progress. There are thousands, perhaps millions such, any of which it may be; and if you even were allowed to go through them all, one by one, you are still at fault, and in a wrong category of things.

First, then, we will suppose Mr. A. to inquire whether the thing be immaterial. The answer to this is absolutely *certain* to disencumber him at once of millions and millions of objects, and to reduce proportionately the field of his search. The answer in the present case happens to be "No," since the nose on his face is incontestably material. Getting this answer, he reflects what are the widest classifications of material objects, and he remembers that they are all divided into the animate and inanimate. He, therefore, asks next, "Is it inanimate?" Answer No. 2, "No." It is a material and an animate object. Again he thinks what are the widest classes of the material animate world, and he remembers that it is *all* either human or brute. He asks, "Does it belong to the brute order?" Answer No. 3, "No." "Is it male?" Answer No. 4, "Yes."

Here the guesser naturally imagines it is either a corporate body, such as a nation, or a society, or else a man. He asks, "Is the name of it a noun plural?" Answer No. 5, "No." He concludes it is an individual man. "Is it dead?" Answer No. 6, "No."

His next question produces a burst of laughter, if the object to be discovered is known to the rest of the company, which burst of laughter is of immense service to the questioner; for which reason better, as we have said, that the object should not be thus known to any save the one person who has framed and written down the "puzzler."

Our friend demands, with a severe and meditative frown, "Is he a public character, (a general chorus of merriment,) or is he in private life?" Renewed laughter.)

He who has to reply, in all probability, now damages his own chances of victory, by his perplexed manner, by the observations he makes, and by the discussion which they provoke among the amused bystanders. "How shall I answer that question?" says he. Suppose the ques-

tioner is a public character, still whoever heard of a public nose? Here the questioner, who has attentively watched these appearances of hesitation and bewilderment, remarks that what he meant to ask is, "Whether the individual may or may not, in common parlance, be said to belong to public life?" Fresh hesitation, and a renewed but low burst of little laughs all round the circle, like the small spitting fire that runs along a train of gunpowder. "The individual!" What can they say to the query? Can they say "*he*?" After much hesitation they perhaps pronounce the question impossible to answer in that shape, but still insist upon his counting it as his seventh. Very well; but in that case he equally insists upon some answer, and this is manifestly fair. Finally, they tell him that "he may call it public, if he pleases." "*It*!" That pronoun startles him, upsets all his foregone conclusions, and lands him, for the moment, in thick darkness.

Then *it* is not a man; but yet he has been informed that the name of it is a noun singular; consequently it is not a corporate body, and further, it is material, animate, human, and male. Still it is not an individual. What else besides an individual man can be material, animate, human, singular, and masculine? He is lost in his reflections; a long silence on his part ensues; the rest begin to talk about other matters; not only his reasoning powers, but his faculty of concentration also, are considerably taxed, to save himself from being diverted or distracted from the trail, now grown so faint, which must guide him to a solution. From time to time he is good-naturedly assured that "he will never guess it;" and his adversary probably invites him to give it up at once, own himself vanquished, and hear the true answer thundered in his ears.

No, he won't. Often, at such a stage of the game as this, our friend is forced to get up, take his hat, and pursue his meditations somewhere else, beyond reach of disturbance. We omit what may be called the illegitimate or accidental helps toward a discovery, such as the fixed glances at the object, if within sight, or the studious avoidance of even a glance in that direction, etc.

He is gone. He returns with a look of resolution. "Is the object," he asks, "a part of anything?" Answer No. 8,

"Yes." He now knows that it is some bodily organ, limb, or sense. But the senses are five in number; the limbs, including fingers, still more numerous; and the structural organs, brain, heart, lungs, etc., practically innumerable. It is very common at a stage like this to waste one or more questions, as we have termed that blunder. For instance, if you ask, "Is it a limb?" and are answered negatively, you are not enabled to conclude that it is one of the senses, for it may be a structural organ; nor that it is one of these, for it may be a sense. This is a very extenuated and excusable example of the mistake of throwing a question away, or at least risking it; because here there are only two unascertained alternatives remaining, whereas there might be, and often are, hundreds, thousands, millions. We have known a case of the following sort. A second game begins, after "*The Emperor Nicholas*" had been the subject for discovery in the first. The new subject or object to be found out is, we will suppose, "*theft*." The questioner begins by asking, "Is it a private person?" He is told it is not; and then he guesses the Emperor Napoleon III., and half a dozen sovereigns in succession. Failing in these, he goes through a list of generals; and, of course, when he winds up, at the twentieth time of asking, with General Tom Thumb, he is just as far from his quarry as he was at starting, having squandered away every single one of his questions.

To return to our own game; the questioner, not being, we will assume, a medical adept, concludes in his own mind that one of the structural organs of the body is not likely to have been fixed upon by his opponent, (the next two answers must set him right, if this conclusion be wrong,) and therefore he feels sure that it is either a limb or a sense. Mark his next inquiry. "Is light important to its operation?" Answer No. 9, "No."

Now light is important to the operation of all the limbs, and among the senses to sight directly; and indirectly, or for practical use, is certainly "*important*," (that was the word,) though not indispensable, to the functions of taste and of touch, which are not comfortably, nor even safely, guided in their operations *without* light. Hearing and smelling, or the ear and the nose, are, of the joint corporation of limbs

and senses, the only members perfectly independent of light in their operations, and, indeed, rather more acute and alive in its absence. The next question disposes of the doubt about the object being any internal organ: "Are there any brutes specially prized and specially used for a similar organ?" Answer No. 10, "Yes." (Fox-hounds, to wit: and no brutes, if they could speak, could say the same for themselves on account of their hearing.)

Our friend next asks, perhaps, "Is the possessor of it a personal acquaintance of mine?" Ten to one, the hesitation, the laughter, and the contradictory answers given here, enlighten the questioner completely. But suppose that an answer be refused, and that he asks again, "Do I know the man (the possessor) as well as I know the people around me?" Answer No. 11, "Yes." "Have I met him today?" The circle breathes more freely, and the twelfth answer is "No." "Within a week?" Thirteenth answer, "No." "Within a month?" Fourteenth answer, "No." "Within a year?" Fifteenth answer, "No." "Within two years?" Sixteenth answer, "No."

Here he pauses triumphantly; the circle around him look equally triumphant. He is told with smiles and jeers that he will *never* guess it. He replies that, after one more question, that is, the seventeenth, he will at once name the object. This is not believed; he is supposed to be quite off the scent, since he has been asking when he *met* the person; this shows he imagines it must be some other person, not himself. But he has forgotten none of the answers: among them, he distinctly remembers having been told that he knows the individual as well as he knows any of the people around him. He now asks, "Have I *ever* met him?" Answer No. 17, "No."

"Then," quoth he, "the subject of your thought is incontestably—"

"What?" cries one.

"Who?" cries the antagonist, more cunning.

"My own nose," continues our victorious friend; and the antagonist drops his head, and acknowledges his defeat.

Enough if, in this slight sketch of an elegant and intellectual pastime, we shall have added to those general resources by which an occasional spare hour may be profitably and entertainingly filled.

THE BOY'S FIRST NIGHT AT A BOARDING-SCHOOL.

WE have school-boys among our readers; some, it may be, who, far from home, have been introduced to strange sights and scenes, and new acquaintances. By them, and not by them only, but by grown-up men, will the little narrative which follows—a mere episode in a school-boy's life—be read, not with interest merely, but with profit. The scene is laid in England, at Rugby School, memorable forever as the scene of the labors and the successes of that peerless teacher, Arnold. The boys were all gathered together as the studies and the sports of the day were over, and as they turned to leave the room, the matron touched Tom's arm, and said, "Master Brown, please stop a minute; I want to speak to you."

"Very well, Mary. I'll come in a minute. East, don't finish the pickles—"

"O, Master Brown," went on the little matron, when the rest had gone, "you're to have Gray's study, Mrs. Arnold says. And she wants you to take in this young gentleman. He's a new boy, and thirteen years old, though he don't look it. He's very delicate, and has never been from home before. And I told Mrs. Arnold I thought you'd be kind to him, and see that they don't bully him at first. He's put into your form, and I've given him the bed next to yours in Number 4; so East can't sleep there this half."

Tom was rather put about by this speech. He had got the double study which he coveted, but here were conditions attached which greatly moderated his joy. He looked across the room, and in the far corner of the sofa was aware of a slight pale boy, with large blue eyes and light fair hair, who seemed ready to shrink through the floor. He saw at a glance that the little stranger was just the boy whose first half-year at a public school would be misery to himself if he were let alone, or constant anxiety to any one who meant to see him through his troubles. Tom was too honest to take in the youngster and then let him shift for himself; and if he took him as his chum instead of East, where were all his pet plans of having a bottled-beer cellar under his window, and making night-lines and slings, and plotting expeditions to Browns-over Mills and Caldecott's Spinney? East and

he had made up their minds to get this study, and then every night from locking-up till ten they would be together, to talk about fishing, drink bottled beer, read Marryatt's novels, and sort birds' eggs. And this new boy would most likely never go out of the close, and would be afraid of wet feet, and always getting laughed at, and called Molly, or Jenny, or some derogatory feminine nickname.

The matron watched him for a moment, and saw what was passing in his mind, and so, like a wise negotiator, threw in an appeal to his warm heart. "Poor little fellow," said she, in almost a whisper, "his father's dead, and he's got no brothers. And his mamma, such a kind, sweet lady, almost broke her heart at leaving him this morning; and she said one of his sisters was like to die of decline, and so—"

"Well, well," burst in Tom, with something like a sigh at the effort. "I suppose I must give up East. Come along, young 'un. What's your name? We'll go and have some supper, and then I'll show you our study."

"His name's George Arthur," said the matron, walking up to him with Tom, who grasped his little delicate hand, as the proper preliminary to making a chum of him, and felt as if he could have blown him away. "I've had his books and things put into the study, which his mamma has had new papered, and the sofa covered, and new green baize curtains over the door. [The diplomatic matron threw this in, to show that the new boy was contributing largely to the partnership comforts.] And Mrs. Arnold told me to say," she added, "that she should like you both to come up to tea with her. You know the way, Master Brown, and the things are just gone up, I know."

Here was an announcement for Master Tom! He was to go up to tea the first night, just as if he were a sixth or fifth form boy, and of importance in the school world, instead of the most reckless young scapegrace among the fags. He felt himself lifted on to a higher moral and social platform at once. Nevertheless, he couldn't give up without a sigh the idea of the jolly supper in the housekeeper's room with East and the rest, and a rush round to all the studies of his friends afterward, to pour out the deeds and wonders of the holidays, to plot fifty plans for the coming half year, and to gather news of

who had left, and what new boys had come, who had got who's study, and where the new præpostors slept. However, Tom consoled himself with thinking that he couldn't have done all this with the new boy at his heels, and so marched off along the passages to the doctor's private house with his young charge in tow, in monstrous good-humor with himself and all the world.

It is needless, and would be impertinent, to tell how the two young boys were received in that drawing-room. The lady who presided there is still living, and has carried with her to her peaceful home in the north the respect and love of all those who ever felt and shared that gentle and high-bred hospitality. Ay, many is the brave heart now doing its work and bearing its load in country curacies, London chambers, under the Indian sun, and in Australian towns and clearings, which looks back with fond and grateful memory to that school-house drawing-room, and dates much of its highest and best training to the lessons learned there.

Besides Mrs. Arnold, and one or two of the elder children, there were one of the younger masters, young Brooke, who was now in the sixth, and had succeeded to his brother's position and influence, and another sixth-form boy there, talking together before the fire. The master and young Brooke, now a great strapping fellow six feet high, eighteen years old, and powerful as a coal-heaver, nodded kindly to Tom, to his intense glory, and then went on talking; the other did not notice them. The hostess, after a few kind words, which led the boys at once and insensibly to feel at their ease, to begin talking to one another, left them with her own children while she finished a letter. The young ones got on fast and well, Tom holding out about a prodigious pony he had been riding out, and hearing stories of the winter glories of the lakes, when tea came in, and immediately after the doctor himself.

How frank, and kind, and manly, was his greeting to the party by the fire; it did Tom's heart good to see him and young Brooke shake hands, and look one another in the face; and he didn't fail to remark that Brooke was nearly as tall, and quite as broad, as the doctor. And his cup was full, when, in another moment, his master turned to him with another warm shake of the hand, and, seemingly oblivious of all

the late scrapes which he had been getting into, said, "Ah, Brown, you here! I hope you left your father and all well at home."

"Yes, sir, quite well."

"And this is the little fellow who is to share your study? Well, he doesn't look as we should like to see him. He wants some Rugby air and cricket. And you must take him some good long walks—to Bilton Grange, and Caldecott's Spinney—and show him what pretty country we have about here."

Tom wondered if the doctor knew that his visits to Bilton Grange were for the purpose of taking rooks' nests, (a proceeding strongly discountenanced by the owner thereof,) and those to Caldecott's Spinney were prompted chiefly by the conveniences for setting night-lines. What, didn't the doctor know? And what a noble use he always made of it. He almost resolved to abjure rook-pies and night-lines forever. The tea went merrily off, the doctor now talking of holiday doings, and then of the prospects of the half year, what chance there was for the Baliol scholarship, whether the eleven would be a good one. Everybody was at his ease, and everybody felt that he, young as he might be, was of some use in the little school world, and had a work to do there. Soon after tea the doctor went off to his study, and the young boys a few minutes afterward took their leave, and went out of the private door which led from the doctor's house into the middle passage.

At the fire, at the further end of the passage, was a crowd of boys in loud talk and laughter. There was a sudden pause when the door opened, and then a great shout of greeting, as Tom was recognized marching down the passage.

"Halloa, Brown, where do you come from?"

"O, I've been to tea with the doctor," says Tom, with great dignity.

"My eye," cried East. "O! so that's why Mary called you back, and you didn't come to supper. You lost something—that beef and pickles was no end good."

"I say, young fellow," cried Hall, detecting Arthur, and catching him by the collar, "what's your name? Where do you come from? How old are you?"

Tom saw Arthur shrink back and look scared as all the group turned to him, but thought it best to let him answer, standing by his side to support in case of need.

"Arthur, sir. I come from Devonshire."

"Don't call me 'sir,' you young muff. How old are you?"

"Thirteen."

"Can you sing?"

The poor boy was trembling and hesitating. Tom struck in, "You be hanged, Tadpole. He'll have to sing, whether he can or not, Saturday twelve weeks, and that's long enough off yet."

"Do you know him at home, Brown?"

"No, but he's my chum in Gray's old study, and it's near prayer time, and I haven't had a look at it yet. Come along, Arthur."

Away went the two, Tom longing to get his charge safe under cover, where he might advise him on his deportment.

"What a queer chum for Tom Brown," was the comment at the fire; and it must be confessed so thought Tom himself, as he lighted his candle, and surveyed the new green baize curtains, and the carpet and sofa, with much satisfaction.

"I say, Arthur, what a brick your mother is, to make us so cosy. But look here now; you must answer straight up when the fellows speak to you, and don't be afraid. If you're afraid, you'll get bullied. And don't you say you can sing; and don't you ever talk about home, or your mother and sisters."

Poor little Arthur looked ready to cry.

"But please," said he, "mayn't I talk about—about home to you?"

"O yes, I like it. But don't talk to boys you don't know; they'll call you home-sick, or mamma's darling, or some such stuff. What a jolly desk! Is that yours? And what stunning binding! Why, your school-books look like novels."

Tom was soon deep in Arthur's goods and chattels, all new and good enough for a fifth-form boy, and hardly thought of his friends outside, till the prayer-bell rung.

The school-house prayers were the same on this the first night as on the other nights, save for the gaps caused by the absence of those boys who came late, and the line of new boys who stood all together at the further table, of all sorts and sizes, like young bears, with all their troubles to come, as Tom's father had said to him when he was in the same position. He thought of it as he looked at the line, and poor, little, slight Arthur, standing with them, and as he was leading him up-stairs to Number 4, directly after prayers, and showing him

his bed. It was a huge, high, airy room, with two large windows looking on to the school close. There were twelve beds in the room. The one in the furthest corner by the fireplace occupied by the sixth-form boy, who was responsible for the discipline of the room.

Within a few minutes of their entry, all the other boys who slept in Number 4 had come up. The little fellows went quietly to their own beds, and began undressing and talking to one another in whispers; while the elder, among whom was Tom, sat chatting about on one another's beds, with their jackets and waistcoats off. Poor little Arthur was overwhelmed with the novelty of his position. The idea of sleeping in the room with strange boys had clearly never crossed his mind before, and was as painful as it was strange to him. He could hardly bear to take his jacket off; however, presently with an effort off it came, and then he paused and looked at Tom, who was sitting at the bottom of his bed talking and laughing.

"Please, Brown," he whispered, "may I wash my face and hands?"

"Of course, if you like," said Tom, staring; "that's your wash-hand-stand under the window, second from your bed. You'll have to go down for more water in the morning, if you use it all." And on he went with his talk, while Arthur stole timidly from between the beds out to his wash-hand-stand, and began his ablutions, thereby drawing for a moment on himself the attention of the room.

On went the talk and laughter. Arthur finished his washing and undressing, and put on his night-gown. He then looked round more nervously than ever. Two or three of the little boys were already in bed, sitting up with their chins on their knees. The light burned clear, the noise went on. It was a trying moment for the poor little lonely boy; however, this time he didn't ask Tom what he might or might not do, but dropped on his knees by his bedside, as he had done every day from his childhood, to open his heart to Him who heareth the cry and beareth the sorrows of the tender child and the strong man in agony.

Tom was sitting at the bottom of his bed unlacing his boots, so that his back was toward Arthur, and he didn't see what had happened, and looked up in wonder at the sudden silence. Then two or three boys laughed and sneered, and a big brutal fel-

low, who was standing in the middle of the room, picked up a slipper, and shied it at the kneeling boy, calling him a sniveling young shaver. Then Tom saw the whole, and the next moment the boot he had just pulled off flew straight at the head of the bully, who had just time to throw up his arm and catch it on his elbow.

"Confound you, Brown; what's that for?" roared he, stamping with pain.

"Never mind what I mean," said Tom, stepping on the floor, every drop of blood in his body tingling; "if any fellow wants the other boot, he knows how to get it."

What would have been the result is doubtful, for at this moment the sixth-form boy came in, and not another word could be said. Tom and the rest rushed into bed, and finished unrobing there, and the old verger, as punctual as the clock, had put out the candle in another minute, and toddled on to the next room, shutting the door with his usual "Good-night, genl'm'n."

There were many boys in the room by whom that little scene was taken to heart before they slept. But sleep seemed to have deserted the pillow of poor Tom. For some time his excitement, and the flood of memories which chased one another through his brain, kept him from thinking or resolving. His head throbbed, his heart leaped, and he could hardly keep himself from springing out of bed and rushing about the room. Then the thought of his own mother came across him, and the promise he had made at her knee, years ago, never to forget to kneel by his bedside, and give himself up to his Father, before he laid his head on the pillow, from which it might never rise; and he lay down gently, and cried as if his heart would break. He was only fourteen years old.

It was no light act of courage in those days for a little fellow to say his prayers publicly, even at Rugby. A few years later, when Arnold's manly piety had begun to leaven the school, the tables turned; before he died, in the school-house at least, and I believe in the other houses, the rule was the other way. But poor Tom had come to school in other times. The first few nights after he came, he did not kneel down because of the noise, but sat up in bed till the candle was out, and then stole out and said his prayers, in fear lest some one should find him out. So did many another poor fellow. Then he began to

think that he might just as well say his prayers in bed, and then that it didn't matter whether he was kneeling, or sitting, or lying down. And so it had come to pass with Tom, as with all who will not confess their Lord before men; and for the last year he had probably not said his prayers in earnest a dozen times.

Poor Tom! the first and bitterest feeling, which was like to break his heart, was the sense of his own cowardice. The vice of all others which he loathed was brought in and burned in on his own soul. He had lied to his mother, to his conscience, to his God. How could he bear it? And then the poor little weak boy, whom he had pitied and almost scorned for his weakness, had done that which he, braggart as he was, dared not do. The first dawn of comfort came to him in saying to himself that he would stand by that boy through thick and thin, and cheer him, and help him, and bear his burdens, for the good deed done that night. Then he resolved to write home next day and tell his mother all, and what a coward her son had been. And then peace came to him as he resolved, lastly, to bear his testimony next morning. The morning would be harder than the night to begin with, but he felt that he could not afford to let one chance slip. Several times he faltered, for the devil showed him, first, all his friends calling him "Saint" and "Square-toes," and a dozen hard names, and whispered to him that his motives would be misunderstood, and he would only be left alone with the new boy; whereas it was his duty to keep all means of influence, that he might do good to the largest number. And then came the more subtle temptation, "Shall I not be showing myself braver than others by doing this? Have I any right to begin it now? Ought I not rather to pray in my own study, letting other boys know that I do so, and trying to lead them to it, while in public at least I should go on as I have done?" However, his good angel was too strong that night, and he turned on his side and slept, tired of trying to reason, but resolved to follow the impulse which had been so strong, and in which he had found peace.

Next morning he was up and washed and dressed, all but his jacket and waistcoat, just as the ten minutes' bell began to ring, and then in the face of the whole room he knelt down to pray. Not five

words could he say—the bell mocked him; he was listening for every whisper in the room—what were they all thinking of him? He was ashamed to go on kneeling, ashamed to rise from his knees. At last, as it were from his inmost heart, a still small voice seemed to breathe forth the words of the publican, “God be merciful to me a sinner!” He repeated them over and over, clinging to them as for his life, and rose from his knees comforted and humbled, and ready to face the whole world. It was not needed: two other boys besides Arthur had already followed his example, and he went down to the great school with a glimmering of another lesson in his heart—the lesson that he who has conquered his own coward spirit has conquered the whole outward world; and that other one which the old prophet learned in the cave in Mount Horeb, when he hid his face, and the still small voice asked, “What doest thou here, Elijah?” that, however we may fancy ourselves alone on the side of good, the King and Lord of men is nowhere without his witnesses; for in every society, however seemingly corrupt and godless, there are those who have not bowed the knee to Baal.

He found, too, how greatly he had exaggerated the effect to be produced by his act. For a few nights there was a sneer or a laugh when he knelt down; but this passed off soon, and one by one all the other boys but three or four followed the lead. I fear that this was in some measure owing to the fact, that Tom could probably have thrashed any boy in the room except the præpostor; at any rate, everybody knew that he would try upon very slight provocation, and didn't choose to run the risk of a hard fight because Tom Brown had taken a fancy to say his prayers. Some of the small boys of Number 4 communicated the new state of things to their chums, and in several other rooms the poor little fellows tried it on; in one instance or so, where the præpostor heard of it and interfered very decidedly, with partial success; but in the rest, after a short struggle, the confessors were bullied or laughed down, and the old state of things went on for some time longer. Before either Tom Brown or Arthur left the school, there was no room in which it had not become the regular custom. I trust it is so still, and that the old heathen state of things has gone out forever.

A CHAPTER ON NATURAL HISTORY.

THE HEDGEHOG.

AMONG the ancient Egyptians, and in the Greek and Roman fabulists, the Hedgehog was the emblem of craft and subtlety. Ælian has much to tell us about his warfare with the foxes, and Aldrorandus devotes many pages to the proverbs and symbolism connected with him. In the rural districts of our own country he is the subject of many curious superstitions, which cause him to be remorselessly killed wherever he shows himself. His old English name, *urchin*, was also one of the popular names of the elves, many of whose attributes were believed to resemble his. The fairies sucked cows as they slept, and so did the hedgehog, and, like them also, he took especial delight in pillaging orchards. Pliny, indeed, informs us that he climbs up the trees, and after shaking off the choicest apples and pears, tumbles himself down upon them, and runs away with his booty sticking upon his back! but this is either one of Pliny's longshots, or the idiosyncrasy of some individual Tuscan, for at any rate it is not the custom of the English species. To hear his cry when one is starting on a journey, is reckoned very unlucky. “The hedgepig thrice hath whined” is one of the dismal omens which herald in the caldron-scene in *Macbeth*; and Prospero's spirits, it will be remembered, turned into hedgehogs to annoy Caliban. A little animal possessing such very negative means of defense would seem to be harmless and pitiable; but, according to our rustics, he is the most astute creature in all creation, not excepting even the fox. The peasantry of Berkshire have a legend about him, in which Reynard plays but a poor figure. A fox and a hedgehog, they say, once disputed which of them was the swifter animal, and agreed to run a race of three heats between two ditches in a large field. The hedgehog, like a cunning old knave as he was, hid his wife in the ditch which was to form the goal, so that when he had made a pretense of starting she might jump out, and pretend to be himself just arrived. No sooner had the fox cried “Off!” than Mrs. Hedgehog cried “In!” and directly she had in her turn made a false start back, old Thorney-sides leaped out and said, “In again!” So after three desper-

ate runs, the broken-winged fox, which never perceived the ruse, was compelled to yield, and ever since that day the hedgehog has been his master.

The hedgehog usually takes up his residence in woods or wide double hedge-rows, where he can hide away beneath the underwood; but he is perhaps fondest of a little thicket of fern and bracken near a running stream. The best time to meet with him is on a summer evening soon after sunset, for he is then just roused from his day-sleep, and walks out to look after food. You may often see him stealthily creeping along a hedge-bottom, rooting with his long snout among the herbage, and every now and then stopping to craunch, with extra gusto, some delicious *bonne bouche* in the shape of a savory cockroach or plump earthworm. The moment he sees you he begins to run; but his awkward legs are not meant for fleetness; and directly he sees there is no chance of escape, he tumbles upon his side, bows his head under his breast, draws in his legs and tail, and in half a second lies at your mercy, a ball of prickles. While in this position it would be as easy to tear him to pieces as to pull him open; he resists every effort, and possesses, moreover, a power of elevating and depressing his spines at will, which makes the attempt far from pleasant. So great is the strength and toughness of this covering, that Mr. Bell states he has seen a hedgehog in his possession run toward the precipitous wall of an area, and without a moment's hesitation throw itself off, contracting at the same instant into a ball, in which condition it reached the ground from a height of twelve or fourteen feet, and after a short interval it would unfold itself, and run off unhurt.

For his size the hedgehog is immensely fierce. He is a great gourmand, and will face almost any danger to please his palate. They are often known to enter poultry-houses, and after driving away the hens, devour the eggs. The young of birds which build their nests near the ground, are eaten by them, and they even attack the snake. This latter fact was often doubted till Professor Buckland put it to the test by shutting up the two animals together in a large box. When first introduced it was not apparent whether the snake recognized his enemy. It did not dart away, but kept creeping gently

round the box while the hedgehog lay rolled up and did not appear to see the intruder. The professor then lay the hedgehog on the snake, with that part of the ball where the head and tail meet downward, and touching it. The snake proceeded to crawl; the hedgehog started, opened slightly, and seeing what was under, gave the snake a hard bite, and instantly rolled itself up again. After lying a minute it opened a second, and again a third time, repeating the bite; and by the third bite the back of the snake was broken. This done, the hedgehog stood by the snake's side, and passed its whole body successively through its jaws, cracking and breaking it at intervals of half an inch or more, by which operation the snake was quite finished. The hedgehog then placed itself at the tip of his fallen enemy's tail, and began to eat upward, as one would eat a raddish, slowly, but without intermission, till half of him was devoured, and next morning he ate the remainder.

There is another peculiarity about the hedgehog which is very little known, but, if properly investigated, seems likely to lead to valuable discoveries. No poison of any kind will act upon its system. Pallas gave one a hundred cantharides, which the animal appeared to relish amazingly; while half of one of these acrid insects given to a dog or cat would cause the most horrible torment.

The home of a hedgehog is a curious little structure of moss and dried leaves, and is generally constructed with greater skill than that of any other of the nest-making mammalia. Sometimes he builds it under the shade of a thick furze-bush, or oftener still in the little caves hollowed out by the rain

"Under an oak whose antique root peeps out;

and this, perhaps, is his favorite den, as it affords him the most protection from the foxes and dogs. The care he takes in rendering his dwelling wind and rain proof, has given rise to a popular notion that he is able to foresee changes in the weather, and alters the situation of his house accordingly; hence, in many parts of England, a hedgehog's nest is looked upon as a kind of *Murphy's Almanac*, altogether infallible. Bodenham, in his *Garden of the Muses*, published in 1600, alludes to this idea in the simile:

"As hedgehogs doe foresee ensuing stormes,
So wise men are for fortune still prepared."

Into this hibernaculum, when the nights become chilly, and his food scarce, he betakes himself for his long winter's sleep; first, however, taking care to roll himself up in such a prodigious quantity of moss and dried leaves that the severest snows will leave him warm and dry. Unlike the rest of the sleepers, he accumulates no provisions. The only store he takes with him is a goodly layer of fat about the viscera and under the skin, which is slowly absorbed, as the waste of his inactive life requires. With the first warm beams of spring he wakes up lean and hungry; and it is said that in this voracious condition he will attack almost anything, and has even been known to break his fast upon a hen.

The disposition of the hedgehog may be very considerably modified by taming. James Dousa, the celebrated Dutch scholar, had a pet one which followed him about, and evinced the greatest attachment for his person. When it died, Lipsius immortalized its memory in some Latin verses, almost as rough and unpoetical as the subject. In London they are much used to destroy the black beetles which abound in the underground kitchens; and many instances are recorded of their becoming familiar with those who treat them kindly. The writer formerly had one who used to know his name, "Spot," very well, and would directly uncoil himself at the sound of his master's voice. He had so far overcome his natural timidity as to lie before the fire in company with a cat and dog. With the latter he was on very friendly terms; but the cat and he always regarded each other with mutual aversion. Every now and then, without the slightest provocation, he would suddenly open and bite her leg or tail, and then instantaneously contract himself again with a *Touch-me-if-you-dare* kind of air, which was vastly amusing. This may have been the mere exuberance of hedgehog spirits, but it was a great deal too much like earnest to make it pleasant for pussy, who, however, never ventured to retaliate, for she had probably found that his prickles were more than a match for her claws. She contrived to kitten upon a table, in order that her young should be out of his reach; but one day, during her absence, he

climbed up by the leg, and pushed one of them off, and then rolling himself down after it, was proceeding to drag it away by the neck to his hole under the fire-place, when the mother happened to return. Then ensued a battle-royal. Utterly unmindful of her usual caution, the infuriated parent dashed herself three separate times against the enemy, and was each time received with fixed bayonets. Never, probably, was there such an expenditure of spitting and fuming; but all to no purpose, for the hedgehog clung to his prey like a ferret. Had not the writer interfered, and caused the hedgehog to drop the kitten, it would probably have been rent in two between the combatants. The cat was much pricked all over her face and shoulders, and the hedgehog had some ugly scratches under his throat.

The uses to which the hedgehog has been put are numerous. Among the peasantry on the continent, and in many parts of England, it is used as food to a considerable extent. Hedgehog-dumpling is by no means an uncommon cottage-dinner in Buckinghamshire. The flesh of the young animal is very white, and not unlike rabbit. Among the Romans the spines were extensively used in carding wool, and several decrees of the senate are extant against the rich wool-staplers, who were in the habit of buying them all up, and thus forestalling the market. According to Albertus Magnus, the right eye of a hedgehog, fried in oil, and kept in a brass vessel, imparts a virtue to the oil, so that when used as an ointment to the eye it imparts such a wonderful clearness of vision, as to enable a person to see as well by night as by day! The fat is still believed by our country-folks to be very efficacious in deafness, and many a hedgehog falls a martyr to the delusion.

We were about taking leave of our hero without saying a word about his domestic relations. He chooses his mate early in the spring, and it is said remains constant to her during the season; but they must be very knowing people who can speak positively upon such a delicate subject. She usually produces from two to four at a time. When first born they are very pretty little animals, with soft white spines and hanging ears. As they approach maturity the thorns become harder and darker, and the ears become erect.



SCENES FROM COUNTRY LIFE.

AUTUMN, the favorite season of most poets, is thus described by Keats :

SEASON of mists and mellow fruitfulness!
Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun;
Conspiring with him how to load and bless
With fruit the vines that round the thatch-
eaves run;

To bend with apples the moss'd cottage trees,
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;
To swell the gourd and plump the hazel-
shells

With a sweet kernel; to set budding more,
And still more, later flowers for the bees,
Until they think warm days will never cease,
For summer has o'er-brimm'd their clammy
cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store?
Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind;
Or on a half-reap'd furrow sound asleep, [hook
Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while thy
Spares the next swath and all its twined
flowers;

And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep
Steady thy laden head across a brook;
Or by a cider-press, with patient look,
Thou watchest the last oozings, hours by
hours. [are they?

Where are the songs of Spring? Ay, where
Think not of them, thou hast thy music too,
While barred clouds bloom the soft dying day,
And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue;



Then in a willful choir the small gnats mourn
 Among the river shallows, borne aloft
 Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies ;
 And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly
 bourn ;
 Hedge-cricket sing ; and now, with treble soft,
 The redbreast whistles from a garden croft,
 And gathering swallows twitter in the
 skies.

The village inn, at this particular season of the year, was, in days gone by, and to some extent is so still, the great center of attraction. Our engraving represents an old English inn, as it existed in the days of the "magnanimous Goldsmith," whose charming description of it is well known to all classes of readers. Here is another tribute to autumn, from the pen of Jonathan Freke Slingsby :

THE Autumn light is sleeping
 Upon the yellow plain ;
 The harvest-men are reaping
 The swarths of golden grain ;
 The merry maids the furrows throng,
 And bind the sheaves with cheerful song,
 While children stoop the ears to glean
 That fall the maidens' hands between.

At length, with day's declining,
 The westering sun sinks bright ;
 The harvest moon, now shining,
 Floods heaven with mellow light ;
 Upon the greensward merrily,
 To notes of rustic minstrelsy,
 Young men and maidens, free from care,
 Dance in the evening autumn air.

Now sere the leaves are growing
 With many a russet streak,
 Just like the death-bloom glowing
 On a dying maiden's cheek.

Now bleakly blows the autumn breeze,
And sweeps the leaves from moaning trees,
And rain by day and frost by night
O'er spread the flowers and fields with blight.

But though the leaves are dying,
And flowers have lost their bloom,
Though blight on earth is lying,
And heaven is fill'd with gloom,
O trustful heart! be of good cheer,
For time brings round the rolling year;
When winter, and spring, and summer are o'er
The golden autumn will teem once more.

THE GRAVES OF WORDSWORTH AND HIS RELATIVES.

WE shall never forget, says a writer in a late number of the *Leisure Hour*, one of our earliest interviews with the poet Wordsworth. He was strolling along under the fine trees of Rydal Hall, with a bundle of sticks under his arm, to which he was continually adding as he went dreamily along. This was his constant habit; and who knows what pleasant thoughts, what

stray fancies, what chance musings, and recovered associations, he may have thus picked up from the green bosom of his dear mother earth, and bound together in bundles with the beautiful thread of poesy? On this occasion he talked as if this were the natural process of his mind; and stopping suddenly, he exclaimed, "Pardon me; that is too fine a one to be passed by." "He was doing this," said Mr. Quillinan, "when I first encountered him, thirty years ago." And here we are, meditating among the remarkable cluster of graves in the Grasmere church-yard. The principal one, with the name of William Wordsworth on it, and nothing more, is as eloquent as it is touchingly simple. There are other graves beside his, under those dim yew-trees; the grave of his only daughter, the beloved and refined Dora Quillinan; the grave of her husband, the elegant scholar, graceful poet, and choice companion, Edward Quillinan; the grave of Wordsworth's sister, Dorothy, one in



whom the light of genius flared up so fitfully that the clay which held it soon became scorched and shivered; and, once more, the grave of the gifted but wayward Hartley Coleridge. Poor Hartley! What tides of hereditary eloquence have poured from his lips, while we have sat by and wondered! How has he suddenly drawn up his bent and degraded-looking figure into the dignity of an intellectual man, while the dull eye has startingly told of the power that was chained within! We have grounds for the hope that, in the quiet of that chamber of death, the captive was in every sense set free, and the contrite spirit received into the glorious liberty of the redeemed.

THE LOTTERY TICKET.

IN a remote part of the city of Padua, near the ancient church of Santa Sofia, was, and is probably there still, an old house, inclosed by walls, and approached by large gates, which were seldom or never opened; the mode of ingress being by a small wicket gate at the side.

The outer aspect of the house was dull and gloomy, for almost all the windows opened on to an inner court, which was surrounded on the four sides by the building. The open staircase was in one corner of the edifice, and the different rooms above stairs were approached by open balconies, in the old Italian fashion. Few of the apartments had fire-places, and seldom was smoke seen to issue from the funnel-shaped chimneys, common in Padua and other localities near Venice, which seemed designed rather for the admission of rain and snow than for the exit of smoke.

The owner and occupier of this silent and gloomy dwelling was an elderly man, of retired and penurious habits. Giuseppe Balducci, for such was his name, inherited from his father a small independence, which was believed greatly to exceed his expenditure. His parsimonious habits increased with his years, and from being at first only economical, he became miserly. He had but few friends, and an acquaintance seldom crossed his threshold. Indeed, such was his reputation for stinginess, that it was a common saying of his tenants to whom he gave receipts (the only thing he was ever known to give) for the rent they owed him, that in order to save ink, he would neither cross a *t* nor dot an *i*.

At the period to which my story relates, his whole establishment consisted of one female servant, who had attained the mature age of fifty. Bettina had been brought up by the mother of Balducci, and, after the death of her mistress, had been transferred to the *ménage* of the son, in which she had faithfully discharged the duties of cook, housekeeper, and maid of all work, for upward of twenty years, and had attained, as far as it was possible for any one to attain, the confidence of her master. She was active and industrious, and long habit had familiarized her with the miserly ways of Balducci. Bettina had also another advantage in the eyes of her master: she was so plain that Balducci had never been annoyed by suitors for the hand of his servant, and it was currently reported that Bettina had never had a lover.

Balducci was not more indulgent to Bettina's female acquaintance than he would have been to her friends of the other sex. He admitted none of them within his house; for he had a horror of gossiping, and was so far conscious of his eccentricities as to be unwilling to afford opportunities of their becoming a subject of conversation to his neighbors. Bettina, however, made up for her silence and solitude at home, by the good use she made of her tongue and ears when going to, or returning from, mass or market.

One morning Bettina went to purchase provisions at the market held in the Piazza in front of the Palazzo della Ragione, the ancient Town-hall of Padua. The morning was cloudy, and just as she had finished her marketing the rain, which had been threatening all the morning, began to fall.

Now, when it rains in Italy, especially during the autumn, and this was in the month of November, it rains in earnest. There are none of your half-measures—Scotch mists or gentle showers—but regular downright rain, falling straight as a plumb-line, not in drops, but in streams, as if it had been poured out of a bucket; a rain that would almost wet a man to the skin before he could open his umbrella. Bettina was not exactly prepared for such a rain as this; she hoped, in fact, to reach home before the rain came, for she could not carry at the same time her heavy basket, and one of the large and clumsy umbrellas, covered with waxed cloth, gen-

erally used by the lower orders in Lombardy. The white muslin shawl with which her head was covered was no protection against such weather as this; and as her high-heeled shoes covered her toes only, leaving the heels bare, her clean white stockings would soon be plastered with mud.

The sides of the Piazza where the market was held were skirted with arcades formed by the projection of the upper stories over the basement. In consequence of their vicinity to the market, the space beneath the arcades was occupied as open shops, a narrow passage being left for the convenience of the passengers. Bettina had a friend, Monna Lisetta, who kept a draper's shop in this locality; with her the housekeeper took shelter from the rain, and awaited the chance of the rain ceasing, or of some acquaintance going her way with an umbrella, which was sure to be large enough to cover her as well as the owner.

Monna Lisetta gave her visitor a seat, and found room for her heavy basket in the shop. The two women were soon engaged in conversation. There was no lack of subjects: when they had discussed the weather and the affairs of their neighbors, there were still the shop goods to talk about. Monna Lisetta had many pretty gown-pieces which she tried to induce her visitor to purchase; but, although Bettina liked to look at pretty things, she was in no humor to buy. She shook her head and pleaded poverty.

"You need not be poor long if you will do as Gian Sarpi has done. If you have only half his good luck, you will be a rich woman."

"What has he done, and what good luck has he had?" inquired Bettina, whose curiosity was excited.

"Why, he has bought a ticket in the Lottery, and drawn a prize of twenty thousand *zwanzigers*!"

"Indeed! He's a lucky fellow," said Bettina.

"Why don't you try your luck? and if you get a prize, you can buy this dress, and any others you please."

As Lisetta spoke, she pointed to a wide placard on the walls of the Palazzo della Ragione, announcing, in very large letters, that certain numbers had turned up prizes in the Imperial and Royal Lottery, and that many tickets were yet undisposed of.

"I am thinking of buying a ticket myself," added Lisetta. "Look, there is Maso Ferrari now coming out of the office. I wonder whether he has purchased one. Let us ask." She beckoned to a man who, covered with a large green umbrella, was then crossing the road.

"What have you been doing over yonder?" asked Lisetta, as he shook his umbrella preparatory to closing it, and stepped into the shop.

"Buying a lottery ticket," said he.

"Ah! I thought you could not resist, after you had heard of Gian Sarpi's good fortune. I am thinking of trying my luck, and I want Monna Bettina to do the same."

"If I thought I was sure of getting a prize," said Bettina, doubtingly.

"One is all but sure," answered Lisetta.

"There are two prizes of one hundred thousand *zwanzigers* each to be drawn soon, and if I should be lucky enough to get one of them," said Maso, clasping his hands, while his eyes sparkled with anticipated happiness, "why, my fortune will be made, and I may ride in my coach, instead of carrying this green umbrella over my head in the rain, and tramping through the mud."

"And you can buy a dress for your wife off this piece of stuff," said Lisetta, who had always an eye to business. "Isn't it a beauty?" She displayed the cloth, gathering it up in her hand like the folds of a dress, and holding it in as good a light as she could command; then she turned it toward Bettina.

"It is very pretty, certainly," said the housekeeper, thus directly appealed to; "I should like it very much, but I cannot afford it."

"Ah! you'll tell a different tale when you have drawn a prize in the lottery."

"Stuff and nonsense! I don't mean to buy a ticket."

Bettina advanced to the entrance of the arch, and looked this way and that to see whether the rain had abated; and, not trusting to her eyes alone, she held out her hand to feel.

"The rain is abating," said she; "I must hasten home. If you are going my way, Maso, will you give me shelter under your umbrella?"

"With pleasure," replied Maso. Bettina took up her basket, and after bidding

Lisetta good-by, and gathering her dress above her ankles to keep it clean, she walked in company with Maso as far as the gate of Balducci's house; where, thanking him for his civility, she let herself in and secured the door.

The hour was so late that Bettina had scarcely time to prepare for dinner; but when her work was done, and she sat down to her evening occupation of knitting a cotton stocking, she had leisure to think about the lottery ticket. The hope of suddenly acquiring riches, and of stepping at one jump from poverty to wealth, is always a great temptation, and it requires a strong mind to resist the impulse. The more Bettina thought about the lottery ticket, the brighter and more alluring appeared the prizes, while the blanks seemed entirely to be forgotten. Why should not she get a prize as well as Gian Sarpi? She thought she would try. But what if her ticket should not turn up a prize? Well, then, she should lose a few florins, and, thanks to the Madonna and "the Santo,"* that would not ruin her. She could afford to lose a few. She *would* try. As she plied her knitting needle, her thoughts busied themselves in castle-building, and she formed many plans for the disposal of the prize which she now made sure of obtaining.

The next day, without saying a word to her master, or even to Lisetta, she went to the lottery office and purchased a ticket.

Full of hope and expectation, Bettina returned to the house, and as she folded up the clean white muslin shawl, with which, according to the custom of the country, she had covered her head when she left home, bright visions of *zwanzigers* and florins floated before her, and although she went about her work as usual, the lottery ticket absorbed all her thoughts.

Bettina now resolved to tell her master what she had done, and only waited for a favorable occasion. One day, when Balducci had eaten his dinner and appeared particularly amicable, Bettina informed her master of her purchase. But the poor woman little anticipated the reception her communication would meet with, and she was totally unprepared for the volley of

reproaches which Balducci lavished on her folly in thus squandering away her savings.

"A lottery ticket!" he exclaimed: "you must be mad, quite mad! Would any person in his senses have purchased a lottery ticket? Do you know that for every prize there are hundreds of blanks? that the chances are nearly a thousand to one against you? If the blanks were not greatly more numerous than the prizes, do you think the government could afford to carry on the lotteries?"

"But somebody must win, and why should not I?" observed Bettina.

"Many must lose," replied Balducci, parodying her expression, "and why should you not be one of them?"

Bettina's countenance fell. Her friends had shown her only the bright side of the picture, and, simple-minded as she was, she had given implicit credence to their representations. Balducci had torn the veil rudely from her eyes, and she began to think that she might not only lose her money, but her master's favor, for she had never seen him so much excited. The poor woman did not hazard a reply; she was leaving the kitchen, where her master took his meals, when Balducci called her back.

"What is the number of your ticket?" he inquired.

"4444," replied Bettina.

Balducci quietly took a piece of charcoal from the fire, and marked the number on the chimney-piece.

"That is all; you may go now. Let me hear no more of this foolish business."

Bettina left the room, and busied herself about her work. How different now were her feelings from what they had been only half an hour before, when, elated with hope and the pleasing anticipation of success, she had made known her purchase to Balducci!

She was startled from her work by an unusual noise. Her ear told her that the sound proceeded from the pantry. Thither she hurried, and Balducci, who had also been attracted by the noise, followed her. On opening the door the cause of the clamor soon became evident. Bettina, whose thoughts were bent on her lottery ticket, had gone into the pantry to put away the remains of the dinner, and not perceiving that the cat—for, miser as he was, Balducci kept a cat; at least if he can be

* St. Antonio is always spoken of in and around Padua as "*Il Santo*," the saint par excellence.

said to have *kept* her when she lived upon nothing but mice—had entered with her, and had been shut in. The cat had made most of her time, and as a fowl was a greater treat to her than mice, she had made bold to seize it, and in jumping down with her prey in her mouth, she had knocked down some crockery, among which was Balducci's favorite plate. Bettina and her master entered the pantry in time to rescue the fowl, but the china plate was shattered into twenty pieces. Neither cement nor rivets could put it together again. The author of the mischief slipped out when the door was opened, and did not venture to show herself again for several days. Bettina was dumb with consternation; Balducci furious with passion.

"Vile, gambling, extravagant hussy," he exclaimed, "is this the way you take care of your master's property? Did I bring home a fowl which cost me a zwanziger and a half, to be eaten by a cat? I'll tie her up by the neck to the fig-tree in the court, to serve as a warning to all her thievish race, as soon as I can lay my hands upon her. But my plate, my china plate, which my father brought from India, and which he eat off as long as he lived, and which I have used ever since, it cannot be replaced. It was beyond all price, and to have it broken at last by a cat! It is past endurance; and you, spendthrift and gambler, what shall I say to you, fool that you are! This all comes of your folly in buying the lottery ticket! You shall pay for the plate; you shall pay for the fowl. Get you gone out of my sight." He pushed her before him, and locked the door of the pantry.

Time passed on, and peace was gradually restored in the household of Balducci. As if by mutual agreement, the lottery ticket was not again mentioned by either of them. Balducci, however, had not forgotten it, and he seldom went out without glancing his eye at the government placards to see whether any prizes had been drawn since Bettina's purchase.

One day he observed a crowd of people round the office, and approaching in order to ascertain the cause, he saw it posted up that one of the prizes of one hundred thousand zwanzigers had been drawn, and that the fortunate number was 4444.

Balducci was thunderstruck. It was the number of the ticket purchased by Bettina. Who could have expected that

she would draw a prize, and *such* a prize? She was now richer than he was. It was probable, nay, next to certain that she would leave him, for it was not to be expected that a woman who possessed a fortune of one hundred thousand zwanzigers would continue to act as a menial servant. Whom should he get to supply her place? As these reflections passed through his mind, self, his own dear self being at the bottom of all his cogitations, he wended his way homeward. Suddenly a thought struck him: "What if I were to marry Bettina? Then I should secure not only the zwanzigers, but her services. It is true she is my servant, but I shall not be the first man who has married his servant by a great many. I am growing old, and shall want some one to wait upon me, and who will make so good a nurse as a wife? and Bettina will make a very good wife. She is economical, too, and not given to gadding about; and then she is very obedient, and always treats me with proper respect. Besides, if I don't marry her, soon some one else will; that's certain. I'll go and propose at once; at least as soon as I have ascertained that her ticket has really won the prize. I wrote down the number on the chimney, and can soon satisfy myself. In the meantime I will keep the matter a secret; it will be such an agreeable surprise to Bettina to acquaint her with her good fortune on our wedding-day, for she is sure to accept my offer."

Lost in these agreeable meditations, Balducci knocked at his own gate, which was opened by Bettina.

"Thank you, my dear," said he, very graciously, but without losing a moment, he walked straight up to the chimney and looked anxiously at the number he had marked on it.

It was 4444 to a certainty. Bettina was a rich woman, and should be his wife. He would secure the prize before another should seize it; indeed, before she should hear of her good fortune from others.

In the course of that evening he offered his hand and his fortune—his heart does not appear to have been included in the bargain—to Bettina.

The astonishment of the housekeeper was boundless. She could scarcely believe her ears. In her humility she could not feel sufficiently grateful that her own master, a gentleman of honorable family,

should really offer to make her his wife. She was quite overwhelmed by his condescension. But she was also quite at a loss how to answer him; at last she bethought herself of asking him to give her until the following morning to consider her answer to this very unexpected proposal.

That night was a sleepless one to Bettina. She turned from side to side in her bed until every blade of maize straw of which her mattress was composed, rustled. It was long before she came to a decision, for although she was much flattered by the offer she had received, still Balducci was not exactly the man she should have chosen. She reflected that she was not a young woman, and as a time might come when she would not be able to work, it would be a pleasant thing to think that she was comfortably provided for for life; and this would make amends for some inconveniences. Besides, she really was attached to her master, with whom and with his mother she had lived from her childhood. She made up her mind, then, to accept Balducci's offer, and when at breakfast time he asked for her answer, she acquainted him with her decision.

The next point was to fix the wedding-day. Balducci, who had his own motives for hastening matters, proposed an early day. Bettina saw no reason for postponing the ceremony, especially as her master wished to hasten it. Besides, when the gentleman was sixty years of age, and the lady on the wrong side of fifty, there was certainly no time to lose. An early day was therefore fixed, and the arrangements were specially made for the wedding.

The preparations were very simple. Balducci's house was so close to the church that no carriage was necessary. There were no near relatives on either side, and but few acquaintances. The only guest invited to the wedding dinner was the priest who officiated in Santa Sofia, and who had the care of the consciences of Balducci and Bettina.

The wedding-day arrived, and the Gordian knot, to be severed only by the scythe of death, was tied. Bettina, who never before had a surname, was now entitled to be called "Signora Balducci." The husband and wife walked home from the church arm in arm, and were admitted to their habitation by the new servant, who,

by Balducci's orders, had been hired to take Bettina's place in the kitchen. A goodly dinner, such as had not graced the table of the old house since the death of his mother, was prepared. There was cabbage and pumpkin soup, plentifully flavored with grated Parmesan cheese, a dish of boiled meat, a dish of fried meat, a ragout, a roast fowl; there were truffles swimming in oil, a dish of polenta garnished with small birds, a capital cheese from Lodi. These delicacies were followed by a dessert of apples, figs, mostarda dolce, (that is, plums and other fruits preserved with sugar and mustard-seeds,) savory biscuits, and roasted chestnuts.

Bettina, in her new capacity as mistress, superintended the arrangements for the repast, and as the church clock struck the hour which had been named for the dinner, a gentle tap was heard at the door. It was opened speedily.

"Pax vobiscum," said a cheerful, sonorous voice, and Father Clemente stepped into the room. He was a tall, robust-looking man, who would have been called handsome in any company. He had a ruddy complexion, an aquiline nose, and the prominent, well-cut chin which so strongly marks the Italian type of countenance. A fringe of dark brown hair surrounded his temples, and curled round the edge of his black skull-cap, and his high white forehead. His hazel eyes sparkled with good humor, and harmonized with the pleasant expression of his mouth. His long black garment, buttoned only half way down, did not conceal a well-shaped leg and neat ankle, clad in black knee-breeches and stockings.

"Pax vobiscum," he repeated, removing his skull-cap, which he immediately replaced.

"Et cum vobis," answered Balducci and Bettina.

"My respects to the bride and bridegroom. May you both enjoy many years of happiness," resumed Father Clemente, extending a hand to each, and kindly and heartily pressing theirs. "I hope I am not late."

"Whoever knew a priest too late for dinner?" asked Balducci, who was in unwonted good spirits.

"Not I," answered Father Clemente; "and if I had forgotten the hour, the savory steam issuing from your kitchen and perfuming the surrounding air, would have

reminded me of it. It rejoices the very cockles of my heart."

"My wife has exerted herself to do honor to our guest, and to this our wedding-day. But we must not run the risk of spoiling her cookery by a longer delay."

They took their seats at the table and began dinner; Bettina for the first time presiding as mistress at the table where she had formerly waited as servant. She could not quite shake off the shyness and timidity incident to her new situation; but the cheerful and social humor of Padre Clemente at last succeeded in making her feel at ease. As to Balducci, he was in such uproariously good spirits, especially after the wine—and it was some of the choice vintage of Montmeillant—began to circulate more briskly, that Bettina almost doubted whether he really was her old master.

At last the dessert was placed on the table, and the new servant withdrew.

"My dear," said Balducci, who seemed to fall with wonderful facility into the phraseology of married people, "I have a little surprise which I think will give you as much pleasure as it has done me. Having occasion to go into the town this morning, I observed that a notice was posted up to the effect that a prize of one hundred thousand zwanzigers had just been drawn in the lottery, and that the fortunate number was 4444; the number, if I recollect right, of your ticket."

"O Blessed Virgin Mary!" exclaimed Bettina, clasping her hands. "How unfortunate I am."

"Unfortunate! my dear; quite the reverse, unless you think it a great evil to possess a fortune of one hundred thousand zwanzigers. There is no mistake about it, for I went to the principal office to ascertain the truth."

"There is a mistake," said Bettina, looking very blank.

Balducci began to feel somewhat alarmed. "A mistake? what do you mean?"

"The prize is not mine. I sold the ticket," replied Bettina, with faltering accents.

"Sold the ticket!" almost shrieked Balducci, springing from his seat, and leaning his two hands upon the table, he fixed his eyes with ghastly eagerness upon the now trembling woman. "Sold the ticket, did you say? when? why? speak, woman,"

said he, almost closing his teeth, and stamping wildly with his foot. "Speak!"

"Stop, stop, my friend," said Padre Clemente, "you terrify the signora; give her time to reply to one question at a time."

Bettina also had risen from her seat, and although her eyes were still, with a kind of fascination like that with which a bird gazes at the snake about to devour him, fixed upon Balducci, she instinctively stood behind her chair, which she interposed between herself and the excited interrogator.

"Where is the ticket?" shouted Balducci.

"Alas! I know not," said Bettina. "I have sold it."

"When? where? why?" asked Balducci.

Padre Clemente laid his hand upon the arm of the anxious inquirer. "I will ask her. Leave her to me." Then turning to Bettina, he said kindly, "Will the signora tell me what she knows about the lottery ticket?"

"My master," replied Bettina, who seemed to have fallen back on her old habits of expression, "will recollect that when I told him I had purchased a lottery ticket, he reproved me for my folly, pointing out the small chance I had of drawing a prize, and the all but certainty of losing my money."

"And why did you not tell me what you had done?" asked Balducci, fiercely.

"Gently, gently," interrupted Padre Clemente, the peace-maker, touching the arm of Balducci. Then addressing Bettina, he said, "Will the signora say why she did not mention having sold the ticket?"

"Because my master desired me never to mention the subject to him again."

"You see the signora is not to blame," said the padre.

"Fool, dolt, idiot, accursed be your folly!" exclaimed Balducci, stamping with rage; "accursed be my own folly to suffer myself to be deceived by a woman. Do you think I would have mar—" He stopped abruptly, fortunately recollecting before he exposed them, that his motives in marrying Bettina were not sufficiently pure to bear the light of day. There was a pause. Bettina's eyes were fixed upon him in trembling anxiety; her fate seemed to hang on his words. He struck his

forehead. "I am a ruined man," he exclaimed.

"Not so," said Padre Clemente. "If you have lost a prize in the imperial and royal lottery, you have gained a prize in the great lottery of life. A good wife, such as I am satisfied that Bettina will be, is worth more than one hundred thousand zwanzigers."

"I will part with her for less than half the money," replied Balducci, bitterly; "nay, I will make her a present to any one who will take her off my hands, or even pay something handsome to be rid of her. Confound her, she is as ugly as sin, and as old as Santa Sofia itself."

Padre Clemente, instead of replying, took the hand of Bettina and led her to the door. "Go," said he, "signora, to your room for a short time; he will be reasonable presently."

He shut the door after her and returned to his seat. Balducci stalked up and down the room like a madman. Padre Clemente waited patiently until his rage was exhausted. He might as well have tried to turn back the River Brenta when it was swollen by the melting of the Alpine snows. He replenished his own glass and that of his host. "Drink," said he; "you oblige me to do the honors; the wine of Montmeillant is too good to waste its fragrance on the desert air."

Balducci mechanically took the glass, which he drained.

"And now I will thank you for a fig," said the priest. The dish was handed in silence. For some time neither party spoke; at last Balducci said, as if speaking to himself,

"If I had but known it yesterday!"

"What then?"

"Why, that woman would have been standing behind my chair instead of sitting at the head of my table."

"After all," said the priest, apparently soliloquizing, "the signora has the worst end of the staff."

"How do you make that out?" said Balducci, bristling up. "Have I not married my servant, when I thought to espouse a woman with a fortune of one hundred thousand zwanzigers?"

"You did not want the zwanzigers; you have always had more money than you can spend. What would you have been the better for having so large a sum locked up in a box? You would not have

had the heart to spend a florin of it. Now, by marrying a person who has served you so long and so faithfully as the signora, you have, if you do but treat your wife with common civility and attention, secured the affectionate services of one whose attachment to your family and to yourself personally is undoubted. But what are Bettina's prospects? She has married a man in a different rank of life, who has openly expressed that he married her for her supposed fortune, and who has given way on his wedding-day to a terrible outbreak of passion and anger against his unoffending wife. In disposing of her ticket, she did but act according to what she thought were your wishes on the subject."

Balducci sat down, and buried his face in his hands.

"It is too true," said he at last.

"Let us endeavor to take things as they are, and bow our heads to the supreme wisdom. *L'homme propose, le Bon Dieu dispose*. Blessed be his holy name," said the good priest, rising, and reverently raising his skull-cap, which he then replaced. "Why do you not say, Amen, my son?"

"Amen," replied Balducci, again covering his face in his hands.

"Confess your sin, and pray for forgiveness, my son," said the priest, assuming all the dignity of his office.

He led the way to a small table at the other end of the room, and seated himself at one end of it. Balducci, accustomed to obey his spiritual director, followed as he was desired, and kneeling at the other end of the table, confessed to the priest, and received his absolution on the promise of performing the penance enjoined by the good padre.

This was not very severe, although it required some self-control on the part of Balducci. Padre Clemente required that he should treat his new wife with civility and attention.

"Now," said the priest, "shall we recall the signora?"

Balducci's reply was in the affirmative. Padre Clemente left the room, and after some little time he returned with Bettina, whose pale face and red and swollen eyes bore testimony to the agitation she had undergone.

Balducci offered her his hand, and apologized for his intemperate conduct.

"Let us drink forgetfulness of the past, and happiness for the future," said the padre.

"With all my heart," replied Balducci.

"Come, Bettina."

Again they resumed their seats at the table.

"The bottle is empty," said Padre Clemente, holding it up to the light; "you must give us another upon this occasion. A wedding-day does not often come more than once in a man's life."

"I must trouble you for a candle, Bettina," said Balducci, rising and taking out the keys of the cellar.

The candle was brought, and Balducci went to get another bottle of wine.

In a few seconds there was a loud noise as of something falling. The padre and Bettina flew to the door and followed in the direction of the sound.

"O Blessed Virgin, O Maria Santissima," exclaimed Bettina, "the signor has fallen down the cellar stairs!"

The stairs were dark as night, but a deep groan from below proved that she was right. To get another lighted candle and descend the stairs was scarcely the work of a minute. Balducci was lying grievously hurt at the foot of the stairs; his head had struck, and was leaning against, the cellar door. The padre was a strong man, and with the assistance of Bettina he carried the injured and almost unconscious man up the stairs, and deposited him upon the sofa in the saloon they had lately occupied. A doctor was sent for. On examination it was found that besides the injury on the head, one of his legs had been broken. The limb was set, and the patient, placed in his bed, was left to the care and attention of Bettina.

Thus ended Guiseppe Balducci's wedding-day.

For more than six weeks Balducci lay helpless upon his bed. Bettina's kindness and attention were unremitting. She was the best and most untiring of nurses. Padre Clemente also had been constant in his visits. His cheerfulness raised the patient's spirits, while his piety taught him resignation to the Divine will. Balducci rose from his bed of sickness and suffering a better and a wiser man. He had found out that there was something more desirable than riches.

"Will you take fifty thousand zwanzi-

gers now in exchange for your wife?" asked the good-natured padre, as Bettina was holding her husband's crutches, and assisting him to lean on them.

"No," replied Balducci, "nor one hundred thousand. I have learned to value a good wife above all things, and to prefer the prize I have drawn in the lottery of life to any which the Imperial and Royal Lottery of Vienna can offer."

FROM CADIZ TO GRANADA.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER II.

AFTER remaining sufficiently long in Seville to see the objects of interest there, I determined to pass by the way of Cordova to Granada, and having secured a companion for the journey, left Seville on the morning of March 25th. Following the advice of old Bailli, the guide at Seville, we equipped ourselves with Spanish costumes, and were, consequently, two of the most quizzical looking individuals that could well be imagined; for our horses were rather indifferent quadrupeds, and harmonized well with our personal appearance. Our guide was Luis Bailli, a son of Antonio Bailli, whose grandfather was guillotined in France during the Reign of Terror. Antonio's father made his escape to Spain; and on attaining years of discretion began to discharge the functions of guide to travelers, and this business he has since followed. In his different excursions he has passed over almost the whole of Spain, but is now growing too old and fat to travel on horseback, and acts as ciceroni to the lions of Seville, in which pursuit he has made a good deal of money, for his powers as a linguist cause him to be much sought after, and he always has a tale appropriate to every important object, inventing one if his memory fails. Luis, our protégé, was a tall, fine-looking fellow, about twenty-three years of age, and in the course of our journey displayed many important qualifications of a good courier.

Our first day's journey was to be a short one, and it was therefore eleven o'clock before we left the Fonda de Madrid, where A., my companion, had been staying. There were many English and Americans at that time in Seville, and quite a crowd had collected to see us fairly off. After duly examining whether everything was

properly arranged, we mounted our horses, and were off. In spite of the bad reputation of the Spanish roads, we took no weapons, leaving even our pistols behind us.

The sun was shining with great power; but there was a cool breeze, which in some degree counteracted its effects, and often during our journey, when drenched by the rain which fell for hours without intermission, did we long for a sight of the great luminary. But I am anticipating. Passing along by the side of the Caños de Carmona, an aqueduct which supplies Seville with pure water, and which is, in some places, supported on high arches; forcing our horses through a deep layer of mud which covered the road, and winding for the last half mile along the banks of a picturesque stream, we reached Alcalá de Guadaira, a small town about eight miles from Seville. The ruins of an old Moorish castle at Alcalá are very fine; but we remained merely long enough to water our horses, and then proceeded on our way. The last two or three miles of our traveling that day led us through a very picturesque country, and afforded quite a relief from the monotonous fields through which we had previously passed. It was about seven in the evening when we rode into Carmona, our resting-place for the night. Glad were we to seat ourselves at dinner, and comfortable did we feel as we sat lazily puffing our cigars after sufficiently anathematizing the hard Moorish saddles on which we had ridden. The unaccustomed exercise had made us rather weary, and we retired early to our beds, after having looked through the city by starlight. Carmona possesses some fine Moorish ruins; the Alcazar is very fine, and her situation on the crest of a high hill, commanding an extensive view on both sides, makes this city a very pleasant residence. Early the next morning we rode forth through one of the graceful Moorish arches, which serves as a gateway, and, emerging from the narrow streets, were charmed with the beauty of the landscape beneath us. Directly in front of us was the morning sun, gilding with its rays the broad plain below; far off to the left was the Guadalquivir glancing in the sunlight, with the Sura Morena rising beyond; while behind, the old walls of Carmona rose grandly above us, crumbling, it is true, but still suggestive of pomp and glory, though past and gone.

We passed down a very steep descent to the plain below, and crossing this at a tearing gallop, toiled up the hill beyond, and then continued our journey through groves of olive-trees for many a mile. By twelve o'clock we had traveled quite far enough to be ready for luncheon, and entered a miserable venta to appease our appetite. We had providently filled our alforjas with bread, chicken, oranges, and other delicacies; and it was well that we were thus independent of the resources of the venta, for, on inquiring, we found that eggs constituted their sole provender. One can easily imagine the elegant cleanliness of the aforesaid venta, when I inform him that underneath our table, while we were eating, were two pigs, five cats, one dog, and several hens, all apparently in the last stage of starvation, if one might judge from the ravenous manner in which they devoured the crumbs which fell from our table. The hens actually amused themselves with leaping upon the table, until A. almost severed the head of one from her body with a back-handed stroke of the knife with which he was busily engaged in investigating the contents of an egg, for spoons were not to be obtained in that model hotel. In spite of all these obstacles, however, we managed to make a most substantial luncheon, and it was quite an agreeable episode on which to look back.

A very heavy shower had fallen while we were in this place, and we were congratulating ourselves on having escaped the rain and satisfied our hunger at the same time; but soon after our departure from that ever-to-be-remembered place, the clouds again gathered black and threatening, and the rain recommenced. For four hours we plodded on through deep mud, until we reached Ecija. The approach to Ecija, either from Cordova or Seville, is down a steep pitch, and as we neared the town and commenced the descent, the rain, which had been less violent for the preceding half hour, came down in torrents.

The population of Ecija is between thirty and forty thousand. It is situated in a valley through which pours the Ienil, a river which rises amid the snows of the Sierra Nevada, and on whose banks so many fierce conflicts took place between the Moors and Christians. From the extreme heat which is experienced in sum-

mer at Ecija, it is called La Sartenilla, the "frying-pan" of Andalusia; and from this circumstance it derives its modest motto, "Una sola será clamada la Cuidad del Sol." "One alone shall be called the City of the Sun." Thus frying-pans assume the titles and decorations of a Heliopolis.

On our arrival at this aspiring place, Luis advised us to go to a posada, as being cheaper than a fonda. There are three classes of public houses in Spain, namely, fondas, posadas, and ventas. A fonda is like an ordinary hotel, where the traveler orders his meals as he wishes, and has no further trouble: at a posada, he sends some one to buy what he wishes, and it is then cooked for him in the house, where he can also obtain a bed: a venta is an inferior posada, and there one must sleep on straw by the side of his horses amid harmonious brayings, unless he can persuade the owner to give up his own couch. The latter class of houses of entertainment are found in the country, while the two former are in towns and cities. Of the above distinctions we were not aware, and therefore took the advice of Luis. Dismounting, we desired him to order dinner, and were astonished at his asking for money to buy the raw material; on our expressing surprise, he informed us that one of the peculiarities of a posada was, that the traveler must procure his own provisions. We were obliged to yield to this ridiculous custom, and patiently waited until he purchased and then cooked the long-wished-for meal.

After a comfortable night's rest, we left Ecija early in the morning of March 27th, on our way to Cordova. The storm had passed away for the time, and we anticipated a pleasant journey in spite of a cold wind then blowing. Our hopes were disappointed, however, for the rain soon commenced, and the muddy roads grew muddier. We stopped at a village posada to lunch and feed our horses; and here again Luis displayed his culinary abilities, and then we pushed on. At about six P. M., while yet two leagues distant from Cordova, we caught a glimpse of that city, as we reached the summit of a high hill. The clouds were breaking, and we rode rapidly forward in hopes of enjoying the fine view of Cordova, of which we had heard so much, before the sun had disappeared. We were not disappointed; de-

scending from our first point of view, we crossed a narrow plain, pressed eagerly up the last hill, and beneath us was Cordova. Just as we reached the top of the hill, the sun burst forth from the clouds, which had hitherto obscured it, and its golden radiance cast an evanescent halo over all; then the shadows crept up the face of the Sierra Morena, and twilight reigned. The view for those few moments that the sunlight lasted, was too glorious to continue long; but while its brilliancy tinged the landscape, we were lost in silent admiration. Cordova, with queenly magnificence, her feathery palms waving amid the spires like the plumes of royalty, sat peacefully gazing on her fair possessions. The Guadalquivir rolled its tide at her very feet, foaming and leaping as its waters struck the piers of a noble bridge; a broad plain stretched out on the opposite side of the river from the city, glowing with the early shoots of grain; while the Sierra Morena loomed up majestically behind the monarch city; its convent-covered summits standing out boldly against the pale sky beyond. One last look, and we mounted, hurried on, and reached the city just in time to enter before the gates were closed.

The beauty of Cordova is not that of an ordinary city; the tall palms waving their light branches as each breath of wind sweeps over them, impart an Oriental appearance, and one feels as if he had left the commonplace towns of Europe to gaze upon the glories of some eastern city, of whose traditions Schehezerade might weave the web of many a romantic tale. Within the city walls all, alas! is decay. We crossed the river over a massive stone bridge, and all our romantic ideas were lost for the moment immediately on entering the dirty, narrow streets of this once proud capital.

Next morning we sallied forth to see the lions. Cordova is soon seen, for besides the Mosque there is little else to interest the traveler. The Mosque La Mezquita is one of the most singular remains of Moorish grandeur now existing in Spain. It should be entered through the Court of Orange Trees, El Patio de Naranjos, which is a large rectangular inclosure planted with orange trees and enlivened by fountains. On entering this the delicious fragrance of the orange blossom stole over us, and this, aided by the

harmonious plash of falling water, prepared us for any beauty however great. Here the devout Moors performed their ablutions before entering the Mosque, and strove thereby to render their orisons more acceptable to their God. Now, alas! the scene is changed; in place of turbaned Moors we saw the stalwart Spanish beggars, whose eager importunities drove away each bright illusion, and whose harsh voices broke the fragrance-freighted air.

Crossing El Patio de Naranjos, we passed through a small door into the interior of the Mosque, and were immediately lost in a forest of pillars. The Cathedral, as it now is, although it still retains its ancient name, is a huge square building, but thirty-five feet in height, the ceiling supported by a vast number of stone columns, some of jasper, some of porphyry, verd-antique, and other choice marbles, which France, Spain, Constantinople, and even Carthage and other cities of Africa have contributed to furnish; there were formerly twelve hundred of them, but many have disappeared, and the number is now given as eight hundred and fifty-four, and I have heard that there are but three hundred and sixty-five, although the latter figure would seem too low. The Mosque was built toward the end of the eighth century of our era. One of the most singular objects shown in the building is an irregular cross, said to have been made by a Christian captive with repeated scratchings of his nail. The inscription beneath it reads, "Hizo el Cautivo con la Uña," "The captive made this with his nail." "Credat Judæus Apella;" although if we read "Clavo," "an iron nail," it might easily be true, for it is not very deeply cut, and the upright stroke is not more than seven inches in length, and the cross piece but three or four.

The tomb of the chivalric Don Alonso de Aquilar is shown in one of the churches at Cordova, and this city has given its name to the Great Commander, the brother of Don Alonso, Gonsalvo de Cordova. Cordova, too, was once famed for the literary men whose birthplace it was. Lucan and the two Senecas, born here, but writing in Latin, sustained for a time the decline of Roman poetry and literature. Under the Moors, also, Cordova flourished, but they were driven forth from Spain, carrying away with them science, art, and literature. The convents which,

once rich in the wealth of this world, looked down from the Sierra Morena, afford another instance of the decay of all things Spanish. No longer do pampered monks dream away their manhood within the walls of San Jeronimo; royal edicts have stripped them of most of their possessions, leaving them but a scanty pittance for their support: stone is falling from stone; their end is near at hand.

We had passed Friday, the 28th, in Cordova, and early in the morning of the 29th we were in the saddle and on our way to Ardea del Rio, where we proposed to pass the night. At two leagues from Cordova we crossed the Guadalquivir over the noble bridge of dark marble at Alcolea; this is one of the finest bridges in Spain, and it is said that the French, when they saw it, asked if it were not made in France, so puffed up were they with success that they affected to believe that nothing of note could be constructed without the borders of their own land. Lunching at Corpio, a small town with a ruined Moorish castle, we rode on toward Ardea, and emerging just at sunset from a fine wood through which we had been passing for half an hour, we saw the town at the distance of a mile, situated in a plain at the foot of high hills with the Guadalquivir rushing through it. The view was very pretty, and the soft tinkling of bells from the flocks on the hillside, mingling with the gush of the river, called to mind scenes of home when the summer's day is over.

We left Ardea, at which place we arrived the previous evening, in a drizzling rain, and for ten long hours walked our horses through the deep mud, while the pitiless rain never ceased, sometimes pelting down with violence, sometimes oozing between the mackintosh and the coat collar, and meandering gently down the back with most revivifying effect.

All romantic notions of everlasting summer and cloudless skies were discarded from our ideas of Spain and washed away by that charming rain. We stopped to rest and lunch at Andujar, a town on the Guadalquivir, which we crossed just before reaching the walls. This town was once surrounded by strong walls, but these are now crumbling away beneath the hand of time. After luncheon we mounted and splashed on through the mud until 4 P.M., when the clouds began to break away. Up to this time we had been passing

through dull and uninteresting scenery, but now we were entering a wild, romantic gorge, through which the Rumblar was dashing, and on whose precipitous sides many flowers were blooming, among which I observed the pale harebell, which called to mind the azure blossoms of our own mountain glens. Now, too, the sun came beaming forth, driving away the murky clouds, and with them, alas for the frailty of human nature! all our gloomy thoughts. For two hours after the rain had ceased we pursued our journey, passing the scene of the battle of Bailen, that foundation of so much Spanish boasting, and at length reached our destination. Imagine the accumulated filth of weeks concentrated in one long street, lined by rows of dirty whitewashed houses, and you can form a fair idea of Bailen. New York, with its heaps of conglomerated snow and dirt, the clinging mud of New Jersey, and every other disgusting mass of uncleanness, were entirely eclipsed by that single street.

At Bailen we passed the night, and early on Monday, March 31st, started off without any very definite idea as to where we should pass the night. We had only a few showers during the day, and as the sun came out at intervals we rode on in good spirits, crossing the Guadalquivir over a suspension bridge, and after gazing longingly at Jaen, as it appeared high up on the hills, and thinking for some time that a few moments more would bring us to it, we at length rode into that city. The cathedral must have been in sight for over two hours, and yet when we first saw it we would never have dreamed that it was more than two miles distant. The bareness of the ground and the clearness of the atmosphere diminished the apparent distance and most effectually deceived us, and we afterward discovered that we were eight miles from the city when we first caught sight of it.

The position of Jaen is very picturesque, lying under a castle crowned hill, while long lines of Moorish walls and towers creep up the irregular slopes. The city itself is far above the level of the plain through which the road approaches it. The Cathedral is a very fine building externally, but the interior is all glare and whitewash, and has none of the solemnity of appearance which characterizes the noble one at Seville. Issuing from the city and passing down a deep descent, we

rode for some time through a well-watered valley full of fig, apricot, and pomegranate trees. A very heavy shower passed over us shortly after leaving Jaen, and we endeavored to get in at several miserable ventas along the road; but in most of them there were no beds, and where they had them they were occupied. These ventas are merely prepared for the reception of arrieros or muleteers, who sleep on straw by their mules.

At length we succeeded in finding one, at which several arrieros with their mules had arrived before us, and the only bed in the house was that of the landlord and his wife, who gave it up to us. We had no provisions with us, and the long ride had given us a most voracious appetite; but all that the venta could produce were some pork chops, which had been partly cooked with garlic, and a few eggs. It was amusing to witness the wild-looking arrieros, and to hear them arguing while their supper was in course of preparation, and the old hostess and her daughter bustling hither and thither, and pouring every horrible ingredient that was ever imagined into the mess which was stewing over the fire. Garlic, oil, codfish very far gone, potatoes, and many other Spanish *bonnes houches*, whose names I knew not, were promiscuously mixed, stirred, and stewed, until all were reduced to one glutinous mass. The room was about eighteen feet square, and its inhabitants were distributed as follows: pigs and children in one corner, children and pigs in another, the remaining corners being filled with groups composed of the same interesting materials, the several piles radiating from the middle of the room as a common center. This room, with its living furniture, was the ante-room of our own apartment, to which we retired. Next morning we arose and sallied forth to find some water wherewith to perform our ablutions; not a basin was to be found in the venta, and we were obliged to go down to a stream which ran near the house, and then and there bathe our faces and hands in its pure waters. Somewhat refreshed thereby, we mounted our horses, and were off for Granada, from which we were distant fourteen "leguas largas." A Spanish league is called three miles, but even a "legua corta" is more than that, and a "legua larga" is fully four miles. Again an intense dis-

gust for all "Cosas de España" took possession of us, but this feeling was soon dispelled by the beautiful weather and the splendid scenery through which we were passing. Gigantic rocks towered up on each side of the road, and a stream, the same in whose waters we had laved that morning, ran gayly near us, and with its babbling melody drove away all recollection of our former troubles. The road through this cleft in the rock is very well laid out, shielded from the encroachments of the stream by strong masonry, and in one place tunneled through the solid rock. About two hours after leaving the venta we began to ascend, and in this agreeable employment we were engaged for nearly five hours, at the end of which time we commenced the descent toward the plains leading to Granada. Stopping for an hour to refresh the horses, not forgetting to perform the same kind office for ourselves, we continued the descent for about two hours and a half, and then traveled for an apparently interminable distance over a road which had been almost destroyed by the heavy rains, and which was not improved for present traveling by the quantities of broken stone with which they were mending it. A shower, too, came up, and rendered the roads even worse than they were before. At length, at eight o'clock P. M. we saw the lights of Granada; but it was not until after an hour and a half had been consumed in painfully slow traveling over the newly Macadamized roads that we entered the town, and rested for the night.

Such was our experience of a week's travel on horseback in Spain. It is true there had been many contretemps, but still the pleasure far outweighed them, and in the contemplation of the many beauties of nature that we had seen, and in recalling all the singular incidents of our trip, our time was regarded as well spent. We had seen the Spaniards in their true light; not those of towns, although we saw enough of them also, in whose breasts each sordid feeling has as strong a sway as in the paupers of other lands; but those of the open country, who always strove to be hospitable and kind. Not a peasant did we meet but touched his hat and wished us Godspeed: *Baga Usted con Dios Caballero* was their never-failing greeting, and we always felt at home. On one occasion we passed a

family seated by the roadside, eating their frugal meal, and as soon as they beheld us they invited us, in the kindest manner, to partake of what they had; it was not much, it is true, but it proved their generosity. It required but slight favors to make them communicative, and the gift of a cigar always opened their hearts. One cannot give the Andalusians much credit for energy; but their fertile land has been their curse. Within their own province they have every vegetable product, from the tropical fruits of the torrid zone to the lichen of the Polar regions. They need little exertion to win its rich stores of grain from the bosom of the earth; and, like the Bœotians of old, who contrasted in mental prowess as strongly with their active neighbors in Attica as did their fertile land with the latter's sterile soil; like the Romans when wealth and luxury had sapped the iron frames that had borne the eagle from east to west, from north to south, throughout the known world; so they, too, have fallen. Gone now is the glory of the great Ferdinand; no longer does the warlike spirit of a Cid Campeador urge them on to victory or death: Spain's glory is dead.

There is a striking similarity between the fate of Italy and Spain. Both were divided in the earliest times into many petty kingdoms; both united by the wisdom of successive princes; both were poor and industrious in a day of weakness; both rich and indolent as their empire grew; both sent their legions forth to conquer worlds, and when their work of conquest and rapine was ended, sank down, wearied with success, and could not keep what they had gained. "*Panem ac Circendem*," cried the effeminate Roman, thirsting for blood, yet daring not to draw his own sword from the sheath to strike the invader of his native land. "*Pan y toros*," shrieks the Andalusian, degenerate son of him who drove forth the Moor from the sunny land of Spain, who quelled the fierce Indian in his Western wilds, and bore the proud standard of Castile far over the dark waters. One by one fell the wide-spread colonies of Rome before the sterner spirit of another race; so, too, were Spain's western conquests torn from her avaricious rule, not, like those of Rome, by the might of foreign elements, but striking for themselves and conquering.

A CHAPTER ON DREARINESS.

RETURNED from the city the other evening, taking the five o'clock train. It was dismal, cold, dripping weather; the windows of the cars were obscured with drops, and when it became pitch-dark my heart was almost broken. As we passed under the stone bridges, the clatter was enough to drive a nervous man out of his wits. The annoyance of the wet conductors continually demanding your ticket, for which you are obliged to hunt in all your pockets, is excessive. Some people insert their tickets under the rim of their hats. The custom is good on the score of convenience, but it is not pleasant to be thus placarded. When we stopped opposite Newburgh, a "city on a hill," the lights in the factories and mansions shone with a picturesque effect. There I got out, while the mist was chilling in the extreme, and it was as dark as pitch. A long row of soiled carriages stood stuck in the mud. I fumbled my way to the end of a long, narrow platform, about a quarter of a mile, to search for my trunk, which was buried up amid a multitude of trunks, and found it with difficulty. Rode five or six miles in company with five or six "damp strangers," and alighted at last at my own door. The house was shut up, and, like the "halls of Balclutha, it was desolate." After stumbling over chairs, I managed to find a lucifer match, and drawing it in a long lucid train, like that of a comet, over the kitchen wall, it oozed out at last in a blue flower of sulphureous flame, and, feebly simmering, went out. Struck another on the stove-pipe with better success. The cheerlessness of the vacant mansion was made apparent. "Fel-o-erah!" I cried, with tender reminiscence. This leads one to mention a sketch or two of domestic adventure.

FLORA.

WE had dismissed our little servant-maid before departing. The fiat had gone forth against her: she was not available in household affairs. "Fel-o-erah," I said, "you must leave us. You are a good girl, but you are too young. Pack your chest, and when the coach arrives be ready to go with me. You have had a month's warning." But Felora continued sedulously employed in the washing of

dishes, and neglected the packing of the trunk. "Fel-o-erah, are you ready?"

"A-no, sir."

"Well, there is not a half hour to spare. Go up-stairs immediately and be ready." But the little maid became disobedient; she moped weeping in the chimney-corner among the pot-hooks, raking the ashes. "What are you about, child?"

She was the first servant we ever had, and the labor was not hard, and she had been gently entreated. For it is sometimes disgusting in a household to behold the severity of exaction from a poor little servant-of-all-work. When you have your butler and baker, your pastry-cook, your chamber-maid, your coachman, your footman, your fat and well-fed menials, who keep high-life below-stairs, and waste much substance, have a sharp eye on them in this republican country, and see to it that they do enough. Otherwise they will insult you in your own domicile, and shake a cow-hide over your head. They will have the arrogance to speak good English in your presence, and to vie with you in the choicest phrases of which the language admits. Crop this impudence in the bud.

At the same time, if you have only one poor little maid-servant, do not imagine that she is butler, baker, housekeeper, cook, chambermaid, coachman, footman; and that you can set up to live in style. Learn to wait a little on yourself, if you cannot pay for being waited upon. Shut up your windows at night, and black your own boots in the morning. Go frequently upon your own errands. Open the door yourself when the bell rings, that those outside may not stand for ten minutes while they hear a voice within imperiously, from the stair-landing, summoning the poor little maid-servant from the garret, or from the "cellar-kitchen," "to go and see who is there." She receives little, and then she is ordered about from sunrise till late at night to do this and to do that; to go here and to go there; to lift heavy weights and draw heavy burdens; to run up-stairs, and to hurry into the cellar; to go over to the next neighbor's; to bring a pitcher of water, another, another, another, another! if it be hot weather; to wash, and to iron, and to cook; and to break her little heart in attempting to do all things, and to be remunerated with nothing but sour looks and a severe scolding.

"Fel-o-e-rah, are you ready? The coach is coming." "A-yes, sir;" and she comes down the steep garret-stairs, holding in her arms a little box containing her worldly goods; her tidy bonnet is fastened by a blue ribbon beneath her chin, and her pretty English cheeks red with weeping. Flora almost positively refused to go, but stopped on this side of actual disobedience; and submission when it did come came like a virtue, and caused me to feel like turning a suppliant out of doors. Florencha (that was her name) went to take her last look at the chickens. She had fed my Shanghais with singular ability, but, alas! she was not endued by nature with mental qualifications, which was no fault of the poor child's; nor was her memory tenacious of instruction. I returned her in safety to the paternal roof.

When I returned to my own vacant house on the aforesaid rainy night, my heart almost smote me. There was a tender pathos in the silent kitchen: the disposition of all things gave indication of a hasty departure; it was a reminiscence of Florencha: the night-lamp crusted with a sooty crown; the party-colored beans arranged upon a board on a barrel; the expressive broom standing in a corner; the Indian meal in a saucer; last *meal* given to the Shanghai chickens! The stove-pipe looked very black, and the stove very cold and dismal. And there, on the mantle-piece, was the forgotten prayer-book, forgotten in the hurry of departure, with a leaf turned down at the catechism. Every Sunday evening I used to say, (she was a mere child,) "Fel-o-o-e-rah, have you learned your lesson?" "A-yes, sir." "Let me hear you. What is your name?" "N. or M." "O no, what is your Christian name?" "Flora Fairchild." "Yes, Fairchild is your parents' name; what name was given to you in baptism?" "Florencha." "That is right. Fel-o-o-o-er-re-e-en-cha! now tell me," etc.

To return to a dark, and dead, and desolate abode, is like going into the chambers of Herculaneum and Pompeii. In the hurry of events, and refreshing influence of a change of scene, you have taken no note of time since your departure, and on returning home you feel as if you had been gone a long time.

I went into my study—my library, if the room is worthy to be called by such a

name—and after the rasping of innumerable matches against a piece of rough paper, and (that proving of no avail) on the sole of my boot, managed to ignite the study lamp. It would not burn until I had trimmed the wick, and poured water into it, which sank duly to the bottom, the oil-wave coming uppermost. Then the room became a little cheerful, and the gilded superscription of the books on the shelves visible. The names of Rabelais, Swift, Sterne, Shakspeare, Charles Lamb, and others, glared out. My pipe lay upon the table, containing still a smoking pinch of Scarfalatti. For comfort sake I put it into my mouth and smoked it. My pen lay where I had left it, rusted down on the mahogany board, and a little ink remained in the font. I took it up and wrote with it as if it had been a relic of bygone ages. Over the table hung a fine, almost invisible, silken thread, at the end of which, between me and the lamp, was suspended a little spider, who, with nautical endeavor, began to climb. With my thumb and forefinger I broke the thread asunder, and snapped the spider on the floor. I never like to crush a spider, nor to clear away with the besom of destruction the network which he has woven in the room corners. It is a trap for the nauseous and disgusting fly, for the spiteful and vindictive hornet. When you have innocently laid your hand on some book or cushion, and have been stung by one of these, how gratifying to see him presently entangled in a web, while the agile little insect comes down the ropes, and with his delicate fingers winds him round and round, and pinions his arms, struggle as he will!

THE VALETUDINARIAN.

"M——," I said, "I have brought you to a cold, dreary house!" I must tell you that I have been fool enough to bring a friend to my house, and he an invalid man. Sitting in the cars I espied him, and with a devilish selfishness said, "I will have that man to share with me the dreariness of this cold and misty night." I walked up to him, and tapped him on the shoulder. "Ah!" said he. "Come," said I, in a chirping tone of concealed hypocrisy, "and make my house your home. There is nobody there, but we will have a good time of it. You are going to the Point. Never mind, come with me." In

a moment of delusion the infatuated man agreed. After we had conversed for a few minutes in the study, we began to feel cold. "Now," said I, "we must have a rousing fire, and a cup of hot tea: that will make us feel better. Excuse me for a moment; amuse yourself till I return. I will step over and ask Palmer to come and kindle a good fire, and help me along. All will be right." "Well," said he. Palmer is my right-hand man. There is an old farm-house about fifty yards off. It used to be a tavern in the Revolutionary War. It has settled a good deal within the last hundred years; that is to say, the walls, the floors, and the beams, are sunken very much from the horizontal line observable in the floor of a bowling-alley; and the chimneys look weather-beaten. Still it is a stout and substantial old house; and there is no doubt that it would last, with a little more patching, another hundred years. There is a long piazza in front of it, which is much sunken, and in the yard an old-fashioned well, which has afforded drink to cattle and men for a century and more. The waters are still transcendently sweet and lucid. When the summer heats raged in the past August, I used to stop and imbibe, taking my turn out of the tin cup with the itinerating peddler, who had unburdened his back of the wearisome load, and placed it beside the trough. Your wine of a good vintage may make the eyes glisten a little at the tables of luxury, but depend upon it, a well of water, pure water, gushing up by the wayside, to the weary and heavy-laden, is drink indeed. As I ascended the steps of the piazza, I observed that there was a single mold candle burning within, and knocked confidently at the door of the house. It was opened. "Is Palmer within?" "No; John is absent. He will be gone over Sunday." Alas! alas! I turned on my heel, opened the garden-gate, and finding the path through the peach-trees with some difficulty on the misty night, went back to the forlorn study.

My invalid friend looked dismal enough. "Come," said I, slapping him on the back very gently, (to have done it roughly on the present emergency would have been to insult him;) "we have to take care of ourselves. What is more easy? We must flare up. We must have a little light, a little fire. My next-door neighbor is away. That makes not the least difference."

With that I lighted the astral lamp—no, the globe-lamp—a contemptible affair, which is a disgrace to the inventor. You raise the wick as high as possible before it will shed any light at all. In a moment it glares out, and presently becomes dim, filling your apartment with suffocating smoke and soot. Confound the lamp, with its brazen shaft and marble pedestal! I could with a good will dash it on the floor.

I remembered that there was an abundance of shavings under the shed. Going out, I collected an armful, and rammed them into the kitchen stove, put in a few chips, and a stick or two of wood, and applied a match. Then I took the tea-kettle, and tramping to the well, filled it with water, placed it upon the stove, and it presently bubbled. Took down a caddy of black tea. After a while I found a loaf of stale bread, which makes excellent toast. In three quarters of an hour, during which I spent the time in purgatory, I returned to the study and said, touching my friend on the shoulder, "Tea is ready." We went into the kitchen and sat down. I said grace. The lamp smoked, the fire burned poorly, the tea was cold, my friend shivered; and I afterward heard that he said that I seemed to think that the globe-lamp was both light and warmth. The ungrateful wretch! After tea, the first natural impulse was to get warm, and still keep ourselves alive. My friend behaved extremely well, all things considered; and as the stove wanted replenishing with shavings every five minutes, he acted once or twice as a volunteer on this mission. He tried to be cheerful, but his visage looked sad. "How stern of lineament, how grim!" For my part, I could not but enjoy an inward chuckle, like one who has the best of a bargain in the purchase of a horse. People come to your house to be entertained. In the hands of your hospitality they are like dough, to be molded into any shape of comfort. They fairly lay themselves out to be feted, and feasted, and flattered, and soothed, and comforted, and tucked in at night. They enjoy for the time being a luxurious irresponsibility. With what composure do they lounge in your arm-chair, and lazily troll their eyes over the pictures in your show-books! How swingingly they saunter on your porch or in your garden, with their minds buoyant as thistle-down, lightly inhaling the aromatic breeze, fostered

by all whom they meet, and addressing all in lady-tones. Bless their dear hearts, how they do grind their teeth for dinner! Dinner! Sometimes it is no easy matter to get up a dinner. While they are in this opiate state, the man of the house is in cruel perplexity, and beef-steaks are rare. O! it is a rich treat and triumph, now and then, to have these fellows on the hip; to see them put to some little exertion to conceal their feelings, when they have expected all exertion to be made on the other part; to scan their physiognomy, and to read their thoughts as plainly as if printed in the clearest and most open type: "This does not pay. You will not catch me in this scrape again. I will go where I can be entertained better." I say that I enjoy their discomfiture, and consider it (if it happen rarely) a rich practical joke. It is entirely natural, and in accordance with correct principles, that they should feel exactly as they do. Does it not agree with what I have already said? Constituted as we are, there must be the outward and visible sign to stir up the devotion of the heart. Your grace of warm welcome will not do. Give your friend a good dinner, or a glass of wine; let the fire be warm and bright. Then he will come again; otherwise not. It is human nature; at any rate, it is *my* nature. Here, however, we draw the line of distinction. If your friend thinks *more* of the animal than of the spiritual; if he neglects any duty, undervalues any friendship, because the outward is poor, meager, of necessity wanting, call him your friend no more!

"Let us go to bed," said I. "Done," said he. "No, not done. The beds are to be made. There is no chambermaid in the house. What of that? Excuse me for a moment while you ram a few more shavings into the stove." I go upstairs into the spare chamber. I can find nothing. After a half-hour's work, I manage, however, to procure pillow-cases, sheets, blankets. I go down-stairs and tap my shivering friend on the shoulder, and say, chirpingly, "Come, you must go to your snuggery, your nest. You will sleep like a top, and feel better in the morning." I get him into bed, and after his nightcap is on, and his head upon the pillow, I say, "Good-night; pleasant dreams to you."

"Good-night," he responded, with a feeble smile.

Then I tumbled into my own bed, which was made up anyhow, looking out first on the moon just rising above the fogs. O! thou cold, dry, brassy moon! do not shine into my chamber when I want repose. Phœbe, Diana, Luna, call thee by whatever name, let not thy pale smile be cast upon my eyes! If so, sweet sleep is gone, and pleasant dreams. Out, out, out with thy skeleton face, O volcanic, brassy moon!

When the morrow came, I went into my friend's chamber, and, as if he had been a king or a prince, asked him how he had rested during the night, and if the coverlets had kept him warm. He was compelled to say, as he was a man of strict veracity, that he had been a little cold. The indiscriminating varlet! I had given him all the blankets in the house.

It was Sunday morning. A Sunday in the country is a theme on which my invalid friend, who is an author, had expatiated with wonderful effect in one of his books. When he came down-stairs, as the shavings were not yet lighted, I took him by the arm, and proposed a walk on the grass. But the grass was wetted by copious dews. He returned chilled, and hovered over the cold stove. It was nearly time for breakfast, but I had not given him a word of encouragement on that point. Breakfast was a puzzler. All of a sudden, striking my hand on my forehead, as if in the elicitation of a bright idea, I rushed out of the kitchen, crossed the little garden, and knocked at the door of the old farm-house.

The face of the good landlady was forthwith visible. "Madame," I said, "I am in a little quandary. I have a friend with me; besides ourselves there is nobody and nothing in the house. Will you have the kindness to provide us breakfast, dinner, and tea to-day?"

She most obligingly consented. In half an hour I conducted the author triumphantly to the old mansion. The clean white table-cloth was spread; the room was "as warm as toast," and my friend's spirits revived. We went to church. His responses were heartfelt and audible. On returning, the walk made his blood circulate a little, and as he sat in the rocking-chair in the old farm-house, waiting for the broiled chicken, and looking up at the whitewashed beams, he was the picture

of contentment. I was almost provoked with myself for getting him into such a comfortable fix. We had seated ourselves at the table, and were pleasantly, I think I may say *luxuriously*, engaged in empicking of chicken-bones, when a remarkable incident occurred. It was observed that there was not a drop of water in the pitcher. This was an oversight. The landlady, with the kindest alacrity, hurried to the ancient well; and she had just opened the door on her return, when, putting down the pitcher, and wringing her hands, she cried out,

"O! quick! quick! *do come! do come!* The fox! the fox! the fox!"

We deserted the dinner-table in an instant, ran out on the piazza, and O! what a sight! Within a few yards, within pistol-shot, a splendid, sanctimonious, sly reynard glided with a mouse-foot pace, crouching as he went, out of the neighboring green patch, leaped softly over the stone-wall, crossed the road, and took a zig-zag course through the opposite corn-field, waving his brown tail, which was of the most extensive kind.

The provocation was most intense. Mister Palmer, his hair standing on end, rushed to the house-corner, and called his black dog. "Here, Boos! Boos! Boos! Boos!" But Boos was barking at an ill-looking customer who just at that predicament of time tried to open the gate. He seized him (Boos) by the collar; he dragged him up the road, but the latter was altogether behind the age. Although he did not succeed in striking the scent, his master assured me that if he had once got a sight of the animal, he would have collared him. In about fifteen minutes after this, a couple of spotted hounds, hunting on their own hook, and on the Sabbath-day, leaped over the wall, and went nosing about to the right and left, hither and thither, through the corn-field, and we heard them yelping until sun-down. The fox escaped.

The next morning my friend went away. I cannot say that he felt very sad at parting with me; nay, I thought that his face brightened up into a genial smile as the coach drew near, and that there was something concentrated in his expression as he gave the house a parting glance, like that of one who bids farewell to the hard rocks and inhospitable coast on which he has been shipwrecked.

VEGETABLE DISTRIBUTION.

TO every part of the earth has its own peculiar vegetation been given; vegetation suited to its climate and its soil, and in a very striking manner to the requirements of its inhabitants. The traveler can tell, as he passes from country to country, how one class of plants succeeds to another; from the brilliant and luxuriant plants of the tropical climates, to the stunted mosses and lichens of the frozen regions, he perceives each has its native home. The temperature of the climate in every situation is so well adapted to the well-being of the plants found there, that, if it could be changed, they would perish if not preserved by artificial means. That there is a regular congeniality between the vegetation of a country and its air and soil, is evidently proved by that difference in vegetation, as the climate varies, which cannot escape observation. What gradations, from the glowing profusion with which some countries are adorned, to the scanty clothing which is afforded by the almost lifeless-looking lichen, which appears as if carved out of the very rocks to which it adheres! What striking changes in every latitude! It was evidently designed that animal and vegetable life should be in existence together. Vegetables, like animals, are distributed where their own requirements abound, and wherever they can be subservient to the wants of man and other creatures. The low plants, whose close, firm leaves are fitted to resist the cold and searching winds of lofty mountains, inhabit the most elevated situations; while the more luxuriant vegetation is found in more sheltered places. In the variety of plants which are dependent for support on those of firmer nature, the gradation is no less remarkable. The dwarf mosses and lichens, which attach themselves to trees in colder climates, form, indeed, a remarkable contrast to the exuberant growth of the tropical parasites. The variety and luxuriance of these plants, with their multitudes of flowers and of fruits, are often so entwined together, that it is almost impossible to find the parent stem of each; to the unaccustomed eye, they wear the appearance of enchantment. Grass, which yields the greatest support to man and various living creatures, is more largely supplied than any other vegetable; it is constantly springing up; and there is

scarcely any climate, soil, or situation, in which it will not grow: it is the most extensive tribe of plants, and yields the various kinds of grain which furnish the most nutritious food, and affords the most ample pasturage for flocks and herds. Even the weeds which spring up among the grass are not without their use, rendering it more nutritious and palatable to some species of cattle. The oak and the pine—the trees most useful to man—are found in almost every climate, except in the polar regions.

It is a grateful task to observe how a beneficent Providence has placed in every country what is most needed by its inhabitants. The exuberant growth of tropical plants furnishes a delightful shade in those countries where it is most required. The sea-breezes which prevail on the coasts in hot countries temper the intense heat of the sun. The sago, or Mauritia palm, which goes by the name of the *tree of life*, supplies the poor Indians in South America with everything they can want—their habitation, their food, wine, and cordage. There is no tree which furnishes food in such quantity: one of fifteen years' standing has been known to yield six hundred-weight of sago, besides fruit; its saccharine juice, fermented, furnishes drink; its fibers and leaf-stalks are twisted into ropes or woven into hammocks.

In the sandy soil by the desert of Sahara, the want of corn, which will not grow there, is supplied by the date tree, which yields the inhabitants almost all their sustenance: its uses are similar to those of the sago-tree. It is very remarkable that in those countries where labor would be the most exhausting it is least required. We often find, from travelers, that

"The soil untill'd
Pours forth spontaneous and abundant harvests,
The forests cast their fruits in husks or rind,
Yielding sweet kernels, or delicious pulp,
Smooth oil, cool milk, and unfermented wine,
In rich and exquisite variety,"

in those countries where the excessive heat would have rendered the usual process by which these various articles are obtained a labor of great fatigue. The supply of nutritious plants in hot climates is indeed a most grateful provision. The banana, which furnishes mankind within and near the tropics with great part of their food, requires no care, but to cut the

stalks when laden with ripe fruit, and to dig round the roots once or twice a-year. In eight or nine months after it is planted, the sucker by which the tree is propagated forms its clusters, and about the eleventh month the first may be gathered. So productive is this plant that a single cluster often contains a hundred and eighty fruits, and weighs from seventy to eighty pounds. The bread-fruit tree of the South Sea Islands yields its fruit spontaneously, and the *palo de vaco*, or cow-tree, gives a supply of the richest milk for eight months in the year. The ripening fruits which abound in some of the hottest climates are delightfully calculated to allay thirst, and the fragrance of the orange and the lemon groves imparts a delicious coolness to the air. Eastern travelers tell that "those who live in cold climates can scarcely have any conception of the perfection to which grapes and other fruits grow in warm climates, where the soil is suitable to them." The water-melon, so common in some of the West India Islands, is as cold as water fresh from the spring, and a most seasonable relief in the parching heat of the climate.

The distribution of medicinal plants is a remarkable provision of Nature. Burton has given it as his opinion, that the herbs indigenous to each country are the fittest to be used for the complaints to which its inhabitants are liable, and the best suited to their constitutions. This opinion has been in great measure borne out by the experience of travelers, who speak of various plants which abound in districts where the ailments for which they are serviceable are prevalent. The plant called worginous is found in profusion in Abyssinia, where dysentery prevails, for which it is a most useful remedy. Bruce mentions having been cured by it when other remedies had failed. A vast list might be furnished exemplifying this fact.

Not only has the earth been productive in healing herbs for the benefit of man, but it supplies many, and probably *all*, of the lower creatures with medicine suitable to their ailments: we have all seen the dog seek out the grass, to which instinct directs him when sick.

Though every country is supplied with various plants of its own, to man has been given the power of improving them by cultivation, and thus increasing their usefulness; it has, indeed, been permitted that

by his industry plants from distant lands and different climates may be cultivated with success, and many have been introduced by his enterprise, for immediate use, from far-off regions.

The most exhilarating beverages which we have, and which are in general use, so as to be ranked more as necessities than luxuries, are brought to us across lands and seas. China sends us our tea, and India Felix our coffee.

The power which plants have of accommodating themselves to climates of which they are not natives, is exemplified every day by the numbers introduced into our garden. Observation and pains have overcome their tendency to thrive in no climate but their own. The names of those which have been long naturalized would fill a large catalogue; indeed, the original soils of some of them cannot now be traced. Corn, of different kinds, and the potato, cannot be traced back to their original condition; all have improved under cultivation, and spread through divers countries: thus has man's labor been blessed to him. Botanists and gardeners are so well acquainted with the habits of plants that they know how to minister to them; it is no uncommon expression among them, in speaking of plants, to say that they love such and such situations; and they have stakes and sticks for those whose habit it is to climb and cling. Rice, which is indigenous to the East Indies, has been cultivated in South Carolina and in the northern parts of Africa, for a considerable time, and was introduced into Italy about a hundred years ago; it has been approaching toward the north ever since. There are considerable plantations on the banks of the Weser: a vast number of plants might be named, which, though of foreign growth, we may now call our own. The Brazilian passion-flower, the Chinese rose, and the Fuchsia from Chili—all of which were considered as rare exotics, within the recollection of many among us—have become so inured to our climate that they are found in all our gardens. The Ailanthus, a native of China, now so common in almost every street of the city, was once, and not a great while ago, cultivated as a tender green-house plant. The Creator has thus endued plants with a power of accommodation highly beneficial to the human race.

The changes which cultivation has

wrought in the various fruits are remarkable; the peach owes its origin to the rough-coated almond, and the plum to the austere sloe, and our finest apples have sprung from the harsh crab. No one has greater opportunities of observing the operations of nature than the agriculturist; and, observing them, he is peculiarly situated to trace the Almighty hand which directs them, and on which he must depend for the prosperity of his work, and he learns to reverence the unseen influence by which all that surrounds him is effected. His own endeavors may be strenuous and ingenious; but he knows in his very heart that something more is necessary. He may rise early, and go to rest late; he may sow, he may plant; but he knows it is God who gives the increase. He knows that the very soil would fail to produce, were it not that its fertility is adjusted by the agency which a Superior Power has appointed. The physical operations by which this is effected are continually employed for our benefit. From the geologist we learn that the waste of the vegetable mold is replenished by the influence of the winds and waters; the dust and crumbling of the rocks, which is ever going on, are scattered by the air, or borne along by the mountain-rills to the lands below. This is noticed by Professor Playfair, who says:

"How skillfully nature has balanced the action of all minute causes of waste, and rendered them conducive to the general good! Of this we have a most remarkable instance in the provision made for preserving the soil or the coat of vegetable mold spread out over the surface of the earth; this coat, as it consists of loose materials, is easily washed away by the rains, and is continually carried down by the rivers into the sea. The effect is visible to every one; the earth is removed, not only in the form of sand and gravel, but its finer particles, suspended in the waters, tinge those of some rivers continually, and those of all rivers occasionally, that is, when they are flooded or swollen with rains. The quantity of earth thus carried down varies according to circumstances. It has been computed in some instances that the water of a river, in a flood, contains earthy matter suspended in it amounting to more than the two hundred and fiftieth part of its own bulk. The soil, therefore, is continually diminished, its parts being delivered from higher to lower levels, and finally delivered into the sea; but it is a fact, notwithstanding, that the soil remains the same in quantity, or at least nearly the same, and must have done so, ever since the earth was the receptacle of animal and vegetable life. The soil, then, is augmented from other causes just as much, at an average,

as it is diminished by that now mentioned; and this augmentation evidently can proceed from nothing but the constant and slow disintegration of the rocks. In the permanence, therefore, of a coat of vegetable mold on the surface of the earth, we have a demonstrative proof of this continual destruction of the rocks, and cannot but admire the skill with which the powers of the many chemical and mechanical agents are employed in this complicated work—all so adjusted as to make the supply and the waste of the soil exactly equal to each other."

So true is it that "there is not one grain in the universe either too much or too little; nothing to be added, nothing to be spared."

Almost all plants contain some mineral ingredient: iron is a constituent part of animal bodies, and essential to their healthy condition. The mineral kingdom has claimed not only animal productions, but vast woods and forests as its own. Those relics of ancient days, lying as in a storehouse far beneath in the depths of the earth, over which their branches once waved, still minister to the comforts of man, in the shape of coal and iron. The mineral productions may indeed be called the tablets of Nature, on which the mighty changes she has wrought are inscribed; the mute historians of bygone ages, telling of races long extinct, and giving to science information which no living tongue can impart. From among these, too, has been discovered that inestimable stone which guides the adventurous mariner on his way across the wide seas, by a sure track, unmarked by human tracings; but which he knows will bring him to his purposed destination. Accommodation and compensation appear to be two of the great laws of Nature; the undeviating accuracy by which they are characterized could never have been adjusted by any influence but that of a stupendous and Divine intelligence. The various processes of nature are carried on with a regularity which gives, even to the untaught, a conviction of her constancy. All are alike aware of the uniformity of her operations; we want no further assurance than that which experience gives of the alternations of the seasons, and of day and night; we look for springtide and harvest at the very time of their arrival. The laborer retires to rest without a doubt that the sun will again light him to his morning task; he speeds to his work without a doubt that the shades of evening will recall him to

his home. The gardener knows when to cover his plants, and when to expose them to the air, from the effects which he knows such treatment will produce. When he puts down the seed his senses do not deceive him; though it appears no more than a grain of dust in his sight, he feels assured that it will sprout into a goodly plant, only to be retarded by such operations of nature as he knows could never fail to impede its growth. So unfailing are the actions of nature, that he can calculate almost to the day when to expect the embryo plant to burst its prison. The wonderful adaptation of one part of the creation to another is a convincing proof of design. There is a mutual dependence all through nature, which no chance could have effected. We cannot deny the action of an unseen influence in all that surrounds us; we know how utterly powerless we are of ourselves to carry on the most trifling operations of the system in which we live and breathe; we are conscious that something more is necessary than our own endeavors. We cannot control the functions of our own bodies: their growth, the circulation of the blood, the action of the nerves, are totally independent of any effort of our own. We must own some more powerful influence, let us call it by what name we may; but how its secret works, its silent operations are effected, we cannot tell. We cannot say from whence the wind, which produces such wonderful effects and makes such mighty changes, cometh, nor whither it goeth. We cannot tell how the countless stars are upheld in their respective positions, nor how the planets are directed in their courses; nor can we explain why the wonderful changes, with which chemical experiments have made us familiar, take place. We may speak in technical terms of these wonders, but why it is so is there one capable of devising? We see the effects; we know, with the most accurate certainty, that we can produce them, but the cause lies beyond our reach. The closest examination of buds and germs will never reveal the cause of that unseen process by which they are matured. We must admire the mysterious influence which has induced the combinations for their growth and perfection, and refer it to a power mightier than chance could exact—to a love more tender than chance could bestow!

PENCILLED PASSAGES.

FROM VARIOUS AUTHORS.

WITH what object do you read? A simple question, but one that many never pause to answer. If they did, it is very possible that the answer would not be gratifying to their self-respect or even to their vanity. As a preface to our gatherings for the present month here are, from Dr. Hawes's Lectures, a few

HINTS ON PROFITABLE READING.

It is often said that man does not know his weakness. It is quite as true that he does not know his strength. Multitudes fail to accomplish what they might, because they have not due confidence in their powers, and do not know what they are capable of accomplishing. Hence they yield their understanding to the dictation of others, and never think or act for themselves. The only use they make of reading is to remember and repeat the sentiments of their author. This is an error. When you sit down to the reading of a book, believe that you are able to understand the subject on which it treats, and resolve that you will understand it. If it calls you to a severe effort, so much the better. The mind, like the body, is strengthened by exercise, and the severer the exercise, the greater the increase of strength. One hour of thorough close application to study does more to invigorate and improve the mind, than a week spent in the ordinary exercise of its powers. Call no man master. Yield not your minds to the passive impressions which others may please to make upon them. Hear what they have to say: examine it, weigh it; and then judge for yourselves. This will enable you to make a right use of books: to use them as *helpers*, not as *guides*, to your understanding; as *counselors*, not as *dictators*, of what you are to think and believe.

THE CENTRAL GLORY OF THE UNIVERSE.

DR. GUTHRIE says, with no less of truthfulness than of beauty:

Here at the cross is the place in the great universe, from which God and his attributes may be best beheld and studied. It corresponds to that one spot in a noble cathedral lying right beneath the lofty dome, where the spectator, commanding all the grandest features of the edifice, is instructed to look around him if he would see the monument of its architect. I scale bartizan or tower to embrace at one view the map of a mighty city. Or I climb the sides of some lofty hill to survey the landscape that lies in beauty at its foot. And had I the universe to range over, where should I go to obtain the fullest exhibition of the Godhead? Shall I soar on angel-wings to the heights of heaven, to look on its happiness and listen to angels' hymns? Shall I cleave the darkness, and, sailing round the edge of the fiery gulf, listen to the wall and weep over the misery of the lost? No; turning from the sunny heights and doleful regions, I would remain in this world of ours, and traveling on a pilgrimage to Palestine, would stand beneath the dome of heaven with my feet on Calvary. On that consecrated spot, where the cross of salvation rose, and the blood of a Redeemer fell, I find the center of a spiritual universe. Here the hosts of heaven descended to acquaint themselves with God in Christ. Here, concentrated as in a burning focus, his varied attributes flow and shine.

THE TRUE MAGNET.

HERE is a simple illustration practically applied, and worthy to be pondered by those who would "preach not themselves, but Christ Jesus the Lord." It is from that veteran minister, JOHN ANGELL JAMES:

The power of the magnet gains nothing from the gilder's or the graver's art; its attraction lies in itself, and is diminished by foreign accretions. So it is with that greatest of all magnets, of which Christ spake when he said, "And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me." We may draw men to ourselves by genius, eloquence, eccentricity, but we can draw men to Christ only by the attraction of the cross.

DEPARTED SPIRITS.

THE truth of the adage that there is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous is well illustrated by the absurd fooleries of rapping and table-turning, attributed to the denizens of the other world. On this subject, and more especially with reference to the spirits of the departed, WASHINGTON IRVING says:

My mind has been crowded by fancies concerning these beings. Are there indeed such beings? Is this space between us and the Deity filled up by innumerable orders of spiritual beings, forming the same gradations between the human soul and Divine perfection, that we see prevailing from humanity down to the merest insect? It is a sublime and beautiful doctrine of the early fathers, that there are guardian angels appointed to watch over cities and nations, to take care of good men, and to guard and guide the steps of helpless infancy. Even the doctrine of departed spirits returning to visit the scenes and beings which were dear to them during the body's existence, though it has been debased by the absurd superstitions of the vulgar, in itself is awfully solemn and sublime.

THE PURITANS OF NEW ENGLAND

HAVE had many defamers, and, perhaps, as many eulogists. Of the latter, none have spoken with more truthful eloquence than E. P. WHIPPLE, one of their illustrious descendants:

The Puritans! there is a charm in that word which will never be lost upon a New England ear. It is closely associated with all that is great in New England history. It is hallowed by a thousand memories of obstacles overthrown, of dangers nobly braved, of sufferings unshrinkingly borne in the service of religion and freedom. It kindles at once the pride of ancestry, and inspires the deepest feelings of national veneration. It points to examples of valor in all its modes of manifestation; in the hall of debate, on the field of battle, before the tribunal of power, at the martyr's stake. It is a name which will never die out of New England hearts. Wherever virtue resists temptation, wherever men meet death for the sake of religion, wherever the gilded baseness of the world stands abashed before conscientious principle, there will be the spirit of the Puritans. They have left deep and broad marks of their influence on human society. Their children, in all times, will rise up and

call them blessed. A thousand witnesses of their courage, their industry, their sagacity, their invincible perseverance in well-doing, their love of free institutions, their respect for justice, their hatred of wrong, are all around us, and bear grateful evidence daily to their memory. We cannot forget them, even if we had sufficient baseness to wish it. Every spot of New England earth has a story to tell of them; every cherished institution of New England society bears the print of their minds. The strongest element of New England character has been transmitted with their blood. So intense is our sense of affiliation with their nature, that we speak of them as our "fathers." Though their fame everywhere else were weighed down with calumny and hatred, though the principles for which they contended, and the noble deeds which they performed, should become the scoff of sycophants and oppressors, and be blackened by the smooth falsehoods of the cold and the selfish, there never will be wanting hearts in New England to kindle at their virtues, nor tongues and pens to vindicate their name.

THE DEAD ARE OURS.

THE thought is not new, but was never uttered in more fitting language than by the author of "Quiet Hours:"

What God takes from us it is always gain to lose. He gives back to us our friends more deeply, more tenderly, more sacredly, after they have been taken from us by death. When they become wholly *his*, they become more intimately *ours*. The intimacy before death pertains more to the flesh and its senses; after death it pertains more to the spirit and its inmost affections. It is as though God gave them to us out of his own bosom, with the holiness and fragrance of the Divine nature added to them. By death they become too chaste, too heavenly, for our light moods and our common hours; they visit us only in our holiest moments. They act upon us, therefore, as motives to prayer, watchfulness, and retirement of spirit. They greatly befriend our best interests. As the Lord before his death was "with" his friends, but afterward "in" them; so our holiest friends help us the more when they put off flesh and are no more seen.

SEEING THE INVISIBLE.

JOHN FOSTER, speaking of the faith by which "the Invisible appears in sight," thus meets an objection sometimes urged against the doctrine:

If it were a thing which we might be allowed to imagine, that the Divine Being were to become manifest in some striking manner to the senses, as by some resplendent appearance at the midnight hour, or by rekindling on an elevated mountain the long-extinguished fires of Sinai, and uttering voices from those fires, would he not compel from you an attention which you now refuse? Yes, you will say, he would then seize the mind with irresistible force, and religion would become its most absolute sentiment; but he only presents himself to faith. Well, and is it a worthy reason for disregarding him, that you only believe him to be present and infinitely glorious? Is it the office of faith to vail or annihilate its object? Cannot you reflect that the grandest representation of a spiritual and Divine being to the senses would bear, not only no proportion to his glory, but no relation to his nature, and could be adapted only to an inferior dispensation of religion, and to a people who, with the exception of a most extremely small number of men, had been to-

tally untaught to carry their thoughts beyond the objects of sense? Are you not aware that such a representation would considerably tend to restrict you in your contemplation to a defined image, and therefore a most inadequate and subordinate idea of the Divine Being? While the idea admitted by faith, though less immediately striking, is capable of all that progressive thought can accumulate, under the continual certainty that all is still infinitely short of the reality.

LITTLE CHILDREN.

MARY HOWITT, in all her writings, displays the feelings and sentiments of a true-hearted woman. She loves little children; and, in this respect at least, she resembles the Nazarene who went about doing good:

Tell me not of the trim, precisely-arranged homes where there are no children, "where," as the good Germans have it, "the fly-traps always hang straight on the wall;" tell me not of the never disturbed nights and days, of the tranquil, unanxious hearts where children are not; I care not for these things. God sends children for another purpose than merely to keep up the race; to enlarge our hearts; to make us unselfish, and full of kindly sympathies and affections; to give our souls higher aims, and to call out all our faculties to extended enterprise and exertion; to bring round our fireside bright faces, and happy smiles, and loving, tender hearts. My soul blesses the great Father every day that he has gladdened the earth with little children.

THE BRITISH PULPIT.

AN Edinburgh reviewer thus comes to the defense of the clergy of the present day; and, albeit with a little touch of the satirical, insinuating not only the characteristic faults, but the remedy:

Malignity itself cannot accuse our pulpits and theological presses of beguiling us by the witchcraft of genius. They stand clear of the guilt of ministering to the disordered heart the anodynes of wit or fancy. Abstruse and profound sophistries are not in the number of their offenses. It is mere calumny to accuse them of lulling the conscience to repose by any siren songs of imagination. If the bolts of inspired truth are diverted from their aim, it is no longer by enticing words of man's wisdom. Divinity fills up her weekly hour by the grave and gentle excitement of an orthodox discourse, or by tolling through her narrow round of systematic dogmas, or by creeping along some low level of school-boy morality, or by addressing the initiated in mythic phraseology; but she has ceased to employ lips such as those of Chrysostom and Bourdaloue. The sanctity of sacred things is lost in the familiar routine of sacred words. Religion has acquired a technology, and a set of conventional formularies, torpifying those who use and those who hear them.

FORGIVENESS.

A BEAUTIFUL gem of oriental literature is quoted by Sir William Jones from the Persian poet, Sadi:

The sandal-tree perfumes, when riven,
The axe that laid it low;
Let man, who hopes to be forgiven,
Forgive and bless his foe.

The National Magazine.

OCTOBER, 1857.

EDITORIAL NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

TO PLEASE EVERYBODY is a task difficult in all cases; in the editorial management of a periodical, impossible. Indeed, if an editor succeeds in pleasing himself, it is quite as much as he has a right to expect, and in a great many instances it is more than he is able to accomplish. Let not correspondents wonder, then, if their wishes are not always complied with, nor readers think it a strange thing if occasionally they meet with an article or a paragraph that is not exactly in accordance with their own taste. The editor shares the affliction with them, but relieves himself by reflecting that it takes all sorts of people to make up a world, and that in the circle of his readers there is almost every variety of taste and prejudice. We have frequent illustrations of this fact. By the same mail we have had letters applauding and censuring the same article. Occasionally a subscriber is so sensitive as to threaten discontinuance because of a few lines which do not exactly square with his own notions; and now and then a correspondent pours upon us a phial of wrath because of the rejection or abbreviation of his article. In the general, however, we are on the best of terms with all our patrons, in which category we include those who write for us, and those who read what is written. The great mass have too much good sense to take offense where none is intended, or to expect from an editor the impossibility of always pleasing everybody.

WANTON DESTRUCTION OF LIFE.—The celebrated botanist, Pursh, in one of his rambles in the Western wilderness, took a long nap under the grateful shade of a large tree, far away from the dwellings of men. On awaking he saw, to his unutterable horror, a large rattlesnake coiled up within a few feet of him. The botanist started up and quietly proceeded, unharmed, upon his journey. But, said one, to whom he related the adventure, did you not return and kill the snake? No, indeed, was the calm reply. He spared my life, and I could not find it in my heart to take his. God made us both. This little incident was recalled by a statement in one of the country papers that a Mr. Aiken had shot a beautiful swan somewhere in the State of Michigan, which the editor chronicled as a feat worthy of commendation. The *Albany Register*, copying the statement, comments upon it on this wise:

"We do not think Mr. Aiken did a thing to boast of in shooting that 'beautiful swan.' What had that swan done to him; what wrong had it committed; what harm to any living or dead thing, that he should take away its life? It was trespassing upon nobody's possessions. It was where it had a perfect right to be. It was in its own domain, and its charter was given it by the Deity himself. It was just where nature intended it should be, where its instincts taught it to go. It was a harmless bird. It interfered with the rights of no living thing. It was not a bird of prey. It had nothing to do with carnage. It simply floated upon the river, a buoyant and beautiful thing, one of the ornaments fashioned by the great Creator to beautify

and adorn the waste of waters. By what right, then, did Mr. Aiken take away its innocent life? Whence did he derive authority to slaughter that beautiful bird with a ruthless and cruel hand? Shame on Mr. Aiken! It was a wanton shedding of innocent blood. Shame on every man who kills without purpose, slays without necessity, any of the harmless and beautiful things of God! It was a cowardly thing in Mr. Aiken to steal like a thief upon the security of its victim, and then, like an assassin, strike it to death in an unguarded moment. It was a savage and inhuman act in Mr. Aiken to kill that beautiful bird. An honest-hearted man would not have done it. Shame on Mr. Aiken! Nature and humanity cry, Shame upon him!

SUICIDE IN FRANCE.—M. Lisle, a member of the Imperial Academy of Medicine of France, has written a very able work on suicide, in which he conclusively proves that, so far as his investigations are concerned, they are far from corroboratory of the opinion of Montesquieu and the national Gallic belief touching the mortal *ennui* and the suicidal monomania of England. It appears from his statement that there were in France, from 1836 to 1852 inclusive, 52,126 suicides, or a mean of 3,066 a year; the numbers rising steadily from 2,340 in 1836, to 3,674 in 1852. From 1827 to 1830 the mean number had been only 1,800 a year. Before 1836 the proportion was one suicide for every 17,693 inhabitants; in 1836 it was one for 1,420. In 1852 it had risen to one for 9340. In 1838 and 1839 England had one suicide for every 15,900 inhabitants; France, one for every 12,489. Between London and Paris, for the same years, the difference is yet more remarkable, the figures being, for London, one in 8,250; and for Paris, one in 2,221. This is surely a sufficiently distinct contradiction to the generally received opinion.

The north of France is the most prolific in suicides; nearly half of the whole number belongs to the north, which has increased its own ratio by one third. The north has one in 6,483; the east, one in 13,855; the south, one in 20,457. The department of the Seine, which includes Paris, has risen with frightful rapidity; but Paris and Marseilles, and all large centers, are the foci of suicides to a very striking extent. Russia stands the lowest of European states in the scale, her suicides being only one in 49,182; while Prussia has one in 14,404; Austria, one in 20,900; New York, one in 7,797; Boston, one in 12,500; Baltimore, one in 13,650; and Philadelphia, one in 11,873.

Climate has not much to do with the matter. In latitude from 42 deg. to 54 deg. the proportion is one in 38,882; from 54 deg. to 64 deg., one in 56,377. Yet the last figures include Moscow and St. Petersburg, and represent a much more rigorous, damp, uncertain, and joyless climate than the first. Certainly the low condition of civilization between these latitudes influence the statistics to the full as much as any other assigned or assignable cause; but that mere temperature and climate have little to do with the question is proved by the average number of suicides occurring in the different months of the year of France, which are highest in the sunniest, brightest, and most enjoyable seasons. We cannot refrain from giving the table entire; it opens a view so very different from the one popularly received. The list is the average of seventeen years' computation.

For January, the mean number of these seventeen years gives 3,761; for February, 3,529; for March, 4,423; for April, 4,872; May, 5,436; June, 5,722; July, 5,517; August, 4,652; September, 3,959; October, 3,845; November, 3,282; December, 3,227.

In age, the rate increases gradually from under sixteen up to forty, when it slowly decreases to eighty and upward. The mass occurs in middle age; but there has been recently a noticeable increase of suicides by children, which are now sevenfold what they were thirty years ago for children under sixteen years of age, twelve times as many for youths from sixteen to twenty. Esquiroi says:

"One youth leaves a writing before killing himself, in which he bitterly blames his parents for the education they have given him; another blasphemes God and society; a third kills himself, 'because he has not enough air to breathe with ease.' Two young men of letters, at the age of twenty-one each, suffocate themselves with charcoal, because a theatrical piece which they have composed together has not succeeded; a child of thirteen hangs himself, and leaves a document beginning: 'I bequeath my soul to Rousseau, and my body to the earth.' One of twelve hangs himself for rage at being only the twelfth in a school exercise where he expected a better place; and another, of thirteen, hangs himself in a cell where he was unjustly confined."

What a painful mass of ill-regulated passion and misdirected life lies in those few lines!

THE QUEEN AND THE QUAKERESS.—We take the following amusing account of a visit paid by her late Majesty, Queen Charlotte, while staying at Bath, a celebrated watering place, from an English periodical. The time spoken of was the summer of 1815:

"The waters soon effected such a respite from pain in the royal patient that she proposed an excursion to a park of some celebrity in the neighborhood, then the estate of a rich widow lady belonging to the Society of Friends. Notice was given of the queen's intention, and a message returned that she would be welcome. Our illustrious traveler had, perhaps, never before any personal intercourse with a member of the persuasion whose votaries never voluntarily paid taxes to 'the man George, called king by the vain ones.' The lady and gentleman who were to attend the royal visitants had but feeble ideas of the reception to be expected. It was supposed that the Quaker would, at least, say 'Thy Majesty,' 'Thy Highness,' or 'Madame.'

"The royal carriage arrived at the lodge of the park punctually at the appointed hour. No preparations appeared to have been made; no hostess or domestics stood ready to greet the guest. The porter's bell was rung; he stepped forth deliberately with his broad brimmed beaver on, and unbendingly accosted the lord in waiting with, 'What's thy will, friend?'

"This was almost unreasonable. 'Surely,' said the nobleman, 'your mistress is aware that her majesty goes to your mistress and say that the queen is here.'

"No, truly," answered the man, 'it needeth not—I have no mistress or lady; but my friend Rachel Mills expects thee. Walk in.'

"The queen and the princess were handed out, and walked up the avenue. At the door of the house stood the plainly attired Rachel, who, without even a courtesy, but with a cheerful nod, said, 'How's thee do, friend? I am glad to see thee and thy daughter. I wish thee well. Rest and refresh thee and thy people, before I show thee my grounds.'

"What could be said to such a person? Some concdescension was attempted, implying that her majesty came not only to view the park, but to testify her esteem for the society to which Mistress Mills belonged. Cool and unawed, she said, 'Yes, thou art right there. The Friends are well thought of by most folks; but they need not the praise of the world; for the rest, many strangers gratify their curiosity by going over this place, and it is my custom to conduct them myself; therefore I will do the like by thee, friend Charlotte. Moreover, I think well of thee, as a dutiful

wife and mother. Thou hast had thy trials, and so has thy good partner. I wish thy grandchild well through hers.' [She alluded to the Princess Charlotte.]

"It was so evident that the Friends meant kindly, nay, respectfully, that no offense could be taken. She escorted her guests through the estate. The Princess Elizabeth noticed in the hen house a breed of poultry hitherto unknown to her, and expressed a wish to possess some of these rare fowls, imagining that Mrs. Mills would regard her wish as law; but the Quakeress merely remarked, with her characteristic evasion, 'They are rare, as thou sayest; but if they are to be purchased in this land or other countries, I know of few women likelier than thyself to procure them with ease.'

"Her royal highness more plainly expressed her desire to purchase some of those which she now beheld. 'I do not buy and sell,' answered Rachel.

"Perhaps you will give me a pair?" observed the princess.

"Nay, verily," replied Rachel Mills, 'I have refused many friends; and that which I denied to my own kinswoman, Martha Ash, it becometh me not to grant to any. We have long had it to say that these birds belonged only to our house; and I can make no exception in thy favor.'

EDUCATION OF CHILDREN.—Lord Brougham gives it as his opinion that the child learns more the first eighteen months of its life than at any other period; in fact, settling its mental capacity and future well-being. Dr. Babington states the period of the first nine years as the seed-time for life. The Roman Catholic priest wants the child for the first seven years of training, when its character is molded for time and eternity. If the early training of the child is of such paramount importance, should not those who naturally have the care of infants and young children, *mothers and nurses*, be thoroughly instructed themselves before undertaking this great work of educators? Who will establish a school for children's nurses? It is more needed in our country than institutions for idiots.

Robert Browning is the fortunate possessor of one of the two locks of Milton's hair now in existence. They have fallen into the right hands. Both originally belonged to Leigh Hunt, who divided his treasure with Browning, asking in exchange a lock of Mrs. Browning's and his hair. It would be difficult to decide on which side the compliment was most delicate and fitting. Milton's hair came to Hunt from Dr. Johnson's family, with a lock, also, of the astute critic's, who received it directly from the descendants of the republican poet himself. Its genuineness is beyond impeachment, and it has been always in the keeping of great and kindred souls; so that, both from its origin and subsequent associations, I look upon this relic as one of the most precious and suggestive that exists of the material existence of one of earth's noblest souls.

A SHREWD DECISION OF ALL, CALIPH OF BAGDAD.—In the Preliminary Dissertation to Richardson's "Arabic Dictionary," 2 vols. 4to, 1806, the following curious anecdote is recorded:

"Two Arabians sat down to dinner: one had five loaves, the other three. A stranger passing by desired permission to eat with them, which they agreed to. The stranger dined, laid down eight pieces of money, and departed. The proprietor of the five loaves took up five pieces, and left three for the other, who objected, and insisted on having one half. The cause came before All, who gave the following judgment: 'Let the owner of the five loaves have seven pieces of

money, and the owner of the three loaves one; for, if we divide the eight loaves by three, they make twenty-four parts; of which he who laid down the five loaves had fifteen, while he who laid down three had only nine; as all fared alike, and eight shares was each man's proportion, the stranger ate seven parts of the first man's property, and only one belonging to the other; the money, in justice, must be divided accordingly."

IMPORTANT, IF TRUE.—The *Courrier du Canada*, a Roman Catholic journal, comforts its readers by the announcement that the unfortunate passengers who were lost by hundreds by the burning of the steamboat *Montreal*, were all saved in the other world, without their knowledge, through the presence of mind and liberal benevolence of a priest who witnessed their extremity from the shore. The following is the statement of the *Courrier*:

"The Rev. M. Baillargeon, Curé of St. Nicholas, before a single soul perished, gave absolution to all the unfortunate passengers. He was in his own parish on the opposite shore of the St. Lawrence, observed the danger in which the lives of those on board were, and pronounced the absolution."

SCITING THE ACTION TO THE WORD.—The latest pulpit anecdote we have seen is the following, illustrative of the manner in which the celebrated preacher, Spurgeon, in London, attracts attention:

"Upon one occasion, he told the assembled multitude that the 'way to hell was smooth and easy, like this,' said he; and he straightway opened the pulpit door, put his foot over the banister, and slid down, as you have often seen little boys do. He then stopped for a moment, and said, 'But the way to heaven is hard, like this;' and pulled himself up again, which was rather difficult; but the congregation received this practical illustration with great applause."

DEATH IN LIFE.—The following is from an article by Oliver W. Holmes, in the last number of the *North American* review:

"If the reader of this paper live another complete year, his self-conscious principle will have migrated from its present tenement to another, the raw material even of which are not as yet put together. A portion of that body of his which is to be, will ripen in the corn of the next harvest. Another portion of his future person he will purchase, or others will purchase for him, headed up in the form of certain barrels of potatoes. A third fraction is yet to be gathered in a Southern rice field. The limbs with which he is then to walk will be clad with flesh borrowed from the tenants of many stalls and pastures, now unconscious of their doom. The very organs of speech with which he is to talk so wisely, plead so eloquently, or preach so effectively, must first serve his humbler brethren to bleat, to bellow, and for all the varied utterances of bristled or feathered barn-yard life. His bones themselves are, to a great extent, *in posse*, and not *in esse*."

"A bag of phosphate of lime which he has ordered from Professor Mapes, for his grounds, contains a large part of what it is to be his next year's skeleton. And more than all this, and by far the greater part of his body is nothing, after all, but water, the main substance of his scattered members is to be looked for in the reservoir, in the running streams, at the bottom of the well, in the clouds that float over his head, or diffused among them all."

INGENIOUS EXAMPLE.—The difficulty of applying rules to the pronunciation of our language may be illustrated in two lines, where combination of the letters *ough* is pronounced in no less than seven different ways, viz., as o, u, of, up, ow, oo, and ock.

"Though the tough ough and hiccough plough me through,
O'er life's dark lough my course I still pursue."

STAR-GAZING MADE EASY.—The *Scientific American* gives a very simple mode of examining the satellites of the planet Jupiter. On a clear night take a looking-glass, and, either at the window or out of doors, so place it as to receive the impression of the planet. By a close examination of the planet as reflected in the glass, all its satellites will also be observed, provided none of them are eclipsed. It is rather remarkable, however, that although these satellites can thus be seen, while they cannot be seen with the naked eye, that neither Venus nor the Moon can be seen as distinctly by reflection as they can by observing them with the naked eye.

BOSSUET AND MASSILLON.—The following passage from the journal of Le Dieu, illustrates the contrast between the mode of delivery adopted by Bossuet and by Massillon. The latter used to say that his best sermon was that which he knew the best. He committed accurately, and the less the memory had to exert itself, the more freedom was gained for feeling and for action. But no two of Bossuet's sermons were exactly alike in phraseology. Even when they were most carefully written, he could not feel at ease unless, by means of marginal variations, he had the choice between two or three modes of expression, from which he might select according to the state in which he saw his audience. Thus it will be seen that Bossuet conformed much more nearly than his great cotemporary to the method recommended by Fénelon, in his masterly *Dialogues on Eloquence*:

HOW BOSSUET PREPARED HIS SERMONS.

"He was determined in his choice of a subject by the consideration of persons, place, and time. Like the holy fathers, he adapted his instructions or his rebukes to the present wants of his hearers. Hence it was that throughout an Advent or a Lent he could only prepare during the interval between one sermon and another. Accordingly, he never understood those great Lenten courses in which it is customary to preach every day. He could not have supported the labor; so intense was his application, and so animated his delivery. When at work, he would put on paper his plan, his text, his proofs, either in French or Latin, indifferently, without troubling himself about the language, turns of expression, or figures of speech. I have heard him say a hundred times than any other method would have rendered his delivery feeble, and taken the life and force out of his sermon."

"On this unformed material he used to meditate profoundly during the morning of the day on which he had to preach, and most frequently, without writing anything additional, in order not to interrupt his thoughts; for his imagination was far more rapid than his pen."

"When master of the thoughts which had presented themselves, he fixed in his memory the very expressions he intended to use. Then, in a meditation during the afternoon, he went over his sermon in his head, reading it with the eye of his mind, as though it had been set down on paper, altering, adding, and retrenching, as though pen in hand. Finally, when in the pulpit, and during the delivery, he followed the impression of his words on the congregation, and in an instant, mentally canceling what he had prepared, and giving himself to the thought of the moment, would press home that part by which (as the faces told him) their hearts were softened or alarmed."

THE GOLDEN TOOTH.—In 1593 it was reported that a Silesian child, seven years old, had lost all its teeth, and that a golden tooth had grown in the place of a natural double one. One learned man after another wrote volumes on

this marvel, and nothing was wanting to recommend these erudite writings to posterity, but proof that the tooth was gold. A goldsmith examined it, and found it a natural tooth, artificially gilt.

PLAIN ENGLISH.—B. F. Taylor has some sensible hints on a very common propensity of writers and public speakers, and the practice of imitating their grandiloquence in conversation. He says:

"It is worthy of remark, that none but common people ever 'go to bed' or bid you 'good-night'; they invariably 'retire' or give you 'good evening.' Nobody is a 'woman' that doesn't work out for a living. Invalids do not 'get well'; they only 'convalesce'; ladies dispose their head-dresses, though they never comb their hair; when gentlemen eat cold beans, they dignify it into partaking of a 'slight repast.'

"The dray horses hear the better Saxon—but worse morality, it may be—than some of the audiences, *not* horses, that wait on public speakers; good, strong Saxon, as direct as a sunbeam: a little coarse, you say, but not coarser than is woven into songs that everybody, from Fletcher of Saltoun down to to-day, has wanted the making of, let alone the laws."

What can be more home-spun Saxon than,

"The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me."

"When a man grows eloquent, it is the Saxon element that lends wings to his thought; so whole paragraphs from Webster and Everett are all English, and whole columns from sophomores are as full with Latin roots, and Greek particularly, as Cicero's country-seat, or an Athenian garden."

SMALL CHANGE.

ABOUT KANSAS.—The *Tribune* of this city, as all who have been in the habit of reading it are aware, was, day after day, for a long time, engaged in the discussion of matters and things in Kansas. Some time ago a Quaker gentleman presented himself to one of the editors, and requested to see a copy of the *Tribune*. On being asked what particular number of the paper he wished to see, Ambrose innocently replied that he had forgotten the date, but he wanted to see the one which "contained that article about Kansas!"

A Yankee made a bet with a Dutchman that he could swallow him. The Dutchman lay down upon the table, and the Yankee, taking his big toe in his mouth, nipped it severely. "O, you are biting me," roared the Dutchman. "Why, you old fool," said the Yankee, "did you think I was going to swallow you whole?"

This was the same ingenious gentleman who laid a wager with Smith that he could throw him clear across a twenty foot canal. He made one trial, and Smith brought up, or rather down, in the middle of the raging element. Paddling his way out as best he could, Smith claimed the bet. "Pooh! pooh!" cried the other, "I don't give it up so. I shall keep on trying till I succeed!"

"My wife," said a wag the other day, "came near calling me *money* last night."

"Indeed! how was that?"

"Why, she called me '*Old Bees Wax*!' This was borrowed, probably, from the saying of a renowned wag who, on returning from a college

commencement, reported that he came very near being made a doctor of divinity.

"How was that?"

"Why I sat next to a man who was doctored!"

CHEAP ADVERTISING.—It has become quite fashionable for dealers to paint their cards upon the sidewalks, fences, etc. A short time since we were amused at the handicraft of a waggish clerk, who finding a business card painted upon a flag-stone, penciled over it, in neat capitals,

IN MEMORY OF

by way of a prefix.

We saw a man beat at this game in a neighboring city the other day. Upon a fence was painted, in big black letters,

GO TO MARKHAM'S,

under which some rival dealer has painted,

IF YOU WANT TO BE SKINNED.

This beats the quack medicine man who painted up

TAKE DR. HOBENSACK'S PILLS,

and along came a tract vender, and stuck up under it, so as to continue the sense,

PREPARE TO MEET THY GOD.

A friend at our elbow suggested that he saw in Brooklyn the other day a poster reading,

LECTURE TO-NIGHT BY MR. CHAPIN,

under which protruded in bright letters,

THE MOST SUCCESSFUL VERMIFUGE IN THE WORLD.

Gratis advertisers may as well beware of cross readings.

THE DUEL.—Burton, in his "Cyclopedia of Wit and Humor," quotes the following reply to a challenge from a work published in 1796, and entitled "Modern Chivalry:"

"Sir,—I have two objections to this duel matter. The one is, lest I should hurt you; and the other is, lest you should hurt me. I do not see any good it would do me to put a bullet through any part of your body. I could make no use of you when dead for any culinary purpose, as I would a rabbit or a turkey. I am no cannibal to feed on the flesh of men. Why, then, shoot down a human creature of which I could make no use? A buffalo would be better meat. For though your flesh may be delicate and tender, yet it wants that firmness and consistency which takes and retains salt. At any rate, it would not be fit for long sea voyages. You might make a good barbecue, it is true, being of the nature of a raccoon or an opossum; but people are not in the habit of barbecuing anything human now. As to your hide, it is not worth taking off, being little better than that of a year old colt.

"It would seem to me a strange thing to shoot at a man that would stand still to be shot at, inasmuch as I have been heretofore used to shoot at things flying, or running, or jumping. Were you on a tree now, like a squirrel, endeavoring to hide yourself in the branches, or like a raccoon, that, after much eyeing and spying, I observe at length in the crotch of a tall oak, with boughs and leaves intervening, so that I could just get a sight of his hinder parts, I should think it pleasurable enough to take a shot at you. But as it is, there is no skill or judgment requisite either to discover or take you down.

"As to myself, I do not much like to stand in the

way of anything harmful. I am under apprehensions you might hit me. That being the case, I think it most advisable to stay at a distance. If you want to try your pistols, take some object, a tree or a barn-door, about my dimensions. If you hit that send me word, and I shall acknowledge that if I had been in the same place you might also have hit me.

"JOHN FAIRBAGO, late Captain Penn. Militia.
"MAJOR VALENTINE JACKO, U. S. Army."

A Georgia paper publishes the following spicy correspondence:

COVINGTON, March 24.

CASHIER BANK OF WEST TENNESSEE—SIR,—Inclosed you have a bill on your bank, which is rejected by my exchange broker; if it is worth anything, send me its value in current money; if dead broke, please send me a lock of your hair. Respectfully,

L. B.

MEMPHIS, Tenn., March 31.

DEAR SIR,—Inclosed I hand you S. C. bill for your note, same amount, received in yours of the 24th. I am nearly bald, or I would send you the lock of hair. If you say so, I will send you a front tooth.

Yours truly,
CHAS. D. SMITH, Pres't.

COVINGTON, April 2.

DEAR SIR,—Yours of the 31st ultimo is at hand, covering the needful, for which accept thanks. I suppose you used the razor freely on others, as is usual with gentlemen in your line, but I had no idea you kept up the custom of shaving your own cranium, like the ancient Shylocks of Jewish descent. Save the molar to grind the poor, and you will doubtless find your "front teeth" capable of much to sustain your circulation. Yours truly,

L. B.

URI OSGOOD and Jonathan Aiken were on opposite sides of politics last fall in Grundy county, and the fight between them—they were running for Congress—grew warm and desperate. One day when they met on the stump, Uri, whose head was bald, and should therefore have been cooler, in the midst of his indignation turned upon Jonathan and said:

"I think, sir, you have but one idea in your head, and that is a very small one; if it should swell, it would burst it."

Whereat Jonathan grew red in the face, and looking for a moment at the bare and venerable head of his opponent, asked if he should say what he thought of him.

"Say on," said Uri.

"Well, I think you haven't one in your head, and never had; there's been one scratching around on the outside, trying to get in, till it has scratched all the hair off, but it's never got in, and never will."

Uri was silent.

Spanish robbers are very polite. An Englishman was once accosted on a lonely road by a ruffian.

"Sir," said he, "you have my coat on; may I trouble you for it?"

The Englishman drew out a pistol and told the fellow he was mistaken.

"Sir," said the robber, "I perceive that I am. Will you do me the honor to communicate your name, that I may remember you in my prayers."

"Reply, sir," said a judge to a blunt old Quaker, who was on the stand. "Do you know what we sit here for?"

"Yes, verily I do," said the Quaker; "three of you for four dollars each day, and the fat one in the middle for four thousand a year!"

USES OF POODLES.—A lady who kept one of these curly abominations, recently lost her pet, and called upon a policeman to find it. The next day the officer came with the dog, which was wet and dirty. The lady was overjoyed, and asked forty silly questions, among others:

"Where did you find the dear baby?"

"Why, marm," replied the officer, "a big negro up in Sullivan street had him tied to a pole, and was washing windows with him."

MORMON WIVES.—A Deseret muse thus enlarges on the duties of a good wife, and shows what is expected of such. The "poetry" from which we copy is contained in a late number of the Deseret News:

"Now, sisters, list to what I say:

With trials this world is rife,
You can't expect to miss them all,
Help husband get a wife!
Now this advice I freely give,
If exalted you would be,
Remember that your husband must
Be blessed with more than thee.

Then, O let us say,

God bless the wife that strives,
And aids her husband all she can
To obtain a dozen wives."

A clergyman, not thirty miles from Boston, who was noted for his nicety of pronunciation, went to a shoemaker and engaged a pair of boots to be made. A few days after he called and inquired if they were ready, and was answered in the negative.

"Will they be ready by next *Chewesday*?" asked the clergyman.

"No," said the shoemaker; "but you shall have them by next *Chaterday*."

General Sir Charles J. Napier tells the following story of his childhood:

"There was in Limerick a great coarse woman, wife of Dr. Murphy. When she heard of my misfortune, she said, 'Poor boy! I suppose a fly kicked his spindleshanks.' Being a little fatter then, though now, be it known, five feet seven inches and a half high, this offended me greatly; and, as the Lord would have it, she broke her own leg just as I was getting well. Going to her house with an appearance of concern, I told the servant how sorry I was to hear that a bullock had kicked Mrs. Murphy and hurt its leg very much, and that I had called to know if her leg was also hurt. She never forgave me."

AMERICA, AS SEEN THROUGH FRENCH SPECTACLES.—A Frenchman recently wrote a book on the United States of America. Among the facts he gives the following:

"The thirteen stripes on our flag are the thirteen present States of the confederation, and the thirty-one stars the States it is expected will be added! The Governor of the United States is chosen every two years! Pennsylvania is a large town in Philadelphia, and the 'Chief Admiral' and the 'Commander-in-Chief' are one and the same person!"

After this, the Dickenses, the Trollopes, and the Marryatts may hide their diminished heads.

A young friend of ours was engaged in teaching mutes. He was explaining by signs the use and meaning of the participle "dis," and requested one of them to write on the blackboard a sentence showing her knowledge of the sense of the prefix. A bright little one stepped forward and wrote the following: "Boys love to play, but girls to *dis-play*."

A judge in Indiana threatened to fine a lawyer for contempt of court. I have expressed no contempt for the court, said the lawyer; on the contrary, I have carefully concealed my feelings.

"Do you like novels?" asked Miss Fitzgerald of her backwoods lover.

"I can't say," he replied, "I never ate any, but I tell you, I am death on *possum*."

"You can do anything, if you have patience," said an old uncle, who had made a fortune, to his nephew, who had nearly spent one. "Water may be carried in a sieve, if you only wait."

"How long?" asked the petulant spendthrift, who was impatient for the old man's obituary.

"Till it freezes!" was the cold reply.

An Irishman, who was giving his testimony in the Boston Municipal Court lately, convulsed the bar, tickled the jury, and raised a smile on the bench by the following statement: "Ye see, may't plaze ye, that this man got a stroke and fell down. Everybody round called out, 'Ow, he's kilt, he's kilt!' Thin I steps up, and I hollied out to the crowd, 'If the man is kilt, why don't ye stand back and give him a little air!'"

AN UNANSWERABLE ARGUMENT.—At an association dinner, debate arose as to the benefit of whipping in bringing up children. Old Mr. Morse took the affirmative. His opponent, a young minister, whose reputation for veracity

was not very high, affirmed that parents often did harm to their children by punishment, from not knowing the facts of the case. "Why," said he, "the only time my father whipped me was for telling the truth." "Well," retorted the doctor, "it cured you, didn't it?"

THE H's.—There is nothing funnier in Cockney vernacular than James's letter, according to that voracious historian Thackeray, when he is in doubt which to prefer of his two lady loves, Mary Hann and Hangelina. He writes:

"There they stood together, them two young women. I don't know which is the ansamest. I couldn help comparing them; and I coodn help comparing myself to a certing Hannimie I've read of, that found it difficult to make a choice betwixt 2 Bundles of A."

IMPROVED SHAKESPEAREAN READINGS.—A teacher in one of the schools is in the habit of giving his pupils in composition, extracts from poems, the Bible, etc., which the scholars are required to transpose into their own language; making all the blind or doubtful passages plain. One day he gave out the following, from Shakespeare's play of "Othello":

"Trifles light as air, are to the jealous confirmation strong,

As proof of holy writ."

One little fellow who stood at the head of his class in philosophy and chemistry, immediately wrote and handed in the following transposition:

"Trifles, weighing fifteen and a half pounds to the square inch, are as good proof to jealous folks as a verse of the Bible."

Recent Publications.

The Bible and Slavery. By Rev. CHARLES ELIOT, D.D., (*Seemstedt & Poe, Cincinnati*.) This is a calm, logical, and exhaustive examination of the teachings of the book of God upon the subject of slavery. In successive chapters are considered Patriarchal Slavery; Egyptian Bondage; the Mosaic Code, in its classification of servants, its constitutional laws, and its practical workings; the Roman Law on Slavery; the Teachings of the New Testament, as found in the Four Gospels, and more especially in the Epistles of St. Paul. With that minuteness of research for which the author is remarkable, and with manifest honesty of purpose, he brings a well-trained mind and the results of long and careful study to bear upon the subject. Extracts would give but a faint idea of the compactness of the author's logic, or of the strength of his arguments. We may, however, quote a passage or two, which indicate the results reached in the process of the examination. On the curse pronounced against Canaan, as found in Genesis ix, 25, our author says:

"It is assumed, without proof, that slavery was prophesied rather than mere service to others, and individual bondage rather than national subjection and tribute.

"The curse pronounced neither fell on Canaan nor his wicked father, but upon the Canaanites. These

people were exceedingly wicked. (Lev. xviii, xx; Deut. ix, 4; xii, 31.) Their profligacy was great, but it was not the effect of the *curse*; it was the effect of their *conduct*. The *prediction* of crime neither brings crime into being, nor does it justify it. Pharaoh might say with our pro-slavery men: 'Thy seed shall be a stranger in a land that is not theirs, and they shall afflict them four hundred years.' Prophecy is no excuse for slavery, or any other wrong. Our Saviour declares, 'It must needs be that offenses come, but woe unto that man by whom they come!'

"It is not historically true that the Africans are descended from Canaan. Africa was peopled from Egypt and Ethiopia, and it was settled by Misraim and Cush. (Gen. x, 15-19.) The other sons of Ham settled Egypt and Assyria, and, conjointly with Shem, Persia, and afterward, to some extent, the Grecian and Roman empires.

"The history of Canaan's descendants verifies the prophecy. They first became tributary to the Israelites; then to the Medes and Persians; then to the Macedonians, Grecians, and Romans, successively; and finally they were subjected to the Ottoman dynasty, under which they yet remain. Thus Canaan has been for ages, mainly, the servant of Shem and Japheth, and secondarily of the other sons of Ham.

"As the Africans are not the descendants of Canaan, the assumption that their enslavement fulfills the prophecy is not correct. Besides, only a fraction of the Africans have at any time been the slaves of other nations. If it be objected, however, that a large majority of the Africans have always been slaves in Africa, we answer, this is not true in point of fact, as the greater portion of Africa is not a slave country, as far as we can learn, though represented such by pro-slavery men; and if they were even so, Canaan, in

this case, could not be the slaves of Shem and Japheth, as the prophecy says, but the slaves of each other."

An examination of the case of Joseph leads to this conclusion:

"The case of Joseph will show the difference between the purchase of a slave, and the purchase of a servant for a time, to perform labor or service. He was sold, not by himself, but by third persons. The Ishmaelites paid for him. So did Potiphar. Yet he was *stolen*. Joseph said to the butler, 'Indeed, I was stolen.' The Ishmaelites paid for him, and so did Potiphar, yet he was stolen. It was theft all over. God does not approve of theft, especially the stealing of a man, and the punishment for it was death. Yet slaveholders are displeased when they are called thieves, though their slaves are all stolen from themselves. The servants whom Abraham bought, he paid for as an honest man, either to themselves or their owners. The objector takes it for granted that Abraham bought from third persons, in the character of owners, as in the case of American slaves. *There is no instance in the Bible of any innocent person being sold, with Divine approbation, for a slave.*"

On the point indicated in the preceding extract, that there is really *theft* in claiming the ownership of new-born children, the doctor is still more explicit:

"In these United States over a hundred thousand innocent children, born free according to the law of nature and the law of God, are annually *deprived of their liberty*, and from free persons are converted into slaves."

Having examined the Mosaic code, and found no shelter for the system there, and no apology for it, our author takes up the New Testament, and with reference to the conduct and teachings of Christ, he reaches the following conclusions:

"Nothing can be inferred, from our Lord's silence on the subject, in favor of slavery. Are we to infer that he approved of the sports of the amphitheater at Rome, of the conflicts of gladiators, fighting with wild beasts, the scenes of the Saturnalia, the worship of the Acoropolis at Corinth, because he was silent in regard to them?"

"He never uttered anything that can be construed in favor of slavery; and its advocates find no utterance of his to support the system."

"There are fundamental principles in the teachings of our Saviour which are opposed to the whole system of slavery, and which are violated in perpetuating slavery, as we shall have occasion to show."

"Both Christ and his apostles expressly condemn the practice of human slavery as a great sin."

But it is to the writings of St. Paul, and more especially to his epistle to Philemon, that modern Christian slaveholders most frequently resort for aid and comfort. Our author examines what he calls the "Pauline Discipline on Slavery" with great care, quoting the original of everything from his pen that bears upon the subject. We could wish that this part of his book were published in tract form for general circulation; not, indeed, that it would be likely to have much influence upon those who live upon the system; they would answer the arguments by the one word—Abolition! but it would open the eyes of many who have been blinded by the sophistry of pro-slavery teachers, and who honestly ask, What is truth? We have little space for further extracts, but must make room for the author's summary of the argument upon the case of Onesimus:

"The disciplinary example of the case of Philemon and Onesimus gives no support to slavery, but, on the other hand, is subversive of it. If those who are slaves would become Christians, and their masters would treat them *not now, or no more* as slaves, but brethren beloved, as *above slaves*, the result would be freedom."

And though the slaves, under the teachings of Christianity, would be more faithful slaves while they were slaves, the treatment of them as brothers would soon lead to freedom. This, too, is history."

"What would we think of Philemon, had he neglected Paul's instructions and entreaty, and treated Onesimus according to the slave laws? For example, had he whipped him first for running away, and then sold him to a slave-dealer, and sold his wife and children to the highest bidder, would he be tolerated in the Christian Church, after selling his brother and putting the money in his pocket? By no means. The primitive Church had no such custom among them, and no such conduct would be tolerated. And can our Christians who reject the discipline and principles laid down by Paul, be considered as any other than wicked, who buy and sell their fellow-men, and live on their labor without remuneration? Every Christian is bound to do like Philemon, to treat the slave as a brother, while he is a slave, and grant him his freedom with as little delay as the law will allow, or the circumstances of the case require. *Nothing short of this is Christianity.* How can any Christian come to his dying pillow, and leave slaves to others to inherit them, when emancipation is within his reach, even though it would be necessary to remove them to another country or state? Even this is not too much to do for freedom."

Chile Con Carne; or, The Camp and the Field, is the rather affected title of a collection of anecdotes, observations, and incidents relative to the Mexican war, from the pen of S. CAMPTON SMITH, M.D., who was acting-surgeon with General Taylor's division in Mexico. With some little display of vanity and affectation, Dr. Smith has made a very readable book, which fills a place occupied, so far as we know, by no other of the numerous publications called forth by that remarkable campaign.

Uniform in style and appearance with the Student's Gibbon, heretofore noticed in our pages, and Smith's School History of Greece, the *Messrs. Harper* have issued *A History of Rome, from the Earliest Times to the Establishment of the Empire, with Chapters on the History of Literature and Art*. By HENRY G. LIDDELL, D.D. The author's style is concise and pithy; and his volume, illustrated by numerous wood-cuts, and furnished with an ample index, is admirably adapted for the use of students, and for a textbook in the higher classes of academies and colleges.

Fowler & Wells have issued another of their series of cheap practical manuals for the people. It is, *How to Do Business*, and is full of good, practical advice, specially important in a community where so many business men fail, and make forced assignments for the benefit of creditors. We give a few extracts, which will commend themselves to the thoughtful reader, and commend the entire manual especially to young men about to enter upon the duties of active life:

"Let him who has not self-reliance enough to think and act for himself; to stand alone and walk alone wherever he has need to go, be content with the salary of a clerk, or with some subordinate position. He must never hope to manage a large business successfully. It will not do to be a mere imitator of others, or to rely upon the advice of business friends. You must know what to do, how to do it, and when to do it, and be able to strike the blow at the proper moment, and with the confidence of success. You must be *somebody* yourself!"

"Let not the temptation of greater pecuniary gain induce you to engage in any business which the moral sense of the community and your own conscience

brand as disreputable and wrong. No pursuit, the exercise or results of which are not beneficial to mankind, should ever be engaged in. There is enough useful work in the world for all. We need not look beyond the beneficent arts of life for an avocation. To make money by a business which has a tendency to injure mankind, to spread disease, demoralization, and crime over the land, is hardly less criminal than downright robbery and murder. In the words of a popular preacher: 'A useless calling is disgraceful; one that injures mankind—infamous.'

"It will not do to praise one occupation above another; that is best for each man which he can best perform. It is the soul that works which ennoble the work, and it ennoble any work. There is nothing which man can do which does not become grand and noble, if only it is done largely enough and well enough.

"Gradual gains are the only natural gains; and they who are in haste to be rich break over sound rules, fall into temptations and distress of various sorts, and generally fail of their object. There is no use in getting rich suddenly. The man who keeps his business under his control, and saves something from year to year, is always rich. At any rate, he possesses the highest enjoyment which riches are able to afford."

Mormonism: Its Leaders and Designs. By JOHN HYDE, JUN., formerly a Mormon Elder, and Resident of Salt Lake City. (W. P. Pettridge & Co.) Mr. Hyde dedicates his book to "honest believers in Mormonism," among whom he ranked himself for several years. Recently, however, he was led to see its abominable enormities and utterly to renounce it. He determined, he tells us, to make known his personal experience, and fully and fearlessly to expose the delusion. This he has done in the volume before us. From internal evidence there is good reason to believe that his statements may be relied upon. He writes like a man of truth, in a style remarkably free from everything like exaggeration; and while we have little hope that his book will be of beneficial tendency to professed Mormons, it is exceedingly valuable as a revelation of facts connected with this huge system of abominations.

The inhabitants of Salt Lake City, he tells us, are about fifteen thousand, very few of whom are Americans, the large majority being English and Scotch. On the subject of Polygamy Mr. Hyde says:

"The Mormon polygamist has no HOME. Some have their wives letted off by pairs in small disconnected houses, like a row of out-houses. Some have long low houses, and on taking a new wife build a new room on to them, so that their rooms look like rows of stalls in a cow-barn! Some have but one house, and crowd them all together, outraging all decency, and not leaving even an affectation for convenience. Many often remain thus, until some petty strife about division of labor, children's quarrels, difference of taste, or jealousy of attention, kindles a flame, only to be smothered by separation. When they live in different houses, they generally have different tables, and the husband has to give each house its turn to cook for him, and honor their tables with his presence in rotation. The evenings at his disposal, his constant distribution of himself among them, has to be by rule. Jealousies the most bitter, reproaches the most galling and disgusting, scenes without number, and acrimony without end, are the inevitable consequences of the slightest partiality. It is impossible for any man to equally love several different women; it is quite possible, however, for him to be equally indifferent about any number. The nature most in unison with his own, will most attract him. The most affectionate will be certainly preferred to the least affectionate. I am acquainted with scores of polygamists, and they all have favorites, and show partiality. To feel partiality, and not to exhibit it, is unnatural. To exhibit it, and for it to pass unnoticed by a jealous women, is impossible. For it to be noticed, is for it to be reproached.

"The utmost latitude of choice is permitted to the faithful in their selection of wives. It is very common for one man to marry two sisters; Brigham advises, indeed, that they both be married on the same day, 'for that will prevent any quarrelling about who is first or second!' A R. Sharkey has married three sisters, one of whom was married to, and divorced from another man. A George B. Wallace left a wife at Salt Lake and went to England to preach. He made the acquaintance of a very worthy man named Davis, who had three fine-looking girls. Mr. Davis and family were persuaded to embrace Mormonism. When Wallace returned, as he occupied a high position in the Mormon Church, he appropriated Church moneys for the emigration of Mr. Davis and family to Salt Lake City. Poor, and under obligation to this man, and by 'counsel' of Brigham, Davis gave him his three daughters, to all of whom he was married; and, when I arrived at Salt Lake, were all living with Mrs. Wallace, proper, in a little two-roomed house. Wallace kept a butcher's shop, and it was currently reported that he was engaged with others stealing cattle and selling the meat on his premises. A Curtis E. Bolton is married to a woman and her daughter. A Captain Brown is married to a woman and two daughters, and lives with them all. When their children's children are born it will be bewildering to trace out their exact degrees of relationship.

"This may appear disgusting enough, and prove degradation enough. A G. D. Watt has excelled either of them. He brought from Scotland his half-sister to Salt Lake City; took her to Brigham, and wished to be married to her for his second wife. Brigham objected, but Watt urged that Abraham took his half-sister, and reckoned he had just as much right as Abraham." The point was knotty and difficult. If Abraham's example justified polygamy, then it must equally justify this action. 'God blessed Abraham although he did it,' say the Mormons, 'and ought to bless me if I do it too.' The girl happened to be good-looking, though, and so, to cut this gordian knot he could not untie, Brigham took her himself. So far so well. But she was not contented, or Brigham had reconsidered the matter, or from some cause, after a few weeks he told Watt that, after all, there was force in his argument, that it was just as lawful in him as in Abraham, and, accordingly, G. D. Watt accepted his half-sister to wife from the arms of Brother Brigham! This piece of complaisance recommended him to the favorable attention of the 'authorities,' as a good illustration of the childlike simplicity and implicit obedience of which they so constantly preach."

The strange fanaticism which induces such a state of society is not stranger than the despotic tyranny of Brigham Young, and the superstitious obedience paid to it by his dupes.

"Mr. Eldredge had a daughter, handsome, intelligent, and amiable. She loved a young man, and he her. Brigham's nephew, Joseph W. Young, saw and liked, but was disliked by her. He spoke to Brigham, who told Eldredge 'that he had to marry his girl to Joseph W., that it was his "counsel," and that every man must be master of his household.' Her wrung heart, her crushed love, her blasted hopes, and her stifled aversion yielded at the shrine of this monster superstition, and she married Joseph W. Young. Bishop Hoagland had a daughter, Emily. A Mr. J. C. Little was married, and not desirous to become a polygamist. Kimball commanded him to take this girl, commanded Bishop Hoagland to give her, and commanded Emily to have Mr. Little. Indifference was overcome, the warm hopes of a girl's heart for a fond young husband, torn up like weeds, and she married, and she wept! Z. Snow had been one of the Utah judges, was a Mormon, kept a store, offended Brigham, who cursed him most fearfully: reproached, rebuked, charged, threatened him, and finally commanded him to go on a mission to Australia, for at least three years. Z. Snow was a man of education, a lawyer, had fought his way to the bench, a man of money and business, had struggled with the world and had conquered; but yet, like a child, he bowed his head to Brigham's withering rebukes, fearful criminations, merciless anathemas; left his family, gave up his business, said nothing, accepted the appointment, and is now in Australia, preaching Mormonism! I could name a score of such evidences of the cruelest tyranny and the most superstitious obedience. Mormonism, at Salt Lake, is a whirlpool; once got into the stream, and you must either be sucked down into its vortex, or else be cast out bruised and broken."

Of Mormon literature we are told that

"They publish a weekly paper at Salt Lake, which is almost wholly filled with the autobiography of Smith, and sermons of the 'First Presidency.' It neither gives honest reports of speeches, nor correct statements of facts. Much talk has been made about getting up a separate paper, devoted to scientific and literary purposes; but its friends are afraid the Church might become so fond of it, as to hug it to death, as it has their literary institutions. They publish a weekly sheet at San Francisco, California. Its editor, workmen, and even devil, are all 'on mission;' get nothing but food and raiment; but are 'therewith content.' Their sincerity cannot be doubted, whatever be said of their intellect. The *Mormon* dribbles out its weekly quantum of saintly notice and opinion at New York. A *Luminary* hardly lit its own path into obscurity at St. Louis, Mo. At Liverpool they publish a *Millennial Star*. By compelling the believing to take several copies, they say they have a circulation of over sixteen thousand. At Paris they published *L'Etoile du Deseret*, but the star has set. *Zion's Panier* floated at Hamburg; a month's wind blew it into shreds. They still publish periodicals in the Welsh and Danish languages.

"Of their standard works, the 'Book of Mormon,' although most mentioned, is not the principal. The 'Doctrines and Covenants,' containing some of the Revelations that Smith pretended to obtain, is viewed as the 'law of God to this generation.' Its contents are very miscellaneous, comprising the organization of the Church; revelations as to priesthood, and cattle medicine; chewing tobacco, and sending out missionaries; 'endowments from on high,' and 'building taverns;' 'supplying all the wants of my servant Joseph;' and anathematizing apostates, etc., etc. Besides these, Smith attempted a new translation of the Old and New Testaments. This translation, however, is kept very secret, the people 'not being able to bear it now.' Some singular extracts from it have reached their presses, but the impression they created was not favorable. More than Jew ever read, or Christian ever conceived, and far more than Hebrew or Greek MS. ever contained, is to be seen in Smith's new translation of the Bible. While at Nauvoo Smith obtained four Egyptian mummies. In the bosom of one of them, a MS. was pretended to be found. Smith gave out that he made a 'translation,' and the result was, 'A Book of Abraham.' He announced it ('Times and Seasons,' vol. iii, p. 704), 'A Translation of some Ancient Records that have fallen into our hands from the Catacombs of Egypt, purporting to be the Writings of Abraham, while he was in Egypt, called the Book of Abraham, written by his own Hand on Papyrus.' This was received with especial veneration by the devout. Although evidently the work of the same hand as the Book of Mormon, Smith had somewhat improved himself in the use of words. It contains several singular engravings, a chart of astronomy, and is altogether quite unique. The Apocalypse of St. John occupied the attention of Smith, and he composed 'A Key to the Book of Revelations.' The Bible student would be startled at some of its views. As Smith had to labor to sustain his reputation as a prophet, accordingly, in December, 1890, he issued a Revelation, pretending to contain a 'prophecy of Enoch,' 'A revelation of the gospel to Adam after he was driven out of the Garden of Eden.' These, which are of course *morcesuz choisies* to the Church, have been collected and bound together into a little work called the 'Pearl of Great Price.'"

In the perpetuity of the Mormon system our author has little faith. He thinks that with the death of Brigham Young it will inevitably collapse. Speaking of this strong-minded leader he says:

"I have seen and heard him very often; privately conversed with him; watched him in his family and in his public administrations; carefully endeavored to criticise his movements, and discover his secret of power, and I conscientiously assert, that the world has much mistaken the ability and danger of the man.

"This is independent of his system; that is a piece of gross fraud, but it is a proof the stronger that he must be something of a man, to make so much out of so poor and ridiculous a foundation. In a few years he will follow others to the grave; Mormonism will lose his clear head and his iron fist. Under the vacillating weakness of Kimball, or the impetuous thoughtlessness of the old apostate, Hyde; the abstract pon-

derings of O. Pratt, or the good-natured want of energy of George A. Smith; the self-confident and self-exhibiting egotism of Taylor, or the wild theories of the others, Mormonism will decline. It must live its day, and die. Brigham is its sun, this is its day-time. Delusions have arisen in all ages; like meteors, the more rapid their progress, the more heat and light they have evolved—but the more speedy has been their extinction. It has been thus with other systems of imposture, and will be so with this."

We have exceeded our limits, but we cannot close without a word as to the admirable manner in which the publishers have done their work. It is beautifully printed and embellished with numerous engravings, including likenesses of Brigham himself, his illustrious predecessor, Joseph Smith, and his son, elder Kimball, and elder Pratt.

In one large royal octavo volume the *Messrs. Appleton & Co.* have published a *Cyclopedia of Sermons*, compiled and originally published in England in five volumes, by JABEZ BURNS, D.D. The discourses and sketches are between three and four hundred, from various recent authors of different religious denominations. There are thirty-three on the parables of Christ; twenty-seven on his miracles; quite a variety on the general subject of missions; for the dedication of churches, for ordinations, on revivals, and a great variety of general miscellaneous subjects. Of course they vary greatly in style and in merit, but the entire selection gives a very favorable idea of the state of the pulpit in Great Britain, and will be valuable as affording suggestions and hints to preachers everywhere.

THE REV. W. MORLEY FURSHON is just now attracting great crowds in England by the eloquence of his pulpit addresses and lectures. He is a Wesleyan, and by some is thought to be fully equal to the Baptist Spurgeon. His lecture on *John Bunyan* was received with tumultuous applause by a crowded assembly at Exeter Hall. It has since been published, and exhibits, we suppose, the peculiar traits of Mr. Furshon's style—witty, satirical, practical, and pathetic by turns; its faults being those of an over-vigorous imagination, and an inflation of language, occasionally bordering upon bombast. It is evident, however, that he is determinedly in earnest, and speaks to be felt and remembered.

Abolitionism is considered by many people as a dreadful disease. It has been supposed to be confined entirely to sections of the country on this side of Mason and Dixon's line. Sporadic cases, however, are met with in the South; and, what is very remarkable, when it does occur in that region it is generally very violent. The latest case is that of a native of North Carolina by the name of HINTON ROWAN HELPER, who has just published, in this city, a volume entitled, *The Impending Crisis of the South; How to meet it*, in which he uses language of the strongest kind, and arguments that are not easily answered, looking, as he does, at the "great evil" merely from an economical and political point of view. He says:

"Whenever we speak of gentlemen of the South, or of gentlemen anywhere, we seldom allude to slaveholders, for the simple reason that, with few exceptions, we cannot recognize them as gentlemen. It is

only in those rare instances where the crime is mitigated by circumstances over which the slaveholder has no control, or where he himself, convinced of the impropriety, the folly, and the wickedness of the institution, is anxious to abolish it, that we can sincerely apply to him the sacred appellation in question, an appellation which we would no sooner think of applying to a pro-slavery slaveholder, or any other pro-slavery man, than we would think of applying it to a border-ruffian, a thief, or a murderer."

Mr. Helper makes great use of the statistical tables of the late census to show the degradation and the impending ruin of the slave states, and aims to arouse the non-slaveholders, who are a large majority even at the South, to throw off the incubus and extirpate the entire system. We have not space to quote largely, but make room for his propositions, as condensed by himself, and commend the volume to religious apologizers for the system, both North and South. Without at all adverting to the teachings of Christianity, Mr. Helper proposes for the adoption of his fellow-citizens in all slaveholding territory:

- "1. Thorough organization and independent political action on the part of the non-slaveholding whites of the South.
- "2. Ineligibility of slaveholders; never another vote to the trafficker in human flesh.
- "3. No co-operation with slaveholders in politics. No fellowship with them in religion. No affiliation with them in society.
- "4. No patronage to slaveholding merchants. No guestship in slavewaiting hotels. No fees to slaveholding lawyers. No employment of slaveholding physicians. No audience to slaveholding parsons.
- "5. No recognition of pro-slavery men, except as ruffians and criminals.
- "6. Abrupt discontinuance of subscription to pro-slavery newspapers.
- "7. The greatest possible encouragement to free white labor.
- "8. No more hiring of slaves by non-slaveholders.
- "9. Immediate death to slavery, or, if not immediate, unqualified proscription of its advocates during the period of its existence.
- "10. A tax of sixty dollars on every slaveholder for each and every negro in his possession at the present time, or at any intermediate time between now and the fourth of July, 1863, said money to be applied to the transportation of the blacks to Liberia, or to their colonization in Central or South America, or to their comfortable settlement within the boundaries of the United States.
- "11. An additional tax of forty dollars per annum to be levied annually on every slaveholder for each and every Negro found in his possession after the fourth of July, 1863, said money to be paid into the hands of the Negroes so held in slavery, or, in cases of death, to their next of kin, and to be used by them at their own option."

It always seemed to us as evincing very poor taste and little ingenuity on the part of Congress, to give to the Northwest Territory the name of Washington. The number of towns, villages, and counties already bearing that honored name is past reckoning up. But the deed is done, and the territory is—Washington. A valuable addition to our scanty knowledge respecting it is made in a volume from the press of the *Harpers* entitled *The Northwest Coast; or, Three Years' Residence in Washington Territory*. By JAMES G. SWAN. It is embellished with numerous wood-cuts, and the author's descriptions of the country, with the habits, customs, and manners of the natives, will be read with interest.

Nothing to Do, an Accompaniment of "Nothing to Wear," is not exactly a parody upon the latter, but was evidently suggested by it, and was

really written by a lady. The poem is handsomely illustrated and well printed. A few of the opening lines will give a good idea of its scope and style:

"A tale I'll unfold which shall cast in the shade
All the sorrows of woman, wife, widow, or maid.
'Tis a tale of strong men, not more startling than true.

Of strong vigorous men who have nothing to do.
For if ladies of fashion have nothing to wear,
'Tis a comfort that fashion herself is quite bare;
If disconsolate widows mourn over their dead,
There is peace in the grave for the low-coffin'd head;
And if destitute orphans have very slim fare,
Like chameleons they seem to grow fat upon air;
But these men whose sad fate I'm deploring to you,
Are just dying by inches of nothing to do."

MR. BOKKER, to whom we are indebted for "A Child's History of Rome," has published in similar style, in two very neat volumes, with numerous illustrations, *A Child's History of Greece*, which appears quite worthy of a place in company with his former work. Many adults as well as children will derive instruction from its pages. (*Harpers*.)

From the press of Higgins & Perkenpine, of Philadelphia, we have an exceedingly neat edition of that well-known favorite with religious readers, *Clarke on the Promises*. It is preceded by the original recommendation written by Dr. Watts in 1750. Containing as it does a systematic arrangement of the blessed promises of Scripture, there is no better pocket companion for the disciples of the Saviour.

A New System of Short-Hand without the stenographic characters is a little manual just published by Carlton & Porter. It is anonymous, but is understood to have been prepared by Dr. Strickland.

Our esteemed contributor, Mr. J. O. NOYES has commenced, on his own account, the publication of a serial entitled *Noyes's Illustrated National Guide and Traveler's Companion for Railways, Steamboats, and General Circulation*. The first number is embellished with a profusion of engravings, and gives promise that the work will be of great benefit to the community and profitable to the proprietor. He has our best wishes for his success in the enterprise.

The Polylingual Journal is a serial publication, of which the first number appeared in August last. It is printed in five different languages, and is intended to facilitate the student in the acquisition of French, Spanish, Italian, and German, all of which, together with the English, are arranged in equal paragraphs, and, so far as possible, line for line. We hope the enterprising publisher will be successful in his undertaking.

We continue to receive with great regularity the re-publications of the English reviews, the *London*, *Edinburgh*, *North British*, and *Westminster*, from the press of L. Scott & Co. of this city. All four of them, together with *Blackwood's Monthly Magazine*, are furnished at the exceedingly low price of ten dollars a year. No general student or literary man can well afford to do without them.

The Farm and the Flower-Garden.

Farm Work.—October is a busy and important month to the farmer. Our limits only allow us a brief allusion to some of the most important operations, though we have articles prepared in detail. On the first appearance of frost, all tender roots should be stored, and preparations made for those that are more hardy. We are convinced that all roots keep best in a good cellar; but few farmers have cellar room for a moiety of their roots, and they must consequently be stored out of doors. For this purpose a dry spot should be selected, and the earth thrown up from the trenches so as to throw off the water. Proper ventilation must also be provided for. Parsnips that are not wanted for winter use will keep best where they are grown. Turnips and carrots can remain in the ground until frosts become severe, and they will continue to grow. Plans should be matured for laying out orchards and transplanting deciduous trees and shrubs. The matter of planting fruit trees is one of the first importance to the farmer. He can make no better investment of his means. The planting should be done in the most careful manner, and the kinds of fruit, and their varieties, selected with the best judgment, both in reference to the wants of the family, and the demands of the market nearest at hand. Make suitable and careful provision for the comfort and well-being of your stock during the winter. Let not the dumb animals that minister faithfully to your wants and pleasure suffer unnecessarily from exposure to the severity of the weather. If you cannot provide proper shelter for them, pass them along to somebody who can. We have often had our pity moved at the sight of some poor animal turned out night and day to feed on husks during the bitter cold of winter, without so much as a board to shelter him; and our heart has been equally moved with indignation at the "brute" within sitting by his blazing fire. Of the two, we have thought we would rather be the "animal."

The Potato Rot.—From all sections of the country we hear of the ravages of the rot. Probably more than half the crop of the whole country will be an entire loss. In a ride of nearly two hundred miles we saw but one patch that was not more or less affected; and in the majority of cases that we had an opportunity of examining, there were not as many sound potatoes as would pay for the labor of digging them. Those planted late are most affected, as has always been the case heretofore. The lesson to be drawn from this fact is to plant early. Farmers who have dug their potatoes (many have not attempted to do so) have been selling them for almost any price they could get lest they should rot on their hands and prove an entire loss; potatoes, consequently, are now very cheap, but they will be dear enough before another season rolls round. Unless the disease has manifested itself decidedly, we think our friends would do well to "hold on," as they say in Wall-street, though it is pretty hard to

"hold on" anything there just now, or to find anything to "hold on." This disease has thus far completely baffled every effort to ascertain its cause, and nearly all remedies have proved alike fruitless. The best plan we know is to spread them out and expose them to the light, carefully separating the good from the bad; (no doubt this would answer equally well for the Wall-street "rot;") in some cases a little air-slacked lime dusted over them has acted beneficially, but the decaying tubers must be daily removed. With our present knowledge of the disease and its cause, our remedies must partake of an uncertain character.

How to keep Celery during the Winter.—In our last we gave directions for earthing or blanching celery; we now purpose making some suggestions as to the best mode of keeping it for use during the winter. If simply protecting it from the cold of winter were the sole object, that could be easily attained; what we want to accomplish is to place it in such condition that it can be readily got at for daily use during the winter. There are several ways of doing this, the best of which we shall describe. If the plants are grown in beds, much trouble is saved, since there is thus no necessity for lifting the plants; this, however, is seldom or never done; indeed, very few know that celery can be so grown. When grown in trenches, it is necessary to lift the plants, and this should be done without shaking the earth from the roots. Select a spot conveniently near to the house, and prepare a bed as follows: Dig out the earth about two spades deep, and of any convenient width; then lift the plants from the trenches with the earth adhering to the roots, and put in a row, with some three or four inches between each plant, throwing some earth against them, as you proceed, to keep them in place; having completed one row, proceed with another about six inches from the first, and so on till the plants are all in, filling in the earth to the tops of the plants as you go along. While bedding them each plant should be well drawn together to keep the earth from the crown. When the plants are all in, the bed should be covered with a thick coat of coarse manure, straw, hay, or litter of any kind; manure, however, is best, owing to its superior warmth, and the greater ease with which it is removed during winter. The bed may be made of less depth than recommended above, but the plants are not so sure to keep well when the bed is made too shallow; no person, however, will begrudge a little trouble to have this delicious vegetable in perfection during the winter.

Celery will keep very well during the winter in a cool cellar, if buried in sand in the manner described above; but it will not be necessary to cover the tops of the plants; they may, however, be placed much closer together. Our practice, during very cold weather, is to dig enough for several days' use, and lay it on the cellar floor. It should not lay too long, or it will wilt and lose its flavor. Having said thus

much about keeping celery, we shall venture to add a word about eating it, or rather preparing it to be eaten, which few persons really know anything about. We have to remark, first, that celery is not grown for ornamental purposes; hence it should not be curled and frizzled like the hair of a vain young miss dressed for a ball; on the contrary, let it be placed on the table in its plain native simplicity. Cut off the root close up to the crown; the stalks will then break away readily; put them in clean water, and wash them thoroughly; the outside stalks should be thrown away, using none but those that are solid and well blanched; and, as intimated above, avoid splitting and curling the stalks. The green leaves boiled in soup impart to it a delicious flavor, and will generally be preferred to parsley.

Vinegar from Beets.—We find, in an exchange, directions for making vinegar from beets. We have not tried it, but it strikes us that excellent vinegar might be made in this way. We know that much of the vinegar purchased at stores is vilely adulterated, and we regard favorably any plan which will enable us to obtain a supply of the pure article for domestic use. If our readers should not succeed with the beet, we then recommend them to procure the "Vinegar Plant;" with this we know they can make a good article at a very small cost. The "Vinegar Plant" is not easily obtained, but we have a few which we can spare, and will part with them to such of our readers as will furnish us with the name of at least one new subscriber. The following is the method of making vinegar from beets:

"The juice of one bushel of sugar beets, worth twenty-five cents, and which any farmer can raise with little cost, will make from five to six gallons of vinegar equal to the best elder wine. First wash and grate the beets, and express the juice in a cheese press, or in any other way which a little ingenuity can suggest, and put the liquor into a barrel, cover the bung with gauze and set it in the sun, and in fifteen or twenty days it will be fit for use. By this method the very best of vinegar may be obtained without any great trouble, and I hope all who like good vinegar will try it."

Manure.—A late number of the *American Agriculturist* says: "We have very often referred to the value of muck and swamp mud as fertilizers for all crops, and on all soils not well supplied with organic matter, and especially of the great utility of mixing it in large quantities with the yard manure, but we cannot return to this topic too often. If we accomplish nothing else than to stir up farmers to appropriate to their fields a moiety of the rich stores of organic matter now lying useless in the swamps, swales, and low spots, we shall not labor in vain. All these black earths are the remains of plants, and, as we have formerly shown, they furnish just the elements to nourish other plants of every kind. If not already attended to, now is the time to dig out and pile up large stores of these materials, before the ground is filled with water. The carting to yards and fields can be done at leisure, in the later autumn or winter months. Remember that one load of manure and two loads of muck are better than two loads of manure not so treated." As autumn advances and the leaves begin to fall in the woods, they

should be gathered and carried to the compost heap.

Winter Pears.—These should be left on the trees until there is danger of frost, in order that they may mature as fully as possible; when picked too soon they are apt to shrivel and ripen off badly. Put them away in a cool dry place, where they will be free alike from frost and fire heat. There they will keep well until our next number appears, when we shall devote an article to their winter treatment and ripening, a somewhat complicated subject, for which we have no room at present.

Gathering Fruit.—Much fruit is injured every season, and its value lessened by carelessness in gathering. Fruit carefully gathered by hand will not only keep longer, but, as it looks much better than when bruised by rough handling, will always sell more readily and at a higher price. A little care and neatness in selecting and putting up fruit for market is by no means labor lost. Any one will pay more for a neatly arranged basket of fruit than for the same carelessly thrown together. A few decaying specimens will not only injure the sale, but often really injures and sometimes destroys the whole.

THE WORLD AT LARGE.

A map of busy life,
Its fluctuations and its vast concerns.—COWPER.

The Atlantic Telegraph has temporarily failed. On the morning of the 11th of August, when three hundred and thirty-five miles from the Irish coast, and while the "Niagara" was proceeding at the rate of four miles an hour, the brakes were applied in order to lessen the speed of paying out, and the cable parted some distance from the stern of the ship. The telegraph squadron returned to Plymouth, where they were to rendezvous. There still remained over two thousand miles of cable, sufficient to unite the two continents, and the experiments made fully satisfied all who took part in them of the practicability of the enterprise. . . . *Mrs. Cunningham Burdell*, it is said, is about to write a history of her life. If truthfully related her autobiography will be one of the most astounding ever given to the world. . . . *A National Emancipation Convention* assembled at Cleveland, Ohio, on the 26th of August. It was numerously attended, and Rev. Dr. Hopkins, of Massachusetts, was chosen president. They discussed, among other things, the appropriation of the public lands and the revenue from the customs beyond the expenses of the government, to the compensation of slaveholders. . . . *The American Association for the Advancement of Science* held its session at Montreal, Canada. It opened on the 12th of August, and adjourned on the 19th. Professor Caswell presided. . . . *The Metropolitan Church* at Washington, District of Columbia, for which a great deal of money was collected in the Northern States, is said by a letter-writer in the *Northwestern Christian Advocate* to be "undoubtedly a failure; at least," says the writer, "it is unknown here," that is, in Washington.

A monument to the memory of the late Dr. Woods of Andover has been erected by the alumni of the theological seminary at a cost of over five hundred dollars. It has this inscription: In reverent remembrance of the pious care, patience, skill, learning, and wisdom of their instructor, friend, and counselor, his affectionate pupils place here this stone. . . . *The Evangelist*, from an examination into the facts of the case, makes it appear that, as a matter of history, Congregationalism has no greater strength in this city than it had eight or ten years ago. *The Independent* returns the compliment, and by an examination of the statistics of the New School Presbyterians reaches the conclusion that, "even including the Mission Churches for foreigners, the history of the New School Presbyterian Church in

New York for the past eight years shows a net loss of two churches, and a net loss of 902 members in all the churches; namely, in 1849, whole number, 7,480; in 1857, whole number, 6,528." . . . The *Southern Aid Society* has issued a circular calling for funds, on the ground that the Gospel seems to be more decidedly owned of God at the South than at the North, there being more orthodox conversions in southern than in northern churches. . . . The *Eric Railroad* has laid down a few miles of road with iron superstructure or roadway. It requires no bolts or spikes of any kind; and it may be taken from the furnace and adjusted upon the road with less labor and expense than is usually required to lay the ordinary wooden sleepers. This iron casting is imbedded in the ground on stone, or a similar solid foundation, where it is secure from frost and other disturbing causes. The rails rest upon India rubber springs, which deaden the noise of a train, and at the same time ease off those heavy blows and shocks of the engines and cars while running, thus diminishing their wear and tear.

The last number of *THE NATIONAL* mentioned a serious revolt among the native troops in British India, and it was predicted that the accounts then received revealed but the commencement of the difficulty. Later accounts confirm the prediction. Advances have been received up to the 24th of June, and they show a much more extended mutiny than previous accounts had indicated. Upward of eighty native regiments, infantry and cavalry, had revolted, or been disbanded and disbanded as no longer trustworthy. A report that the city of Delhi, the stronghold of the insurgents, had been carried by storm was in circulation, but was not generally believed. It was not taken on the 27th of June, the date of the latest accounts through known and regular channels. But on the 8th of June a strong position of the mutineers outside of the city walls was carried by assault, which probably was the foundation of the rumor in question. On the morning of June 17 General Barnard still lay before the city, waiting re-enforcements, which were proceeding thither by forced marches. At the latest intelligence from India, Delhi was still in possession of the insurgents.

The city of Delhi is situated on the River Jumna, and is the depot of communication between 'Aul and Cashmere and India. It is about seven miles in circumference, is entered by eleven gates, and has a strong wall on three sides, mounted with cannon. It contains an English Church, and a college managed by a joint committee of natives and Europeans. The recapture of the city from the natives is probably only a matter of time.

The most horrible barbarities were practiced upon European women and children at most of the points where the troops revolted. At Delhi the mission establishment of the Church of England was broken up, and all but one of the missionaries fell victims to the popular fury. Several missionaries of the London Missionary Society in various districts became martyrs, and others narrowly escaped with their lives. The Rev. Mr. Butler, superintendent of the mission of the Methodist Episcopal Church, at the call of the commandant of his district, left his station barely in time to escape a general massacre which followed. A conspiracy had been discovered in Calcutta. The ex-king of Oude and some members of his family, it is alleged, were implicated, and were arrested. The revolt, indeed, does not appear to have a military character exclusively, but to be political and national also. It is almost as much a rebellion as a mutiny, and the immense efforts which the English government and the East India Company are making to meet the emergency sufficiently shows the magnitude and importance of the crisis. The government has asked and obtained permission from Parliament to call out the militia of the kingdom during the recess of Parliament if their services are needed.

Lord Elgin, the British special ambassador to China, had arrived at Hong-Kong. He had determined to send all the troops ordered for China direct to Calcutta. The British Admiral (Seymour) at Canton had made three successful attacks upon the Chinese fleet of war junks. The engagements took place on the 25th and 27th of May and the 1st of June, respectively. The Chinese fought with much courage and skill, but were totally defeated, with comparatively a small loss to the English. The latter, however, no longer speak of the Chinese as timid barbarians, incapable of prolonged and effective fighting. . . . It is reported that Persia, since the Indian revolt, has refused to evacuate Herat, which the late treaty of peace with England required her to do. . . . Turkey has been made to feel that the European powers are her masters. France, Prussia,

Russia, and Sardinia have suspended diplomatic relations with her, until she will consent to annul the recent elections in the Danubian principalities and order new ones; and it is said that England advises her to make the concession. A conference of the five powers is to be held on the subject. . . . Spain, after having accepted the good offices of England and France for the settlement of her dispute with Mexico, has notified those powers that she can no longer consent to their negotiating the matter, and it is probable that she will yet go to war with Mexico. It is said that the government of Madrid has been plainly apprised that in such a case neither England nor France will render any assistance for the defense of Cuba, the loss of which would be an almost inevitable consequence of war with Mexico. Twenty-five thousand troops have been ordered there from Madrid. . . . The popular mind in the Italian states is restless and unquiet. In Genoa a futile attempt at insurrection had been made at the instigation of Mazzini and his co-refugees in London. The assassination of the Emperor of France was to be consentaneous with the outbreak at Genoa, but was frustrated by the vigilance of the Paris police. Three Italians, who had been hired by Mazzini for the purpose, had been arrested, tried, and condemned to long imprisonment. The confession of the criminals and correspondence found in their possession clearly implicated Mazzini and some of his companions in having employed and paid them. . . . Russia is earnestly urging a claim to again anchor her fleet in the Black Sea. . . . General Concha, captain-general of Cuba, has been recalled to Madrid, and Marshal Serrano has been appointed in his stead. . . . The boundary difficulties between Nicaragua and Costa Rica have been settled by those two governments on terms mutually satisfactory. Costa Rica is to have the north bank of the San Juan River, and Nicaragua the south between Castillo and Salmas Bay. . . . An important report has just emanated from the committee appointed by the Parliament of England to inquire into the expediency or otherwise of renewing the charter of the Hudson's Bay Company. As the chairman of this committee is a member of the present administration, it is to be inferred that the recommendations and suggestions of the committee are in accordance with the views of the government. It is proposed that Canada shall be permitted to annex the Red River settlement and the fertile valleys of the Saskatchewan as soon as she desires to do so, and can give assurance of her power to maintain authority there. So also with regard to territory lying still beyond those named. Vancouver's Island is to be detached from the authority of the company as speedily as possible, and it and the adjacent territory west of the Rocky Mountains are to be formed into a new colony. At least such we suppose to be the committee's recommendation, though, from some ambiguity in the committee's language, it is uncertain whether they may not be added to Canada. The hunting grounds of the company and the monopoly of the fur trade are to remain with the company for another term of years.

The English papers announce the death of Dr. Thomas Dick, the well-known author of the "Christian Philosopher," and other works that have had a wide and beneficial influence; and of Dr. Blomfield, ex-bishop of London; and the French papers the death of Eugene Sue, the novelist; and Buranger, the poet and song writer.

A work has appeared in London, entitled "Burning the Dead; or, Un Sepulture Religiously, Socially, and Generally Considered: with Suggestions for a Revival of the Practice, as a Sanitary Measure. By a Member of the Royal College of Surgeons." The Paris Academy of Medicine has again set the papers to writing and the people to thinking earnestly of the revival of the practice of burning the dead. They say that in the summer time the Parisian hospitals are crowded by the victims of pestilence engendered by the foul air of the graveyards in the neighborhood. The vicinity of the cemeteries is a constant source of mortality; their putrid emanations filling the air, and the poison they emit impregnating the waters, are held chargeable for the many new and fearful diseases of the throat and lungs which baffle all medical skill. . . . The English Wesleyan Conference commenced its sessions at Liverpool on the last Wednesday in July. The Rev. Francis A. West was chosen president, and the Rev. Dr. Hannah secretary. . . . On the 7th of August the United States frigate "Niagara" and Her British Majesty's ship "Agamemnon" commenced laying the Atlantic telegraph cable in the bed of the ocean, the Niagara taking the lead. The failure of the expedition we have alluded to above.